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* These sketches were 1st published in the Nashville Gazette.

MEMORIES

OVER THE WATER,

OR

STRAY THOUGHTS ON A LONG STROLL.

BY

HENRY MANEY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY

BY THE

HON. EDWIN H. EWING.

NASHVILLE:
TOON, NELSON & COMPANY.
1854.

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DEDICATED

TO THE

MEMORY OF MISS F. W. S., OF MURFREESBOROUGH, N. C.

In the still, darkened home, time can never replace
Her fair winsome beauty, her gladness and grace;
So light was her footstep, so joyous her eye,
Who ever had thought that the dear one could die?
But make ye a chamber, for the fair one to rest,
Where the sun-light may fall from the amber-hued West,
For, as one at Machpelah, tho' beauteous and bright,
Was buried by sorrowing love out of sight,
So we, gentle friends, crave, in mem'ry, a place
To embalm this pure casket of beauty and grace.
She hath left us her virtues, as jewels to keep—
And so let the young and the beautiful sleep!

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PREFACE.

It has been said that when a man sits doggedly in his study, and says to himself, "I mean to write a good book," it is certain, from the necessity of the case, that the result will be a bad one. If the result of our book is a bad one it cannot be from this cause. For the succeeding sketches were loosely thrown together, and originally published, under the signature of "Quoi Donc," for the amusement of the readers of the "Nashville Gazette," without the remotest idea, at the time, of their ever coming before the public in the shape of a book. But by some singular chance — whether at the solicitation of numerous friends, or for the fulfillment of some enemy's prayer, we'll not stop to consider — they certainly have assumed that form. Written at an early age, when Fancy more than Fact was the bias of the mind, conscious of their defects, though confident of the reader's charity, the Author would even yet hesitate to put them before the public, did he not know that, with the Introductory of his friend and fellow-traveler, the Hon. Edwin H. Ewing, who has kindly consented thus to preface them, they cannot prove unwelcome. In giving them up to the world, he would only say, with the Bard,

> "Ye who shall trace the pilgrim to the scene
> Which is his last, if on your memories dwell
> A thought which once was his — if on ye swell
> A single recollection, not in vain
> He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-shell."

Nashville, April 6th, 1854.

EDWIN H. EWING, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir—As you are aware, some time after my return from Europe I commenced a series of Sketches, recounting incidents of travel, etc., under the *nom de plume* of Quoi Donc. These sketches, which were published in the *Nashville Gazette*, met with the kind approval of some of my friends; and when they were finished, the partial favor of these same friends induced them, perhaps, to request of me that the letters should be published in some more durable form. Having resolved to publish, I would fain find some ground upon which I may stand, in justification of my course, more reliable than friendly partiality. I knew something of the severity of your judgment, and therefore did not dare to submit to you, in the first instance, the question whether I should publish or not; but I know, also, something of the substantial kindness of your temper, and of your ingenuity even in "making the worst appear the better reason," where one is irretrievably committed. And so, now, I may venture to ask you—Have I done well, or have I done ill? If you should not choose to express an opinion upon this *important* question, still I should be glad that you would write something to me in return, as I feel that there is a peculiar propriety in connecting your name with my Travels. You were the first suggester of a foreign tour among us, and, *te duce*, much of my travel was performed, and many of my most important observations made.

Your friend,

HENRY MANEY.

INTRODUCTORY LETTER FROM HON. EDWIN H. EWING.

Nashville, April 8th, 1854.

HENRY MANEY, ESQ.:

My Dear Friend—As you have already determined to commit your barque to the waves of public opinion, you must, I suppose, abide their buffets; nor can I or any one else interpose a shield that will break their force. Happily, I think, you will not need such a shield.

Soon after my return from Europe, I found you in a course of publication in the Gazette, and naturally turned with interest to see how the sights and incidents that we had witnessed together would tell to me, who had been an actor, as well as to those who had remained at home not altogether uninterested inquirers after our wanderings. I turned too, with no incurious eye, to your Letters, to see what impression had been made upon one young, ardent and enthusiastic as yourself, by objects which I had also viewed with a mind worn, jaded, and then somewhat weary of the things of life. Romance, with me, was but a memory; with you it was the day-spring of life; History to you was a living picture; to me it was but a mouldering skeleton. To the one the Poetry, the Painting, the Music of by-gone times were wells of inspiration; while to the other, they were but the insipid waters of the stagnant reservoir. The reading of your letters was then to me not merely the renewal of faded memories—the repainting of scenes dimmed by time and distance—the replacing of forgotten inci-

dents, but it was as if I had seen again, and from a different point of view, the cities and structures, the rivers and mountains, the landscapes and objects of art, the manners and customs of the elder continent. The sullen roar of London, the gay rattle of Paris, the smiling quietude of Florence, the solemn grandeur of voiceless Rome, were all renewed before me; and not renewed only, but quickened and vivified, and rendered doubly suggestive.

These were naturally the impressions and feelings produced upon my mind by the reading of your letters, seeing that we had traveled over a good portion of Europe together, and that, previously to our becoming fellow-travelers, we had separately traversed the same ground. What impression they may make upon the mind of the general public, in these days, when books of travels are so abundant — when Europe has become but a holiday-ground for American idlers, and when even the "ancestral East" is yearly invaded by traveling armies—it is not a little difficult to say. Nor is it any part of my intention to forestall public opinion by an expression of my own, which, at best, might be regarded as prejudiced and partial. Thus much, however, I may say with propriety — that your book will be found free from that vice, so common to books of travels, as to have brought them to rank as next of kin to works of fiction, if not in the same category. I mean the want of veracity, and even sometimes of veri-similitude. The traveler seems to forget, in most instances, that he is a historian and not a poet, and that the Muses have not, as yet, allowed to the one the "license" so generously extended to the other. Exaggerated descriptions, factitious incidents, quaint adventures, "wondrous scapes by flood and field,"

are pressed into service, to eke out what it is feared might be otherwise tame and uninteresting; and such general discredit is thus brought upon this character of writing, that "he lies like a traveler" has passed almost into a proverb.

Traveling, as you did, from the interior of America through your own country, and crossing the ocean, through the British Isles, France, Switzerland, Germany and Italy, you have certainly had ample opportunity to see and to recount matters of interest to those whom duty or inclination has kept within their native territory. To the graphic character of your descriptions; to your truthful and yet pleasing pictures of manners and customs; to your life-like painting of landscapes and scenery; to your accurate delineation of works of art; to your just presentation of the world-renowned structures of the architect, and withal to your agreeable and appropriate infusion of incidents of travel, I may not be allowed to testify. These must be found by the reading of your book.

Your work will have at least one peculiarity, and indeed one advantage in the State in which you live. You are, I believe, the first Tennessean who has undertaken to publish a book of foreign travel. Those who have preceded you from this State, in the great track of curiosity and instruction, have been content with the name of "Hadji," and with fireside details of what they had heard and seen in distant lands. Your book will give to those who have known you, nearly a realizing sense of the existence and character of foreign countries which they have never yet experienced. Your reality will make substantial what before was somewhat dim and shadowy. The distant country, seen

through the distant author, leaves large scope for optical illusions, and both are felt to be in a slight degree mythical. The book is, in that case, but the picture of both, and the material proof is wanting. Your book, on the contrary, will have the advantage, with your immediate fellow-citizens, of a "tale that is told." They will feel a proximity, and as it were an identity with the scenes described and the incidents recounted, that nothing else could give them. Beginning at your and their common home, you will travel and return together. From the heart of our Republic to the "Toe of Italy," they will be led insensibly on, seeing and feeling all that of which before they had only vaguely thought or faintly heard. Such, at least, has been my observation and experience of the difference between reading the book of an author whom I had seen and personally known, and the book of one who was known to me only by its contents or by the trumpet of Fame.

As a matter of private feeling, I am glad that one of those with whom I traveled has thought proper to give the results of his observation to the public eye. I hope that it may be the means of inspiring others to enlarge their experience, and gratify their longings by a communion with the people of other lands. That they may be induced to enjoy the intense satisfaction to be derived by well-stored minds in a nearer approach to the fields and scenes of "modern instance," and of "ancient story." That they may be persuaded to garner up for themselves a treasure of rich memories, which are at last the only virgin gold in the storehouse of the mind. Who would deny himself, if he could but know it in advance, the glorious joy of standing upon an Alpine height and looking upon the

snow-clad giants that rest around him in the dignity of lasting silence? Who would refuse himself the memory of having stood upon some field of blood, where he could almost hear the tramp of charging squadrons, and the despairing cry of down-trodden thousands from the "lost battle flying?" Who would forget the fearful horror with which he had looked into the bowels of Vesuvius, beetling upon its crater's "perilous edge," and dumb with awe at the dread throes of mysterious nature in this her last retreat? Whose heart should not leap with the thought of seeing the faded glories of Venice, "the City of the Sea," the throneless Adrian Queen; of basking upon the sunlit shores of Naples' bay, with its vine-clad hills and smiling islands, rich in remains of the "unforgotten dead;" of taking at least a look at Genoa the Proud, and dallying for a time upon the glacis of gay and laughing Vienna?

Ah, me! the memory of such sights and scenes comes upon me now, with the melancholy but not painful thought that I shall see them no more. But it is not alone in musing silence that pleasure is derived from such recollections; whenever a book is read or a discourse is heard where countries are introduced over which one has traveled, they seem nearer and more real than of old. Rome and Greece, and that far land where salvation was first revealed for the sons of men, used to seem to me as Laputa or Atlantis—their existence and their story met my acquiescence rather than my belief—they were but shadows of the real. Now I can feel their substance and their truth; their ruins and their monuments have rescued them from the land of dreams and imagination.

How much I regretted that you found it necessary to turn your steps homeward, when we parted at Naples—you to reside for a time in that "*umbilicus terræ*," that *Festa*-ground of nations, "Lutetia Parisiorum"—I to tempt the sands of Egypt, and to track the Israelites in their wanderings. But you will yet live, I hope, to visit "the Father of Waters," and to rest yourself under the brow of "Old Sinai;" to see the waste places of the City of Jehovah, and to pitch your tent by "the river of Damascus." And then again the world may hear from you with renewed interest. Indeed *I* feel sometimes almost a desire to write of these lands of miracle and romance—not for the world's applause—not for its amusement, nor yet with the presumptuous hope of affording it instruction, but as it were, to renew my visit—to bring closer my recollections, and to give vent to my dreamy meditations. On the top of the Pyramids; in the shadow of Memnon's Statue; by the Well of Samaria; along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and at the Pool of Bethesda, I had my dreams. When I looked from Hebron toward "the Sea of Death," and saw forever ascending a smoke like the breath of a furnace; when I bathed in the "Sea of Galilee," and looked across at the mountains of Gilead; when I stood upon Mount Tabor, and viewed a-back the wide plain of Esdraelon, there came up the mighty shadows of the past—Abraham and the cities of the plain—the Son of Mary stilling the sudden storm—Saul breathing out his despairing soul upon the mountains of Gilboa. In Greece, too, I seemed sometimes to be with the spirits of the "mighty dead"—Agamemnon with his host; Xerxes with his crowded millions; Sparta with her iron sons; Athens with its brilliant heroes—all

lived again and passed in review before me. But I find that I am rather telling you my story than writing to you about your own; and indeed I have, perhaps, said as much about each as propriety may demand. One remark more, however, I will make. I observe in your Letters that which some may regard as a defect, but which is with me rather matter of commendation. I mean the omission of anything like extended commentary upon the social or governmental relations of the people among whom you traveled. I regard it as but a piece of shallow presumption, on the part of any one who passes rapidly from point to point in a country, to undertake to give views of government and society, that should be the result only of long residence and intimate means of knowledge. Facts may be given, but deductions from them, as to the happiness or misery of a people — as to their capacity for self-government; as to their practical oppression and their means of relief — require a larger view and more reflection than can be given by a mere traveler.

But enough. I am sure that you deserve success; and if public applause should be commensurate with my respect and friendship for you, yourself would be satisfied that it had been accorded to you in full and even overflowing measure.

Yours, truly,

EDWIN H. EWING.

MEMORIES

OVER THE WATER.

CHAPTER I.

It is proposed in the following sketches—not to indulge in any learned disquisitions on the laws, manners, or customs of the various nations through which we will conduct our readers—not to discourse of matters, whose investigation probably would most become the historian or the philosopher—nor yet to weary the attention by the enumeration of trite and uninteresting facts, familiar to every one, whose vocation or whose pleasure has led him to cross over "the big waters" and look on foreign lands. But we would simply turn once more upon our track, ere the lapse of time has dimmed the remembrance of our travels, and recall some of the pleasant memories, that gather round the recollection of the rover. We claim for these Sketches no literary merit, but would relate in a social, fireside manner some of the incidents that enlivened our long ramble over foreign shores. And here we would say, that if it should seem to any that our

random productions smack too much of the personal, our simple apology is that the general groundwork of such articles has been so completely covered, that to be at all original, one's observations must be principally confined to his own personal experience. Trusting then, in all confidence, to the indulgent charity of our readers, we will to our wanderings.

It was on the memorable twenty-first of July, 1851, that we left our home, by morning moonlight, for the far-distant shores of the Old World, still suffering under the ravages of a Southern fever, but buoyant with hope and busy with reflections on the changes which might occur in the circle of home and friends ere our return. The passion of our life was about to be gratified, the roving visions of our early boyhood tried by veritable reality, and the rattle of the stage-coach was as music in our ears.

It is needless to relate how from the "home of our boyhood" the stage-coach bore us to the banks of the Ohio; how from the fair city of Louisville we went gliding up the Ohio, whose lovely waters have so richly merited and received the appellation of "La Belle Riviere;" how from the "Queen City of the West" we took the cars for Cleveland, and went bounding away through the "Buckeye State" —the land of "bread and cheese"—a flat and monotonous route, utterly void of any interesting scenery. But rapidly trees, houses and farms flit by us, and ere the sun had sunk behind the western

hills, we were safely deposited in Cleveland city. Making a resolute push through the vociferous army of hackmen and porters that dogged our steps, we marched immediately aboard the splendid steamer that was then in waiting for our train, and soon we were dancing over the blue bosom of Lake Erie. On our right sat queenly Cleveland, looking out upon the broad waters, while the white sails of many vessels on our left, glimmered in the golden rays of the west-going sun as he slowly dipped to the distant wave.—'Twas forsooth a scene for painter's pencil or poet's verse as first we witnessed sunset on the waters. But night soon vails the land and wave, while music, the song and the deck promenade serve to wing the golden hours.

Early on the following morning, we landed at the flourishing city of Buffalo, and at nine o'clock, A. M., of the same morning, took the swift-footed cars for the falls of Niagara, those wondrous waters whose fame "hath gone forth into other lands," and whose very name is the poetry of might, majesty and beauty. Any attempt at description would be but impotent and vain. Suffice it to say that we had a merry romp over "Main Island" with several fair ladies from the "city of rocks," among the number, Mrs. James Bankhead, and Miss Jennie Watson, whose witching smiles shed sunlight on the scene, and lent the finishing touch to the beauty of the whole; that we ascended "Prospect Tower," overlooking the chasm of the "Horse-Shoe," and

looked down upon the roaring waters below; that we crossed over to the Canada side by the "Suspension Bridge," and from the dizzy height of this fairy work, gazed down on the rushing river far beneath us; that we stood upon the giddy brink of "Table Rock," and saw the snow-white rapids come racing on, to plunge with the roar of thunder to the misty caldron at our feet, while beauteous Iris spanned the boiling chaos, hovering like some angel of mercy over the region of the damned.

But our mission was still far in the distance; so bidding a reluctant adieu to the glories of Niagara, we pursued our way toward the eastern limits of our native land. Our iron steed is once more harnessed, his shrill snort heard, and tossing high his dark mane of smoke, he dashes onward, passing through as lovely a country as eye could wish to rest upon. Well may the "Empire State" lift up her head, proud of her flourishing cities, and their teeming thousands, her noble rivers and her lovely lakes, her goodly hills and her fertile valleys. We viewed, with delighted eye, her many treasures, and felt a proud satisfaction that it was our own land we looked upon. One day sufficed to bring us from Buffalo to Albany, whence we took the steamer down the Hudson, wanting only the ornamental villas and the crumbling, vine-clad castles of the Rhine, to render it the most beautiful river in the world. Reached New York in due time, and after devoting several days to the city, we made preparation for sailing.

CHAPTER II.

It were hard to describe the contending emotions that now swelled the heart, as we trod the deck of a noble vessel, bound direct for foreign shores. The moment was rapidly drawing on, when we should bid adieu to the land of our birth, and have the face of nature shut out from our view, until our eyes should open on the olden world. The good ship "Asia" was crowded with passengers, and a great number had come to witness the departure of relatives and friends, while many a thoughtful, anxious face, and many a moistened eye, told how the floodgates of the heart were unlocked, and its deep fountains stirred at the thought that they were parting, and perhaps forever. But for us no eye was dimmed, no loved voice trembled in the fond farewell! for we were alone, without a friend, an acquaintance, or one familiar face, with whom we could claim an adieu.

Precisely at 12 o'clock, M., the last warning-bell is rung, our cables slipped, and as the brave ship moves out, her booming cannon shout a parting salute to the shores of our native land. Again and again, as we glide on, her guns are loaded, and as

the active sailor rams home the charge, again the loud report reverberates along the coast, and echoes over the bay. Rapidly we cleave the still, calm water, while our officers, in their handsome uniforms of blue, stand upon the gangways, and issue with trumpet-voice their many orders, to which is readily returned the hearty "aye, aye, sir!" Still swiftly glides onward our mammoth ship, passing by Governor's island, the Battery, the Fort, Staten Island, and other objects of interest, and erelong we are out upon the mighty deep, with the dim shores of Long Island trailing on our left, and the coast we had so lately quitted growing more and more indistinct. The shades of night came creeping on, the day-king had sought his western couch, and as the last, faint outline of our native shores faded slowly away through the increasing gloom, we gave over our lingering gaze, and turning to our cabin sighed—

"My native land, good night!"

On the following morning we rose refreshed with sleep, and though the vessel was rocking slightly, we experienced no difficulty in making our simple toilet, nor felt as yet that wretched, deathly sensation, usually denominated, sea-sickness. But we were not destined to escape entirely the ills that the fresh mariner is heir to; so just conceive a woe-begone youth, most dejectedly seated on a four-legged stool, with his forlorn phiz buried in his hands, and whew! heaving like old Vesuvius, while a few old salts fill up the background, making merry over our misfor-

tunes, and you have our daguerreotype. At any other time we might have felt half-way disposed to rise from our seat, and throw our four-legged friend at the heads of the graceless jesters, but now the awfully collapsed state of the internal system so completely mastered every effort of the will, that verily had one come up and pulled our nose, we could hardly have recognized it as an insult.

But our spell was of brief duration, and erelong we had learned to tread the rolling deck with buoyant step and — steady stomach.—So now we began to look about us to learn what manner of men we were to be associated with during the voyage. We discovered, from the jargon of many tongues and varied language in the painting-decked saloon, that each and every nation, of any consequence, claimed a representative among our passengers—the indefatigable American, the phlegmatic German, the morose Englishman, the social Frenchman, the somber Spaniard, the volatile Irishman, with a scattering of Cuban, Creole, and African.

But what shall we say of *our* voyage, what others have not said, and what mention shall we make of the good ship "Asia"—English though she be, and built of British Oak? Every incident of a sea-voyage has been made familiar, and a repetition would only pall upon the ear. Enough to say, then, that the night succeeded to the day, and we successively saw sunrise, sunset, and moonlight on the ocean. Sweeping the broad horizon of water round, we have

watched some distant ship, when its cloud-like sails were first dimly traced in faint relief upon the sky, but growing more and more distinct, until it loomed boldly out over the heaving waters, and was again gradually lost, as our lordly vessel, like some monster of the deep, held its onward course.—When floundering on through dense and impenetrable fogs, we have heard the faithful bell send forth its warning voice upon the restless waves, and when suddenly meeting with some other ship by night, we have seen the brilliant sky-rocket shooting from our deck, throwing a fitful glare upon the waste of waters, and briefly revealing the outlines of the other vessel, wafted on like some silent specter of the sea. We have held converse with the "watch" by night, and have lent a willing ear to the long yarns of the veteran son of Neptune. We have heard the hoarse "all's well" rise, in the stillness of night, from the "bow-watch," while the cry was taken up and repeated at the larboard, the starboard, and the wheel, sending assurance of safety to the heart of the anxious traveler. Gazing down by night upon the phosphoric fire that glimmered round our rushing ship, and looking back upon the long train of snow-white foam that followed in her wake, intuitively we have called her the comet of the waters. In fine we have enjoyed all the beauties of a sea-voyage, while youth lent a golden tinge to every incident, and ere that chilling of the heart, by rough contact with the world, had blunted the appetite for romance.

When within a few days' sail of our destination, an incident occurred, which carried an electric excitement throughout our ship. It was about the hour of ten at night, and the passengers were all gathered in the main saloon, some reading, some conversing, and some engaged with cards and dice. Suddenly, we were startled to our very feet, by the loud cry of "Hard, hard a-port," borne with thrilling accent and trumpet-tongue upon our ears, while the hurried trampling of feet over-head, announced that some danger was impending. An immediate rush was made from the cabin to the deck, which, as we reached, we descried just before us the clouded image of a schooner. For a few moments the excitement was intense, and—

> "The boldest held his breath
> For a time."

The deck was thronged, yet no one spoke.—All eyes were directed toward the devoted schooner, and all hearts hushed, as she floated on within a few feet of our prow. In a moment the crash would come or the danger pass. The moment rolled by, and the schooner came gliding hard upon our larboard, so close, indeed, that you might have tossed a biscuit on her deck. Again we drew our breath, and the heart resumed its pulsation, as the danger passed. But a narrow escape did the schooner run! for rushing with immense impetus through the thick fog, we had suddenly come upon her, and only by promptly checking steam, and bearing hard to the right, we had avoided

a collision. Had our mammoth ship, going at the rate of twelve knots an hour, come in contact with the ill-starred schooner, her doom had been sealed. She would have gone down beneath our rushing prow, and all her crew had sunk—"unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown," to the blue depths below. We again descended to our saloon, but so excited were the minds of the passengers, that at the least unusual noise, you might see their heads pop up as if scenting some new danger, and ready at any moment to take alarm; for which, however, there was thenceforward no occasion.

On the morning of the 10th we heard the grateful cry of "Land ho!" We were standing on deck, and though an Irish sailor was pointing out the Cape, we could discover nothing.—But the son of Erin was not mistaken. His practiced eye had caught the distant peaks of his native coast, when we could discover nothing but the blue sky above and the blue wave beneath us. Soon the bold, bleak shores of the Emerald Isle—land of the Shillelah and Shamrock—loomed distinctly out. We fired a salute abreast of Holyhead, that our approach might be announced, by telegraph, at Liverpool and London, and thence moving on, we passed by "old Kilsale Point," where the ill-fated Albion went down, and by "Derrynane Abbey"—the castle of the famous agitator, Daniel O'Connell, which, from the Channel, presented only a flat, square appearance, without any architectural pretensions. Stood on deck to have a view of Liver-

pool as we came in. The scene was at once lovely and magnificent. The sea was as calm and placid as Beauty's sleep, while the broad-flowing Mersey swept gently down, dividing the two cities of Liverpool and Birkenhead—the former ennobled by its splendid docks, which are crowded with the vessels of every nation whose flag dances in the breath of ocean—the latter beautified and adorned with quiet villas. At last, with anchor cast, and custom-house examination over, we took one of the numerous little tugs, that were racing about in every direction, and soon our foot had pressed a foreign soil. We stood in "merrie old England"—the land of our forefathers—and, for the first time, under "petticoat government."

CHAPTER III.

Liverpool is a great place! Such at least was our conclusion after several days' rambling among its docks, cabs, tugs, beggars and police. The city abounds in magnificent structures—splendid piles of architecture—the most noted of which are the Custom-House, the Exchange, St. George's Hall, and the Sailor's Home. Several fine monuments also lend an additional attraction to this great commercial emporium—one erected to the memory of William Huskisson, another to Lord Nelson, and one to George the Third. The amount of shipping at this port is, to one who will look into its numerous and extensive docks, all-but incredible.

Just before we landed, a friend who had visited England before, said to us—"Now if you wish to see a picture of English life, don't go to one of those fashionable hotels, to which all Americans resort, but come with me, and I will show you 'mine host of the inn,' a true specimen of English life and character." Nothing loth to adopt his suggestion, we proceeded forthwith to Dale street, and made ourselves comfortable at the sign of the "Saracen's Head." Our hale and hearty landlord realized the

very idea we had formed of an English innkeeper. He usually sat at the head of his table, his "fair, round belly with fat capon lined," and his broad visage beaming with good humor, as he carved with evident pride and satisfaction the huge piece of roast-beef that universally graced the head of his board. An air of cleanliness and comfort pervaded his entire house, which at once gave it a pleasant and home-like appearance.

After nightfall, we determined on a solitary ramble through the city, feeling no anxiety whatever, either as to losing our way, or meeting with any molestation, so long as an occasional policeman, in his close, blue uniform, and short, stout baton greeted our sight, for we were sure of his direction when at a loss, and of his assistance when in a difficulty. So, starting out down Dale street, we thence turned to the left, and were soon sauntering under the deep and somber shadows of the old Custom-House—a huge, venerable building, whose imposing appearance had first attracted our attention on our way from the ship to the hotel. We were lazily loitering along its dingy, time-stained walls, when, in looking about us, we discovered that our movements were watched by no other than a "polis" himself, who seemed to regard us as a suspicious character, and to that effect kept pace with our wanderings. Observing this, we stopped under the shadow of one of the huge columns that adorn each extremity of the building, when he strolled carelessly up and accosted us with a civil—"Good evening, sir!" Well, thought we, would it not be a pretty

story to reach home, that on the first night of our arrival in Europe we were nabbed by a policeman. But, conscious of our innocent purposes, we returned the salutation, and entered into conversation with our friend of the buttons. He was a ready, intelligent fellow, and finding that we were an American, fresh from the New World, he seemed to throw off all suspicion and reserve, and conversed freely with us about our country, and about the World's Fair, which was then being held in London. It struck us as a peculiar fact, that this man, though within eight hours' ride of the Crystal Palace, had never visited his country's capital; that he had trodden for years his constant round, without once having an opportunity of stirring from his post, and without one dream of ever leaving, even for a three days' absence, to view the wonders of the World's Fair. It was growing on toward "the small hours of night," when we bade our chance acquaintance adieu, and repaired to our hotel, when our flickering fancies soon floated away into the land of dreams.

After spending several days in the city, we rose one morning with the determination to set out that day for London, and, in accordance with the resolve, we shook hands with our kind old landlord, and started off for "Edge Hill Station;" arrived at the depot of the London and North-Western Railroad, and found the cars just on the eve of departure. One of the porters seized our luggage, and broke off, crying—"Look sharp," while we followed at a brisk

gallop close on his heels, affording considerable amusement to the rest of the passengers, who, snugly ensconsed in their seats, could afford to laugh. Reached the hindmost car just as the train was on the move, when the obliging porter of the London and North-Western Railroad pitched our baggage in, and we tumbled in after it. Daylight fades behind us, and darkness visible presses upon our eyelids, as we rattle on through "Edge Hill Tunnel," with Liverpool city overhead. Suddenly we again dash out into the light of heaven, and speed merrily onward over the proud soil of England. The landscape, owing to its high state of cultivation, was the loveliest and richest we had ever seen. The surface of the country was beautifully diversified by countless village churches, generally built in the pure Gothic style; with hawthorn hedges, and model cottages, and grim iron factories, with dark volumes of smoke rolling from their sky-piercing chimnies.

Eleven miles from London, we passed by the celebrated school of Harrow, where Lord Byron's "young idea was first taught to shoot." A rush of associations came sweeping over our mind, as we looked on that lovely hill-side. The day had been dark throughout, and heavy clouds had curtained in the sky. But lo! as we passed this spot, sacred in the early memories of many of England's gifted sons, the day-king smiled for an instant through the craggy clouds, shedding a flood of glorious sunlight on the scene, and then all was dark and gloom again. We

thought the incident typical of the life of the immortal bard.

During our transit from Liverpool to London, some Englishman in our car, finding that there were Americans aboard, broached the subject of slavery. Now it so happened that there was in our company a young Virginian, who in his heart believed that slavery was not only no stigma on his country's escutcheon, but was indeed a divine institution, ordained by Heaven itself, as a means of reclaiming the benighted African from the lowest depths of ignorance and barbarism to the light of knowledge and Christianity. So, as the unwary Englishman condemned, in no measured terms, the slaveholding portion of our country, he found himself suddenly picked up by the warm-blooded Southerner, and quite a sharp controversy ensued. The debate grew warmer still, yet neither would be convinced, until the Virginian, wheeling off, remarked, in his wrath to his opponent, that he hadn't the brains to comprehend, nor the candor to confess the truth, and he therefore declined all further discussion with him. The disconcerted Englishman complied with this plain hint, and the subject was dropped.

But away we went racing on, and reached London in the midst of a severe hailstorm, and that too in the month of August. It soon passed away, however, and we proceeded to the "Euston Hotel," situated hard by the railroad depot, and we were safely landed in London city.

From our brief experience, we judged the English rail to be superior to the American. The speed, *by express*, is greater, but the cars, excepting the first class, are very inferior, both in point of comfort and appearance. But strength and utility are legibly impressed on everything English. The English ladies we found certainly neither so pretty nor so elegant as our own—in point of classic beauty and delicate grace no comparison can be made. The English lady is, generally speaking, well-formed, hearty, robust. But we are not disposed to admire woman, when she seems so perfectly capable of self-protection; perhaps we may *admire*, but to *love* is out of the question. We seem to feel that she can battle her own way through life, and that idea at once breaks down one of the strongest inducements for man to love. But we would not that the Duchess of Sutherland, nor any other of Albion's fair dames, should consider us censorious, or disposed to meddle with matters which concern us not; for, indeed, we found much wherewith to be pleased in "our cousins over the water." We have found their women well-favored, but not pretty; intelligent, but not captivating—their men reserved, but not uncourteous; severe, but not ungenerous.

CHAPTER IV.

Having located ourself in comfortable quarters at No. 44, St. James' Place, we began to open our eyes on the countless objects of interest to be found in the great city of London. Our situation was admirably adapted both for the instruction and amusement of the stranger, for within the reach of a pleasant walk were Hyde and St. James' Park, Westminster Abbey, Buckingham and St. James' Palace, the new House of Lords, and many other buildings, whose names are "as household words" to every reader of English history. With a chosen companion—young Taylor, of Tipton, Tennessee—we began a systematic survey of the wealth of wonders about us. Our first desire was, of course, to seek the Crystal Palace, and so we were soon on our way, through the vast wilderness of houses, to the grand international exhibition. A short ride brought us to Hyde Park, and paying our admission fee of one shilling at the door of the glittering building, we stood beneath the roof of that fairy palace, amid the richest products of earth, and among the rarest inventions of the human mind. Never can we forget, and yet never can we describe the magnificent scene that then broke wilderingly upon our vision.

We had expected to encounter sights of gorgeous splendor and magic beauty, but never did we conceive of such a display as then met our wondering gaze. Articles the richest, the rarest, the most beautiful, the most curious, the most magnificent! all under the transparent roof of a most exquisite and fairy structure—producing such an overpowering effect that the mind, when rushing forth to grasp them in its fold, would turn and seek again its silent recesses, exhausted by the struggle. A few statistical facts may serve to convey some slight idea of the vast dimensions of the palace and its myriad wonders. The building, according to estimation, covered upward of twenty acres of ground. Its length was eighteen hundred and fifty-one feet—a foot to represent each year from the commencement of the christian era down to the time of its erection. The entire length of the tables, all combined, was estimated at eight miles—quite a pedestrian journey to one, who would *unwisely* undertake to see, at one visit, their complement of contents.

We first made a circuit round the entire building on the ground-floor, and then ascending to the galleries above rapidly scanned their arrangement, in order to get, at first, a general view of the whole, and so understand the plan of the building, that in our succeeding visits we might pursue a systematic course of inspection. The contributions from the various nations represented were ranged in their respective apartments, with the name of the country from which they

came printed on a red banner above. One end of the building was allotted to the American representations, while pretty much the whole space of the opposite extremity was appropriated to, and filled with, the tributes of Great Britain; the intermediate ground being methodically divided off and distributed to the various other nations. We will not detail the minutiæ of their contributions, for that were all-but as endless an effort as the task of Sisyphus. Enough to say that during our pèregrination through that wondrous structure we looked on "the Mount of Light" and other costly gems; on beautiful and sparkling fountains; on glittering and gorgeous furniture; on luxurious and splendid coaches; on rich and dazzling chandeliers; on huge and magnificent mirrors; on fountains of cologne-water; on antique curiosities; on ancient mosaics; on curiously-wrought representations of anatomy; on exquisite statuary and most finished sculpture; on soft and blushing paintings; on softest fabrics of silk and cotton; on rarest machinery; on implements of peace and war; on purple and gold; on beauty and utility, and in fine on the best specimens of all imaginable invention. One glance at that goodly array from under the folds of the American flag, down to where the banner of St. George drooped above the wealth of the English nation, were well worth a flight across the deep waters. The scene was one of the most animated, gorgeous and imposing that the imagination can picture, or the fancy conceive; rendered lovely, too, by the thought that we here behold a peaceful union of

all nations, who had "beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks," all mingling in social concord, with no strife or contention among them, save to excel in the great and the good. All was order, good-will and harmony. 'Twas a scene on which poet, philosopher and philanthropist might dwell with delight. The only regretful feeling which came creeping over our heart was, that our own glorious land, though many the honors awarded her, was so inadequately and so unfairly represented.

Toward the close of the day, according to previous agreement, we met friend Taylor in the transept of the building, by the beautiful central fountain, whose sparkling waters sent a delightfully cool and refreshing influence through the densely-crowded palace. Near by were the exquisitely beautiful portraits of his royal highness Prince Albert and her majesty the Queen. While attentively considering the latter we observed to our friend, that if report had not much slandered the royal lady, the portrait before us was most highly flattering, for that rumor had said that dame nature had not been very prodigal in her gifts to Queen Vic.

The words were scarcely out when a burly Briton close by retorted, that we were laboring under a great mistake, and assured us that the portrait was not flattering but only a correct likeness. Now, though we knew that this was only a gratuitous ebullition of loyal feeling, yet from the innate gallantry of our own nature we could not dispute the fact, but silently

acknowledged the enlightenment. Indeed, before we had left the shores of England, we concluded that the English people, to this good day, were as loyal, from lord to lackey, as in the days of old, when mail-clad forms were couched, with lance in rest, if but one breath of calumny should assail the heaven-anointed monarch. The English are still devoted to their Queen, not so much by personal love and attachment, but as the embodiment of a principle to which they are wedded.

About 4 o'clock, P. M., we left the Crystal Palace, and strolled out upon the green-sward of Hyde Park, along the bank of the Serpentine, a small winding lake, but more like a river, that meanders through this handsome space of field and forest. Pedestrians with their sagacious dogs, male and female equestrians on their handsome horses, and elegant equipages, containing the fashionable and noble, were to be seen in all directions. History and fiction have alike rendered Hyde Park a subject of interest to everybody, but especially to the young and imaginative mind. As we roved over the soft turf, and rambled through its quiet retreats, we thought how many a tale of love had been told beneath those wide-spreaking oaks—how many a heart had thrilled with sweetest joy, and alas! how many, too, had been deceived. How many an unknown story of love, of treachery and broken hearts, had those ancient trees been the silent witness—an unrecorded drama in the history of each suffering spirit. Earth was pillowed upon the bosom

of night—toil had rocked her softly to rest—silence hung like a heavy mantle over her slumbers, while the starry firmament above, flung out like some broad banner from the battlements of heaven, curtained in her couch. Naught else heard or spoke, save the wind, as it wooed the dim old woods, and the rustling leaves as they whispered the tale about.

But away with musing—for just now a "still, small voice" was whispering that we had passed the day—without our dinner. Being thus admonished, we were off in a trice for this indispensable item of life, and while cozily seated at our table, our reflections were something in this wise—"Well, London is, upon the whole, quite a pleasant place—provided your shillings are abundant, but if you have not a superfluity of cash, why then you have no business in this vast metropolis. Money is here a friend on whom you may safely rely, while you have him in possession, but one who '*will* leave and forsake you' at every turn."

Just here we were about to give an order, but involuntarily hesitated, when, on looking up, we discovered, instead of Sir Ebony, a gentleman "in cloth," with white vest and white cravat, meekly awaiting our commands.—But our democratic scruples soon vanished before the returning thought that we were still master so long as the potent shilling rested in our purse, and so suffered the elegant waiter to obey our behest, without discountenance, and in his own subservient way.

Having dined, our next query was "in what manner should we spend the evening?" Taylor was fatigued, and positively swore he would not stir forth that night; so, per necessity, we must go it alone. Sallying out under the blazing glare of the gas-light, we strolled up the Strand, and turned in at the Lyceum, where "Only a Clod," "Court Beauties," and "King Charming" were performed. We were much pleased with the evening's entertainment—the scenic effect in the last play being superior to anything of the kind we had yet witnessed. To add to the attractions of the bill, twenty-four young girls, charmingly dressed in light floating gauze, appeared in the ballet, with eight banners in their hands, representing eight several nations, under which they successively danced the national dance of each country represented. Among the flags shone conspicuous "the stars and stripes." "Yankee Doodle" was the air, and something which we supposed the "pigeon-wing" was the dance attributed to America.

How it causes the heart of the stranger to swell with untold emotions, to hear the national air of his own dear land, while wandering over foreign shores, especially, too, with the well-loved banner of his country before his eyes. One thus situated can never have those feelings erased from his memory, though the snows of many winters may whiten his brow, and the tide of many years strive to pour forgetfulness over the scenes of his early youth. And we would ask no stronger current of cherished memories to

come sweeping over the bending heart, than to hear, as we have heard, the sweet notes of some favorite song, oft heard from beauty's lips at home, suddenly to greet the ear, where many a weary mile, and many a restless billow, intervene between the pilgrim and the home of his fathers. It chains the very spirit into stillest mood, and wakes the "key-note of the saddest dirge that fancy ever played to melancholy."

CHAPTER V.

A STROLL through St. James' Park serves as an excellent antidote to the "noise and confusion of the Strand. Buckingham Palace, the Queen's city residence, fronts down the Park, and is quite a royal building. Standing in front of the Palace, and looking down the Park, you see the lofty towers of Westminster peeping over the tree-tops to the left, while just to the right of the Abbey, rises the unfinished tower of the new House of Lords. St. James' Palace, where the Queen holds her Court, lies over to the right, fronting up St. James-street, at the foot of Pall Mall, and presents a queer old face to your view, with its time-stained walls and peaked towers. Just outside the high iron fence, that fronts Buckingham Place, promenade the stiff English sentinels, in their blood-red coats, snow-white pants, and high conical fur hats. Lolling about over the soft sward, may be seen the city-bred Londoners, rolling over the green grass, as if the very contact did their souls good. Swans and ducks paddle unmolested about in the Park lake, and seem well content with their pension.

Starting out early one morning—friend Taylor and ourself—we took an outside berth aboard a "bussy" on Piccadilly, and went lumbering toward St. Paul's Cathedral. Passing through Trafalgar Square, under the shadow of Lord Nelson's colossal monument, we wended our way up Fleet-street and the Strand. Occasionally a pair of horses would have their feet tripped from under them on the slippery pavement, which would for a moment block up the street, and impede our progress.—Immediately, however, on such an occurrence, you might see half-a-dozen active policemen, diving about among the innumerable vehicles, checking some, and urging on others, until all were again fairly "under-weigh." How implicitly everything obeys the beck of a policeman's wand! To dispute his authority were a piece of presumption passing all belief.

But speaking of "busses," we cannot forbear mentioning a mishap which befell an Irish acquaintance in the streets of London. He was an aged man, but an excellent specimen of the rollicking Irish character. Having occasion to go some distance, he concluded, in order to have a fair view of his route through the city, that he would mount to the roof of the omnibus, which was rather a precarious experiment for his tottering limbs. He, however, reached the top in safety, but no sooner was the heavy coach under full headway, than he began to tremble for the security of his position. At every crossing, the huge omnibus would rear up and down like a vessel on the

waves, and as often would the son of Erin seize his nearest neighbor for support. At last, up suddenly bounced the "bussy," and away glided our friend over the side. On his way he grabbed, with the grip of a vice, the fat leg of an Englishman, who, in turn, clung to his next companion, at the same time roaring "Murder!" at the top of his voice. But our Irish friend had not the time just then to bandy civilities, or beg pardon for his rudeness; but picking out as soft a place as he could find, he fell sprawling on his back, into the very center of a lake of mud, spattering a perfect deluge of mire on every side. Recovering his feet, he escaped the imminent danger of being run over, but presenting an appearance overwhelmingly ludicrous. A crowd began at once to gather around him, but giving one despairing glance at his bedaubed attire, he rushed into the nearest empty omnibus, and dived down into its farthest corner. Peace to your memory, friend Mac! for many a joke have we heard you crack over that day's adventure, until we verily thought our sides would split.

But we were on our way to St. Paul's.—Reaching this venerable monument of the past, we took tickets for the whole building; for, be it known, that in this great city, churches, like theaters, must be seen by the purchase of your permission. Leaving the ground-floor of the imposing edifice, with its countless marble monuments, we commenced our journey upward, under the guidance of one of the church-pilots.

Among the curiosities which are shown the stranger, we saw the library-room, with its curious, nailless floor of tesselated oak, musty volumes, and antique sacred music; the geometrical staircase—the first of the kind ever constructed in England; the trophy-room of Lord Nelson, wherein are many colors taken from the enemy, also a huge lantern that figured in the burial of the heroic naval commander; the Whispering gallery; the great Bell; and then the outside "golden gallery," whence is to be had the finest view that can be obtained of London. But now, to "cap the climax," we left our hat below, and commenced the arduous task of climbing up into "the ball." By dint of hard work, we finally succeeded, and enjoyed the commendable ambition of being squatted in a small iron cage at the highest elevation in London city, but puffing like a porpoise, and feeling an instinctive dread lest our lofty lodge should topple over, and we roll headlong to the earth.—But our purpose being accomplished, we descended to the ground, well willing to stand once more on "terra firma."

We now engaged a "cabby," and passing through the celebrated London Docks, we rattled away for the Tunnel of the Thames.—Paid a penny each to enter, and descended by a winding staircase, ornamented with fresco paintings, to the floor of the Tunnel. Reaching the bottom, we were induced, by the eloquence of the doorkeeper, to enter a small apartment, fitted up with microscopic glasses, through which we

looked, and saw many well-wrought battle-scenes, dazzling bright under the light of the lamps, and wrapped in the lurid glare of the battle-shock. Thence we strolled on through the Tunnel, brilliantly illuminated with gas, and decorated with the stalls of toy-venders. The Tunnel is 1,200 feet long, and presents a very picturesque appearance, with its lights, and stalls, and throngs of pedestrians. Its original design was for the passage of vehicles, which, however, was defeated by the enormous expense that would have been incurred by the purchase of sufficient ground at each end to admit of a gradual descent into the Tunnel.

As we strolled along, with the muddy Thames rolling overhead, we were accosted by a merry naiad, who desired us to purchase some little mementoes of the Tunnel "for our friends in America." "And how know you we are an American?" returned we in surprise. "Ah! sir, that is easily discovered," quoth the fair water-nymph. Of course, we complied with her request to select some one of her toys, and the more willingly, that we might linger near this divinity of the Thames, for she possessed that passport to the heart of man—a winning manner, with a fair face, and an eye of blue that would rival the hue of heaven's deepest arch. We left the fair daughter of the Thames, but with the mental reservation, that our first should not be our last visit to the Tunnel.

CHAPTER VI.

Leaving the Tunnel, we now started for the Tower, with about a dozen ragged urchins swarming round our cab, and craving a penny. One little fellow, emaciated and lame, hobbled on after us, with his thin and beseeching countenance, until his perseverance was rewarded, when he returned rejoicing to his companions, whether to divide with them the spoil or hoard it for the relief of a destitute and suffering home-circle we know not.

A short ride brought us to the far-famed "Tower of London," around whose name history has woven a spell more wild and fanciful than the weird wand of bewitching romance ever threw over the enthralled mind of the schoolboy. For here the gentle and the brave have alike been debarred the sweet breath of heaven, lingering in long confinement, until even the voice of hope had ceased to whisper one cheering word, dying darkly out from the sick heart, and fleeing like some pale specter from the temple, where it had long sat the solitary occupant. Here the fair princes of Edward were murdered in their guileless childhood, innocent victims to the bloody ambition of their uncle Gloster. Here the sweet Lady Jane Gray,

persuaded contrary to her own inclinations to accept her crown, which pressed as a burning brand upon her fair brow, was locked in dungeon dank and dark, and greeted the smile of day only to pass—a gentle sufferer, a patient martyr, and a true heroine—to an ignominious death. Here the brave Sir Walter lingered for twelve long years within his prison-cell, where stygian darkness dwells, and where the foul spider wove his web, mocking in its calm content the wild and feverish throbbings of that high-born heart, accustomed to the stirring excitement of love, ambition, and brave deeds, but now wasting under the consuming fires of slow and lingering confinement. We entered the dark recess, and as we groped our way through his dismal cell, we thought what ages of duration must have been crowded in those twelve years, as they dragged on their weary length, each hour a year, each year a century in itself. On the door of his dungeon we found the Scriptural inscription—"He that endureth to the end shall be saved." In the chapel of "St. Peter in Vinculis" lie the headless bodies of Fisher, Ann Boleyn, Thomas Cromwell, Catharine Howard, the Duke of Somerset, and the Duke of Monmouth.

On entering the gates of the Tower the stranger first procures his tickets, and then takes his seat in a small anteroom, awaiting the arrival of other visitors, until a full compliment is made up. This is done for the economy of time, for there is ever a constant throng pouring in, and it would be impossible to

show each visitor through separately. Our company was soon made up, and we were marshaled off by one of the numerous guides in gay and gaudy livery, through the various apartments. We first entered the "Horse Armory." Here the collection of equestrian knights is certainly extensive and interesting to the curious. The most striking are the effigies of the Kings of England, mounted on their steeds of war, and clad "cap-a-pie" in their burnished armor. The line commences with William the Conqueror and extends to George the Second. But a feeling of disappointment came over us as we looked along the glittering line. We had thought, as we stepped before those mail-clad forms, to have the embodiments of the past before our eyes—to feel ourself carried far away into the dim shadows of the days of yore, and feel a solemn assurance that we were treading the courts of antiquity, mingling by easy fancy amid scenes softened by the touch of romance and hallowed by the dust of far-distant ages—but no such sensation could we realize; all seemed modern and new; the very armor was all burnished and bright. The voluble guide within, the rumbling of the heavy cartwheels without, the ringing of the mason's hammer engaged in repairing the building, all broke the spell, and told that we were still in the active present, where all were battling, not for the honor of chivalry or the light of lady's eye, but for the potent dollar or the magic shilling. We stood before the grim iron forms of

England's kings, but felt not the august presence of Albion's majesty, unable to doff our hat before the royal brow, or to bend reverently before the shrine of the past. After passing through the several armories—replete with arms, foreign trophies, and historical curiosities—we were finally conducted to the jewel office, where for safe-keeping the crown jewels are deposited. The whole regalia presented a most dazzling and magnificent appearance, with its scepters, crowns, crosses, swords and spurs, all studded with diamonds enough to make the eye of woman dance with delight, or the fingers of the miser ache to clutch. The entire collection is valued at fifteen million dollars, and the crown of the present Queen at five millions of dollars. With a look at the "Bloody Tower," and the "Traitor's Gate" our visit was concluded.

On the following morning we started out, afoot and alone, bending our way toward Westminster Abbey, where sleep Albion's noble dead. We were soon within its sacred precincts, loitering in "the dim religious light" of this time-honored Abbey, and looking over the many monuments erected to heroes, naval and military; celebrities, civil and ecclesiastic; poets and orators. Lord Byron has been denied a resting-place in "the poet's corner," which, however, can never be complete without him. And yet they have placed there monumental marble to the memory of the profligates Sheridan, Pope, and others of equally

culpable character. "O rare Ben Johnson" meets your eye to the left as you enter, while the immortal Shakspeare stands immediately on your right.

After looking over the more plebeian monuments, we dropped our admission fee into the "itching palm" of the holy sexton, and commenced a survey of the series of chapels, wherein repose the relics of the kings and queens of England. Among the most conspicuous monuments are the tombs of Mary queen of Scots, Queen Elizabeth, and the shrine of Edward the Confessor. As we looked on those cold marble figures, in the attitude of death, with hands meekly folded over rude warrior and gentle woman, we could but think how empty and how vain the emoluments of this life. Those moldering ashes of royalty lie as unconscious of their honored resting-place as those of the veriest beggar of *their* rude neglect. And then we thought that we would not have our body to rest in the dark and chilly gloom of the cathedral, but rather in some sweet and quiet spot, out in the open fields and under the smile of the blue skies, where no cold and heavy marble should weigh upon our breast, but the sod grow green, the summer winds blow, and the wild flowers bloom upon our simple grave.

Leaving the elaborate architecture of Westminster, we passed on up to Charing-Cross, passing the new House of Lords, which, when completed, will be a most splendid building. Then took a cab and called upon our millionaire minister at his residence on Piccadilly, whom we found a venerable and courteous

gentleman, kind and cordial in his manner toward all his countrymen. Went thence to the National Gallery, situated on Trafalgar Square, and made a rapid survey of its paintings, some of which were from the magic pencil of Raphael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Correggio, Claude, Guido, Titian, Velasquez, and a host of others of lesser note; made a tour of the several rooms and took our departure, glad to escape the crowd and the clouds of dust raised by the sweeping dresses of the numerous ladies. Strolled thence up Regent street, passing through Portland Place, round Park Crescent and Park Square into Regent Square, one of the loveliest spots in the neighborhood of London. Our foot fairly joyed to press the green-sward, as we rambled on, with buoyant spirit and elastic step, under the cool shade of the wide-branching oaks. Erelong the classic Holford House, nestling its white front in the deep green woods, attracted our attention and elicited our admiration. But onward still we tramp, pay our shilling, and enter the Zoological Gardens, where may be found "the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea."

The grounds are beautifully laid out, and bloom with every variety of shrub and flower. Left the gardens and went out toward the left, when we came in view of a bold, high hill, smooth as velvet, and without a tree to break its outline on the sky, and beyond which the blood-red, rayless sun was just sinking. The hill-side was covered with men and boys, engaged in the old English sports, with a dim

and hazy atmosphere resting over the busy scene. It seemed, as we stood and looked on the panorama before us, that long ago, away in our early boyhood, we had once dreamed of the very identical scene spread before our eyes. Some picture from the dark background of the past rises indistinctly up, and is succeeded by a spectral host, as fond memory pours forth in pale and shadowy train her trooping phantoms, yielding obedience to her fairy wand, like as the fabled genii of old, called from their dark abodes by the voice of the magician.

CHAPTER VII.

London is an inexhaustible field for the investigation of the curious stranger, and we might dwell without limit on its myriad wonders. We might tell of the British Musem, and the Queen's Opera; of the Vernon gallery, and the Royal mews; of the London docks, and the beer vaults; of the fish market, and the Burlington Arcade; of Greenwich and Woolwich; of the old Bailey and Bow-street, of churches and theaters; of the Strand by day, and of Regent street by gas light, and in fine, of matters innumerable peculiar to the city of London. But weary of the din and smoke we sigh for the pure atmosphere of travel, and so we 'll plume our wings for sunny France.

About 3 o'clock A. M., we were roused by "Boots," according to orders, who buckled on our trunks, gave the last touch of his nimble brush to our wardrobe, saw us seated in our cab, and receiving his farewell bonus, wished us a long life and a happy journey, as we dashed away from St. James' Place. We had started for the special express train, by means of which passengers from London reach Paris in eleven hours. It was in the cold gray of the morning, the streets were comparatively clear, and we rattled on at a rapid pace over the well-paved road. We were

rather behind our time, and so ordered "cabby" to drive like Jehu. He did his duty, and so did his trotter, but we reached the railway station just as the snorting iron steed had bounded from his stable. Fogg and Brevard had also arrived a moment too late, and so our misfortune was consolingly mutual. To go back, we were one and all resolved not to do, and so concluded to take the 6 o'clock train down to Brighton. The hour arrived and we were on the move, rejoicing to escape the uproar of city, and no-wise loth to flee the impositions there practiced on the unwary.

A few hours' ride over green glades and through chalky tunnels brought us to Brighton—that watering place so famous in English novels. After breakfasting in one of the numerous coffee-houses we strolled over the city, which contains, it is said, in the fashionable season, a population of eighty thousand, while the permanent citizens number only thirty thousand, leaving a floating population of fifty thousand. An amusing feature of this city is the great number of miniature carriages, drawn by *goats*, in harness; a convenience, we supposed, for gouty squires, and superannuated dames. Saw the royal pavilion, one of Victoria's numerous country seats, but which, we were told, she had never occupied, though reserved for her exclusive use. Many of the houses are beautifully stuccoed with dark gravel, which, with their verandas, present an appearance, at once elegant and unique. Ascended Race Hill, just back of the city, and from its bold, bald summit, had a fine view of

the city and its channel; met here with a picture of rural life in the olden time, viz: the shepherd boys with their crooks and sagacious dogs, tending their flocks in the open fields. At 6 o'clock P. M., we took the cars for New Haven, a small port on the coast of England, and at 11 o'clock at night we put out into the boisterous English channel, on a small and filthy steamer, bound for the port of Dieppe, on the coast of France. A more disagreeable and nauseating night we never passed, than on board that little "dug-out," as it danced exultingly over the rough waters of the Channel. The very memory of our internal agonies, and external circumstances, causes us even now to shudder. The night was dark as Erebus, and the waters dashed madly against our frail vessel, as she pushed out into the angry elements. Our steamer was unprovided with berths, and so great was the number of passengers on the occasion, that not even a sofa or a chair could be paraded for the accommodation of each one of us. We, however, crowded down into the cabin, which soon became almost equal to the "Black-hole of Calcutta;" so much so that we could endure the close atmosphere and constant volcanic heavings for only a short while, and then sought relief on deck, which, though cold and comfortless was yet preferable to the foul confinement below. With our overcoat about us we lay down on the hard boards, while our wee bit of a craft was dancing like a feather tossed to and fro by the wind. In fact we were just in that peculiar state of indifference, which

renders one perfectly insensible to all other sufferings, and callous even to his own life. Before morning dawned we stumbled once again down into the cabin, and despite our own physical demolition, we could not suppress a smile at the scene before us. Friend Taylor, who possessed, in an eminent degree, that faculty of ever being at home; had managed, by some art of *hous pocus*, to secure an entire sofa, and was stretched out at full length, reveling in the luxury of unbroken sleep, and *blissfully* ignorant of all that was transpiring about him. A few feet off were two surly sons of England, who, not having even sufficient room for a comfortable seat, described their sufferings as perfectly "stunning," and swore heartily at the prostrate form of our friend for a d—d lazy rascal, because he seemed so entirely comfortable and reconciled to the evils of the hour. He, though, slept happily on, without once knowing what an object of malice and envy he was to those about him.

But "finis omnibus est," and so at last the long night wore away, and the morn broke, like an angel visitant above our heads, and about 9 o'clock A. M., we reached Dieppe. Our vessel was brought up into her accustomed berth, and arrangements made for the examination of passports and baggage. About thirty yards from the shore sat the Custom-House office, on each side of which were attached ropes, reaching down to the vessel's side, thus forming an inclosed space into which the passengers were huddled like so many pigs in a pen. From this temporary quaran-

tine we were passed one by one through the Custom-House office—in at one door, and out at another, as the passport and baggage of each passenger was successively examined. Beside this office there were two additional wings, appropriated for the examination of the persons of the two sexes, whenever they might present a suspicious appearance. Without knowing whither we were going we found *ourself* suddenly hustled into one of these apartments, when one of the officials proceeded to place his hand on each one of our pockets, in quest of contraband articles. His search was, however, merely nominal, and of course, fruitless, when he politely bowed us out at one door and turned to perform the same kind office on another.

At last free from this tedious and farcical proceeding, we got breakfast at "Morgan's Hotel," well known by every stranger as the first in the city, and at half-past eleven we took our seats in the cars bound for the French capital. The French cars we found far more comfortable than the English, and provided with lamps, which, like those of Vesta, are kept continually burning, to lighten the gloom of the damp, dark tunnels, which are so abundant on this road.

On reaching the fine old city of Rouen, celebrated in history as the place where Joan of Arc was burned, we changed cars, taking an omnibus through the city, and passing immediately by its famous cathedral, to a different station. In a few moments we were again on the move, and at 6 o'clock P. M., we were in Paris, the great emporium of fashion, folly, fun, and frolic.

CHAPTER VIII.

Our first sojourn in the fair city of Paris was limited to a single week, whose seven days seemed but so many hours, so magically fleeting was their flight. We reserve our memories of Paris until our return, from wandering over the Continent, to that queen of European capitals, when we were initiated, during a winter's residence, into the mystic circle of its mirth and merriment. We pause only for a moment to have a glimpse at the out-door life during the summer months; for in that season the Parisians proverbially live abroad. Indeed, we know of no word in the French language, whose literal meaning corresponds with our word—home. They say "chez moi"—that is, "with me," and wherever they are, that we must presume is home.

The "Chateau des Fleurs" is one of the numerous pleasure-grounds of Paris, where the gay "cits" assemble of an evening for dancing, and where the foreign stranger invariably repairs, either to enjoy the dance himself, or to witness some of the various phases of Parisian life. Without stopping to defend the propriety of our purpose, we candidly confess that *we* went, both to participate in the former, and to

observe the latter. Starting out from "Rue du Dauphin," we strolled through the "Tuilleries Gardens," across the magnificent "Place de la Concorde," under the shadow of the "Obelisk of Luxor," and up the "Champs Elysees," toward the "Triumphal Arch." About midway up the broad thoroughfare, we turn into the left, and observe, over an arched gateway, the words—"Chateau des Fleurs," dancing in lambent letters from the burning gas. Here admission is charged for the gentlemen only, the ladies being permitted to pass unchallenged. Passing through the gateway, we thought we had suddenly stepped into fairy land, so novel and so beauteous was the scene before us. The gardens were beautifully laid off, and brilliantly lighted. The air was redolent with the perfume of flowers—the gentle zephyrs laden with the strains of dulcet music, entrancing as ever flowed from Memnon's fabled statue at set of sun, or woke euphonious from Euterpe's fingers. In the center of the gardens was erected a canopy, under which the musicians sat, while before them the gay dancers were floating through the mazy measures of the waltz, treading as lightly to the music's rise and fall, as elfin forms in their mystic revels. Unaccustomed to such enticing scenes, we felt as though we stood upon enchanted ground. The gay dancers, the strains of alluring music, the festoons of light and flowers, the fair daughters of France—all combined to win away the senses, and produce the impression that we were transported to some other planet, perhaps ram-

bling through the regions of King Charming, or lost in the reveries of dream-land. What some of the sober, *anti-dancing* brethren of our own good city would say to the untrameled license of the "Chateau des Fleurs," or "Bal Mobile," we surely wot not. Yet with the French they are recognized as an innocent recreation. No one is heard to cry out against them; no condemnation, no wish, that they should be abolished. But we hope the day is yet distant, ere such a state of morals shall prevail in our own western land; for no lover of his country—no advocate for the pure, the noble and the good—could wish such customs to receive the national sanction of his own people.

On the 30th of August, about eleven o'clock, we left the handsome railway station at Paris, en route for the city of Geneva. Soon after, we passed by the old palace of Fontainebleau, traversing a beautiful section of country, whose lovely scenery was varied by groups of peasantry, in their dangling white caps, blue blouses and wooden shoes, forming, to the eye of an American, a tableau at once novel and picturesque. About dusk, passing through a long tunnel, we dashed out into mountain scenery, some of which was truly grand—the dark clouds belting the rock-ribbed sides of the towering hills, rolling and wreathing like huge serpents around their lofty crests. But night came on, shutting out the view, and about nine o'clock we reached "Chalons-sur-Saone." Rested here until morning, at the "Hotel Chevreuil," and

about ten o'clock, A. M., the next day, commenced our journey, by post, for the shores of Lake Leman. Our company consisted of eight persons—Mr. Kerr Boyce, of South Carolina, with his son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rice, Fogg, Taylor, and ourself. We therefore engaged two carriages, each capable of containing four. All seated, baggage aboard, and postillion mounted, when, cracking his whip with professional gusto, away we rattled over the stone-paved streets of Chalons, and soon were beyond the farthest borders of the town. The vine-clad hills of sunny France were out in all their summer beauty, and Nature's bonny smile lent sweet contagion to our hearts. Our spirits were in finest flow, and lad and lassie received both merry bow and civil word as we passed them in their daily labors. Some few looked sour, and returned not the salutation, construing our civilities, perhaps, as ill-timed pleasantry. But the great majority either smiled or courtesied, and generally accompanied the same with some playful remark. The incessant cracking of the whip of our merry postillion called the attention of the peasant from his labor, and the cottagers to their windows, to stare at what they thought some spry sprigs of English nobility, who generally travel by post, not realizing that they looked upon those whose proud title was *American Sovereign*.

About sunset, we commenced our first ascent of the Jura Mountains, and as lovely a view as ever gladdened the captive fancy, while straying through

the sunlight and shadows of dream-land, now greeted our vision, as we slowly wended our way up the winding mountain road. Below us lay a pretty village, nestling its peaceful head in the valley at our feet, and lo! as we journey on foot up the mountain side, the sweet tones of the vesper-bell tell the hour of prayer in the village below. We stop, and, lingering, list to the soft music of the sound, as it comes, in sweet and mournful accents, floating up the rugged heights. Its mellow cadence creeps caressingly into each mountain crevice, and as the silver waves of its broken melody reach the ear, they also find their way into the still chambers of the heart, and awake from its chords a sympathetic strain. Many a lonely cross we encounter on the road-side, generally commemorating some accident which had befallen the traveler at that particular spot, and pointing the wayfaring wanderer to life's final goal —his home on high. On reaching the summit, we found there, on our left, a modest little chapel, surmounted, as usual, by the stone cross, and containing within its glass doors an image of the Virgin Mary. About nine o'clock, we reached the village of Clairvaux, and there remained until the next morning, when we were again bright and early on our way. The cool mountain breeze played upon our cheeks, braced our limbs, and sent a light and buoyant feeling through our bodies. The bonny Lizzie Boyce and the lovely Mrs. Rice, enhanced each pleasure, and smoothed every asperity of the journey, by the magic

of their winning ways and pretty faces. Our postillion, too, was a merry lad, who cracked his whip and blew his favorite horn, till echo answered back, as our tough ponies jogged on over hill and dale, and along the mountain side. At intervals of about every ten miles, we would change horses, at the "poste-aux-chevaux." Occasionally, on our route, the "gens d'armes" would make their appearance, and request the privilege of seeing our passports. They were, however, invariably courteous and polite, and performed their unpleasant duties with much civility, grace, and good-will.

When about twelve miles from Geneva, we stopped to change our weary horses, and while quietly dozing in the "voiture," Miss B. tripped up to our carriage, and wondered if we were too lazy to get out and look at Mont Blanc. That final word acted like magic on our stupid senses, and we sprang out at one bound, when, without the least preparation, that "monarch of mountains" burst, in all its glory, on our enraptured sight. The broad, fair valley of Geneva, with its lovely lake, lay quietly reposing at our feet, while rising up, in majesty supreme, from the opposite side, Mont Blanc towered up above the sky-kissing Alpine range, with the golden rays of the west-going sun gilding his snow-clad crest.—Wood and water, vale and mountain, lent their several charms, blending in one harmonious whole, a picture of grandeur and sublimity, which nor pen nor pencil could portray. That beauteous, glorious scene is indelibly fixed—is

written with a pen of iron on the tablets of our memory. Beneath its pure and elevating influence, we instinctively bared our brow, as though before the altar of the Most High, and breathed a silent tribute of worship and of prayer to Him, who "holds the earth in the hollow of his hand," and at whose command "the everlasting hills bow down their heads." We gazed long and silently on that scene of wondrous beauty—the white crest of the mountain—the blue wave of Leman—the green fringe of the valley—the dark shade of the forest, and turned regretfully to the impatient call of the postillion. Getting into our carriages, we went rapidly down the tortuous road, passed swiftly through the valley, and soon were within the strong walls of Geneva.

CHAPTER IX.

At Geneva we were much pleased to find our Tennessee friends, Bishop Otey, Mrs. Eakin, and Miss Marie L. Bass. If there is any one thing which to the sojourner in foreign lands comes with grateful welcome, it is the grasp of acquainted hands—the greeting of familiar faces—the glance of friendly eyes, which speak at once of kindred sympathies and our distant homes. The stranger, while treading the soil of his pilgrimage, goes on his way unknowing and unknown. He reads at every step that no one cares for him—his weal or his woe, his health or his sickness, his joys or his sorrows are alike unheeded by those who throng about him. An alien to their hearts and homes, we have found that *if at all* observed, it is only that he may become the victim of the swindler and the rogue. He is the fair and legitimate subject for indiscriminate plunder, and often the unwary traveler, in his persecution, might exclaim, in the *letter* but not in the spirit of scriptural gratitude—"I was a stranger, and ye *took me in.*"

On our arrival at Geneva, we had gone immediately to the "Hotel des Bergues;" but finding that our friends were just across the river at "Hotel L'Ecu" we

went over forthwith to see them. Now it so happened that while we were there some lady of the party, wishing to purchase a shawl, had ordered several to be sent up into the private parlor. Having selected one out of the number, a certain young friend of ours, taking a fancy to a second one, determined on its acquisition to his own wardrobe, that he might wear it (as is frequently the case with travelers in Switzerland) in the highland fashion, and thus be securely protected against the cold, during his transit over the mountain passes. But he had never learned the peculiar "modus" of arranging it about his person; and so while vainly essaying to acquire the art, a certain fair lady kindly volunteered to assist him. But alas for poor—"*Yorick!*" In winding the long plaid about his form, the wicked lady, with mysterious art, did likewise around his heart so weave the meshes of the mischievous Boy-god, that from that same hour to this good day he has been "a prisoner in bonds." Should these wayward lines *by chance* meet her eye, *she* will doubtless remember the incident, and must in fairness acknowledge the justice of our accusation. We know that without "malice aforethought" the mischief was done, but yet the result was equally fatal.

The situation of Geneva is beautiful beyond description. Lying just at the foot of the lake of the same name, it is divided into three unequal parts by the blue waters of the river Rhone, and connected together by various handsome bridges. On one side rise the dark, wooded heights of Jura, and on the other

tower up in wild disorder the snow-clad rugged Alps, as though here the fabled giants of antiquity had piled "Ossa on Pelion" to scale the high battlements of heaven. And then in beautiful contrast, beneath the dark frown of the one and the stern solemnity of the other, sleep the happy waters of Leman, resting like "the smile of the Great Spirit" in the valley below. Indeed the eye which has once *drank in* the beauty of that scene can never forget it: it will dwell as a holy spell upon his heart haunting his memory like the voice of some wild melody.

Among the objects worthy of notice in and about the city are Calvin's tomb—without inscription or monument; the canopy in the old cathedral, from under which the impetuous reformer promulgated his bold doctrines; the tomb of the licentious prelate —Prince Louis de Rohan—who figured so conspicuously with Madame Lamotte in "the affair of the necklace;" the house in which Rousseau was born; Ferney, where Voltaire lived; and the glaciers of Chamouny, situated a day's journey from Geneva. This "aristocratico-democratic" city contains twenty-five-thousand inhabitants, two-thousand eight-hundred of whom are engaged in the manufacture of watches, and make annually seventy thousand time-pieces. Here too are manufactured with great skill mathematical and surgical instruments, gold-lace, silks and porcelain.

Soon after our arrival in Geneva we made an excursion up the lake of Geneva, along its northern margin, to the village of Coppet, to visit the Chateau

of Mad. de Stael. On arriving at our destination we found the gateway guarded by a fierce dog of the St. Bernard breed, who seemed little disposed to greet us with that becoming hospitality for which his species is so celebrated; with hair all bristled "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," and snarling so as to show an unpleasant array of sharp, white teeth, he stood reaching forward to the utmost tension of his chain—presenting such a ferocious aspect that, though securely fastened we could hardly prevail on the ladies to set foot within the grounds. Finally however we all passed in, when we were met by a servant to whom we communicated our desire to see the Chateau. Permission was very politely granted, and we were shown through the various apartments, in one of which we saw the portraits of Mad. de Stael and her parents—M. and Mad. Necker: Also a marble bust of the romantic soldier M. Rocca—Mad. de Stael's second husband. We were also shown into the studio, where the authoress of Corinne composed many of her works, and saw there the identical writing-desk and inkstand which she was accustomed to use. In the garden adjoining the Chateau, M. Necker and his illustrious daughter are buried, but we were not permitted to visit their tombs for fear, we suppose, of that general spoliation to which all such spots are subject. There is something very fascinating in looking upon the homes of those authors whom we have delighted to read, and especially so when woman has thrown the sacred spell of her nature and her genius over the

spot. We profess no great admiration for literary "blues," but it were criminal to detract aught from the meed of praise, which posterity has awarded to the name of Mad. de Stael. Associated from her earliest childhood with the "savans" of the age, her mind naturally became imbued with the love of political excitement and research. By her prominent position in the world of letters, she stands a living assertion of the disputed truth, that woman may think and write equally with proud man. To such a reputation had she attained that, it is related that Napoleon, when about to draft a new constitution for France, extended a pressing invitation to her to visit Paris and assist in its delineation, which however she declined,

On our return to Geneva, Antonio, the courier, pointed out "Campagne Diodati," on the opposite side of the lake, where Byron resided in 1816, and where he composed his great poem Manfred, as also the third canto of Childe Harold.

CHAPTER X.

At Geneva, we parted with our friend Taylor, and with much regret, for we had found him a true-hearted fellow, a boon companion, and a certain friend. We were also loath to bid adieu to such agreeable acquaintances as Mr. Kerr Boyce and family, and especially to the fair daughter of the Palmetto state. But they were limited to their time, and so proposed traveling immediately to the Rhine, thence down the river, and back to Paris; while our route led us eastward through Switzerland, thence up North as far as the Prussian capital, and southward thence to the sunny plains of Italy.

But before leaving Geneva, we of course made an excursion up to Chamouny, in order to have a nearer glimpse at old Mont Blanc. A few miles beyond the walls of the city, we entered the kingdom of Sardinia, on whose boundaries our passports must needs be examined, lest the trace of our errant footsteps might here be lost. Such is the passport system of Continental Europe, and so certain are the clues by which the traveler is attached, that his pathway may be traced, and, if necessary, his course arrested, with as unerring precision, as though the eyes of Argus and

the hands of Briareus were ever about him. Our road through Sardinia led us over a broken and varied landscape, whose alternate features were lofty mountain and deep ravine, fruitful valley and fertile plain, dashing cascade, and mountain torrent. Particularly beautiful was one fountain which we saw, springing sheer out from the mountain height, and falling in comet-like spray upon the rocks below. Reached the village of St. Martin about noon, where we changed our carriage for a species of vehicle, used especially for mountain travel, and denominated, in the lingo of the country, "Char-a-bancs." Just beyond St. Martin ripples a bold little stream, over whose limpid waters is thrown a picturesque stone bridge, where each and every traveler pauses to look again on the majesty of Mont Blanc; for, from this point, a clear and unobstructed view may be had of his huge proportions. Moving onward, we pass by several immense glaciers, which stretch themselves down from the mountain top, like huge robes of molten silver, rolling from the brawny shoulders of the hills, and reach Chamouny about sunset.

Being in a meditative mood that evening, we walked out alone, to look, without interruption, upon the grandeur that encompassed us on every side. The goddess of the night had not yet begun her course through the azure sky, and her expectant train were looking eastward for her coming. Mont Blanc is beautiful, as the last rays of the setting sun linger and play upon its summit! It is beautiful when the

gorgeous Day-king, from his rosy couch arising, first greets its unsullied brow, kissing away the mists that have gathered there, with his ardent rays! But glorious, supremely beautiful is it, when the pale mother of dreams hath gathered under her sable wings the silent earth, and the still spirit of night is brooding, like the ghost of an extinguished world, above our globe. We rested in the solemn stillness of the hour, under the deep and somber shadows of the great mountain before us, which, lifting its lofty head high into the blue vault of heaven, seemed, with its chaste brow of virgin snow, a meet abiding-place for the spirit of its Creator. Pure, proud, and peerless it stood! All was silent as the dream of death, as nature calmly slept beneath the holy watch of the stars. Not a single cloud was seen to vail the sacred head of earth's high altar—not a light-winged zephyr stirred the slumbering leaves. But elevating was the grandeur and inspiring the all-pervading beauty of the scene. The faint outline of the white mountain-top seemed mingling with the arch of heaven, while the bright stars encircled its brow like a brilliant tiara. Well hath the child of poetry sung—

> "Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
> They crowned him long ago—
> On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
> With a diadem of snow."

On the following morning, we had mules ordered, and started for Flegere, a lofty point on the west side of the Chamouny valley. Our entire company seemed

most merrily disposed, and woman's silvery laugh blended in sweet accord with the hoarser mirth of man, as our sagacious animals picked their way along the tortuous mountain-path, making progress, slow, but sure, up the toilsome ascent. We met, on our journey up the mountain, lasses in great profusion, who, with saucers of fruit, and glasses of goat's milk in their hands, accost the traveler, and invite him to refreshment. But "excelsior" is our motto, and still higher we urge on our faithful mules. Here we encounter a clamorous bevy of highland maids, and there, under the shadow of that tree to the right, reclines a young Englishman, adding to the numerous scenes of his sketch-book. At last, we reach our destination, but with mountain-heights still towering above us. Our ambition, however, is satisfied, and so we decline further ascension, well content to rest and gaze on the glorious views around, about, below, above us: at the sweet little valley, economically cultivated, glowing with golden grain and deep-green verdure, far down in the chasm below; on the numberless peaks above and around us; and lastly, on the sky-kissing summit of the snow-clad monarch—the home and throne of Winter, where, robed in his white mantle, he sits, looking down on Summer kneeling at his feet.

But now we begin our descent, some laughing, and some chatting, some walking, with highland stock in hand, and some quietly sitting on their mules, when hark! we stop and hold our breath, as the first

roar of the Alpine avalanche is borne, like muttering thunder to our ears. The avalanche! the avalanche! now leaps from tongue to tongue, and our hearts rise and swell with the rushing sound, and only resume their regular beating as the murmuring echo rolls away, like "dying thunder on the distant wind."

Reached our hotel in safety, dined heartily, mounted our mules, and were off for the famous "Mer de glace," situated high up on the east side of the valley. Clambered up the rocky pathway, now through the dense shade of the pine, and now across the fearful track of some former avalanche, that with mighty sweep had made bare the mountain side. Reached the little rustic hotel, and there leaving our mules, we descended on foot, and clambered over this wonderful "sea of ice," whose surface is covered with stones of immense weight and magnitude, brought down from the heights above, and fearfully dangerous with its deep fissures and slippery chasms. These huge glaciers glide gradually down, through their deep beds in the mountain side, to the valley below, as the accumulating weight of snow above presses onward the solid, glittering mass, which, as it reaches the warmer atmosphere of the valley, terminates in a mountain stream. Occasionally, a part breaks away, which then occasions the most destructive of avalanches.

But time fails us to mention the myriad wonders here displayed: we can only confide them to the keeping of memory. There is proverbially much

humbug in the stories of travelers, and, as a general thing we found it so. But in Switzerland there can be no disappointment. Reality often far exceeds the utmost anticipation, and you only wonder why more has not been said and sung. No cramped and disappointed feeling can find place in the heart of the traveler as he journeys amid the deep and inspiring beauties of the Alps. The free spirit goes exultingly forth, and worships on its buoyant wings, amid the mighty tabernacles of nature.

CHAPTER XI.

On our return from Chamouny we again resumed our route of travel, and now proceeded by private conveyance, called in the language of the country, traveling by "Vetturini." These "Vetturini" agree, for a certain amount, to convey you from one designated point to another, and, if you wish it, within a certain time, furnishing for you both the carriage and horses. This mode of traveling in Switzerland, or any other country, which you may wish to see thoroughly, is, by far, preferable to any other, and is generally adopted by those traveling in parties. So, starting out from "Hotel L'Ecu" with "four in hand," we rattled across "the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone," and winding along the northern margin of lake Geneva, we made our way toward the head of Leman's waters. The tinkling bells about our horses' necks jingled merrily, the wind blew lustily, and the little black dog of our coachman barked with delight as we drove on through the land of William Tell. The route was a beautiful one; the clear blue waters of Leman were dancing in the breeze just on our right, while immediately on our left arose the vine-clad, and stone-terraced hills, with soil well

tilled and space closely economized, while many a pretty chateau and rustic chapel peered through the openings of autumn's golden umbrage. At the bend of the lake we passed by the beautiful city of Lausanne, situated just on the brow of the hill on our left, and famous for its cathedral and college. In a few hours afterward we reached the village of Vevey, and procured apartments at the "Hotel des Trois Couronnes," most beautifully located immediately on the beach of the lake, and one of the handsomest establishments of the kind to be found in Europe. Pleasure boats, of every description, are moored hard by the hotel door, and every facility offered for excursions out upon the water. No wonder that Byron and Gibbon, Rousseau and Voltaire, Calvin and De Stael should have loved the fresh, fair banks of "romantic Leman," for never yet hath our eye rested on a land so fertile in beauty and grandeur of scenery; whose mountains are so majestic, or whose waters so blue; whose valleys rejoice with their golden harvests, and whose hills blush with the purple grape. Far away over the rolling billow, in our own native land, we were wont to look on such scenes, so sacred in the associations of history and of poetry, as holy beauties, which we must ever worship afar off. But now were we brought into very contact with them. We had stood where Byron wrote; where Calvin preached; where Voltaire sneered; where Rousseau lived; where Cæsar trod, and we, all-but, feared the spell of the enchantment might thenceforth be broken.

About eight o'clock on the following morning we procured carriages from the hotel, and set out on an excursion toward "Chillon's snow-white battlements," where the scene of that touching story, "the Prisoner of Chillon," is laid. The castle lies just in the edge of the water, and the waves lave on every side its weather-beaten walls. How lovely was the morning; how cool the mountain air; how still the placid lake; how green the Alpine sides; how white their hoary brows! Our fine horse bore us rapidly from the hotel to the castle, a distance of some six or eight miles, when we were taken in charge by a merry lady, who officiated as our guide for the day. But Byron has more prettily spoken of this spot than we may possibly speak:

> "Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
> And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
> Until his very steps have left a trace,
> Worn as if the cold pavement were a sod,
> By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface,
> For they appeal from tyranny to God."

We saw those traces worn in the living rock, by the impatient footsteps of the luckless Bonnivard, who, for six long years, was here imprisoned. We saw the pillar, and the iron bolt by which he was confined. Entered the room in which tradition asserts that two thousand Jews were put to death; and stood upon the very rock upon which the most of them were smothered; saw, too, the beam on which some of their bodies were hung, and the window through which they were cast into the lake.

"There are seven pillars of Gothic mold
In Chillon's dungeons, deep and old;
There are seven columns massy and gray;
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray."

On these gray columns are found the names of many illustrious men, who have visited Chillon—among them, that of Byron in his own hand. Saw through the window the little spec of an island, so minutely described in the poem—

"And then there was a little isle
That in my very face did smile!
A small green isle—it seemed no more—
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue."

Leaving the dungeons, we were next conducted through the various apartments of the castle. Saw the sleeping chamber of the Duke of Savoy, and the curiously carved bed-post, which was made in the fifteenth century. Now the merry lady, our guide, had, in the beginning, admonished us against taking away any of the mementoes, that might be lying about; but we must have something to remind us in after days of our visit to Chillon, and so while our fair cicerone was busily engaged in relating some old tradition in the adjoining room, we most irreverently did borrow from the good bishop his own knife, and therewith did feloniously cut away one of the numerous little knobs of the carving, where many a similar

spoliation had been made. But in our guilty hurry the truth of the maxim, that "honesty is the best policy," was fully illustrated, for the knife suddenly slipped, and our hand striking hard against the sharp carving, a couple of badly bruised fingers, caused us, for some time after, to have a very vivid recollection of that same old bed-post.

Dropping some small coin into the hand of our guide, we bade her good morning, and returned to Vevey. Passed by Clarens, "birthplace of deep love," and had the "Chateau Blonay" pointed out on the right, said to have been in the possession of the family, who now occupy it, for upward of seven hundred years.

CHAPTER XII.

From Vevey our route led us northward toward the Bernese Alps. Ascending the high hills in the rear of the village, we had a constant and successive change of the most witching scenery, afforded by the gradual ascent of the tortuous road, as it wound gracefully up the mountain height. When about three miles from Balle we met the "Diligence," and in it we discovered the familiar face of our Nashville friend, R. W. McGavock, who, in company with young Johnstone, of So. Ca., was traveling down to Geneva. He likewise recognized our company and got out to speak with us. Unfortunately he delayed too long, and the impatient driver of the "Diligence" drove off and he was left on the roadside to make his way as best he might to Vevey. We subsequently learned that he arrived in safety, having footed it a portion of the way, when meeting with the cart of a countryman he took a seat by the side of the peasant and thus entered the village. We reached Balle about dusk, and rested for that night at the hotel of the "Cheval Blanc."

Early on the following morning we took a stroll down to a neighboring village, whose name we have forgotten. But entering the church-yard, we were

witness to a peculiar custom of the country. Within a small recess of the church-wall was an immense quanty of human skulls and bones. The latter were all carefully piled up, and systematically arranged the one upon the other, while capping this pyramid of inanimate humanity was exposed a ghostly array of skulls, grinning ghastly smiles upon the intrusive traveler.

Returned to our hotel, and were soon journeying on toward the city of Berne. The morning was clear and cloudless, and the face of nature had dawned its sweetest smile. But the fresh, fair countenance of Switzerland is in sad contrast with the homely visages of her children. The people are generally courteous and honest, but by no means handsome. The women perform much of the drudgery of the land, laboring daily in the open fields with their brothers and husbands. As we passed them in groups, with their broad-brimmed hats flapping upon their shoulders, engaged in gathering in the harvest, we would greet them with a smile and a bow, which they would merrily return, seeming both amused and gratified at our salutations.

About noon we rode into the fine old town of Freiburg, with its ancient walls and time-worn cathedral. Dined at the "Zahringer Hof," which commands a fine view of the two celebrated suspension bridges, overhanging the deep gorge of the Saarine river, and then went to hear the famous organ

in the church of St. Nicholas, said to be the finest in the world, and whose mournful music has been known to draw tears from the eye of the wayfaring stranger. But such was not its effect upon us, though we felt the inspiration of its deep-toned melody in all its touching beauty. Now its soft, sweet notes came forth, like the low murmur of love upon the heart of the young, and now the lofty arches were echoing with the full flood of melody, that rolled along their swelling sides like the loud chorus of angel and archangel. Anon some dulcet note would steal like the whisper of an angel upon our ears, and then the loud peal of the thunder and the lightning crash would seem to shake the old cathedral to its deepest foundations as the representation of the storm concluded.

On our return to the hotel, we saw the old lime-tree, twenty feet in circumference, which, according to the tradition of the town, was thus planted on the day of the battle of Morat, in 1476. A Freibourgeois youth, wounded in the fierce engagement, ran with a lime-branch in his hand from the scene of conflict to his native city, to communicate the glad tidings of triumph. He reached the home of his fathers, faint and bleeding, and shouting with his last feeble breath, the cry of victory, he fell into the arms of death. The branch that he bore in his hand was planted on the spot, and grew into an immense tree. Centuries have showered their summers and their

snows upon its venerable boughs, and yet it still stands, to commemorate the name and virtues of that noble youth. Such, at least, is the tradition.

Freiburg is one of the strongholds of the Romish priesthood, and there we first saw the Capuchin friar, in all his coarse attire—rough, brown gown, long and flowing beard, closely shaved head, and sandals without stockings. There is something which commands our admiration in the self-denial of the Christian, and much to respect in the exercise of his true penitence and unaffected contrition; but there is nothing commendable in the outward show of penance, nor yet anything praiseworthy in such a disregard for the fashions of earth, as to dress in filth and rags, as we have seen many of the Capuchin order.

About three o'clock, P. M., we were again "en route," crossing over the famous suspension-bridge, said to be the longest, of a single sweep, in the world. Its length is estimated at 941 feet, its elevation above the water 180 feet, and its width 22 feet and 11 inches. The scenery still continued beautiful, here a smiling valley, there a green-clad hill, and now and then we could descry the sky-piercing peaks of the Bernese range peering over the line of lofty hills on our right. About sundown, we entered Berne by the gate of Morat, which is flanked on each side by the image of an enormous bear. Bruin seems to be the presiding divinity of the good city of Berne; for he

has a fat office, and lives at the public expense. The citizens take great pride in their pet, and willingly contribute to his generous sustenance. We put up at "L'Hotel du Faucon," and thence strolled down to the Terrace, which, supported by a massive wall of heavy masonry, rises 188 feet above the foaming Aar. This elevation is planted in trees, and serves as a public promenade for the citizens; and from here a beautiful view of the Bernese Alps is presented — six white peaks, rising in regular succession, like so many tall giants, clad with silver helmets, and standing out in bold relief against the blue sky beyond. Some of the peculiarities of Berne are its curious old town-clock, its gloomy arcades, its bear-decked fountains, and the Swiss soldier—not sword in hand, but pipe in mouth.

Made an early start on the following morning, and reached the village of Thun about ten A. M. Had all variety of scenery, and were especially pleased with the appearance of the queer old Swiss cottages, their roofs covered with stones to prevent their being blown away, and with pious and patriotic sentiments written over their doorways—"bound like frontlets on their brows." We went over the old feudal castle of Thun, said to be seven hundred years old. Stood in the churchyard terrace, which Byron speaks of in his letters as affording some of the finest views in the world. Our horses being fed and refreshed, we moved on toward Interlaken, along the southern margin of

lake Thun. The old hills looked dreamily down upon its classic waters, soothed, as it were, into a quiet sleep, and slumbering away in the soft and hazy atmosphere. Passed through the dilapidated village of Unterseen, at the head of the lake, and entered Interlaken, a most beautiful summer resort, and especially patronized by the wealthy class of the Traveling English.

CHAPTER XIII.

Interlaken is one of the most beautiful villages in the world. Located just between the waters of Lake Thun and Lake Brienz—and hence its name, Interlaken—it commands every variety of scenery, from the virgin snows of the Jung-Frau to the placid waters of Thun; from the lofty brow of the "Silver Horn" to the still bosom of Brienz; from the dense forest of the mountain to the wild flower of the valley. Being sustained almost exclusively by the patronage of the wealthy and the cultivated, each and every building within its corporate limits is handsomely ornamented both in style of architecture, and in the decorations of shrubs and flowers. An atmosphere of health and purity seemed to pervade the place, for we found within its fair borders neither the care-worn visage of poverty, nor the bloated countenance of vice.

Immediately after our arrival we procured a couple of light carriages, and struck out westward toward Lauterbrunnen, passing by the old and dilapidated Castle of Unspunnen, the reputed residence of Byron's Manfred. The walls are all crumbling away under the burden of their years, and the green ivy grows

lovingly over their moldering ruins, seeking as it were to conceal the desolation of decay. We now enter the wild and broken gorge of the Lutschine torrent, presenting to the eye of the traveler a most savage and sublime appearance, the craggy cliffs rising abruptly on either hand to kiss the fleecy clouds. In many places we found the strata of rocks of curious formation, being curved and contorted, reminding one of that pristine state which geologists tell about, when earth was young, and the liquid mass of primeval matter bubbled up from the boiling caldron of chaotic nature. Saw on the roadside "the brother's stone," marking the spot where one brother fell by the hand of the other. The legend tells how the fate of the first Cain pursued the wretched fratricide, and wandering off among the mountains he perished with the wild beasts of the field.

About two miles from the gateway of the Lutschine gorge, the chasm diverges, the right hand leading up to Lauterbrunnen, and the left to Grindelwald. Lauterbrunnen lies two thousand four hundred and fifty feet above sea-level, and yet is so sunk within the sides of the mountain-chasm that in summer the sun is never visible before seven o'clock, and in the winter not before noon. From the brows of the overhanging cliffs, dangle no less than thirty cascades, falling like threads of silver into the valley below. They all, however, "hide their diminished heads" before the exquisite beauty of the Staubbach, one of

the most wonderful waterfalls in Europe, measuring eight hundred feet in height. The volume of water is not great, and as it pours over the wave-worn cliff down into the dark ravine, most of it, ere it reaches the bottom, is converted into gentle spray, and looks, with the sun-light streaming the colors of the rainbow among the crystal drops, like some angel of light and beauty weeping down into the gloom of Hades. Byron thus mentions this cascade in his Manfred—

> "The sunbow's rays still arch
> The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
> And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
> O'er crags headlong perpendicular;
> And fling its line of foaming light along,
> And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,
> The giant steeds to be bestrode by death,
> As told in the Apocalypse."

The traveler from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen meets with beggars innumerable; but there is one feature about their profession which not only robs the calling of one-half its objections, but will fully compensate the passenger for the exercise of his charity. The mountain girls, sometimes with instruments of music, keep pace with the "char-a-banc," warbling their wild Swiss melodies, which find an echo for every note along the mountain side. This they do not without the expectation of reward; and as to the flower girl of Florence, so to the minstrel girl of Switzerland you must give, if but for the poetry of their vocation.

On the following day we were up bright and early, and paid a second visit to the Staubbach. The morn was all roseate with beauty and laughing with joy, while the mountain air seemed as permeant ambrosia to our system. Returning to the hotel, escorted by a whole bevy of tow-headed damsels, we dispatched our breakfast, and made preparations for returning to Interlaken. Mrs. Eakin, little Willie, and Antonia went immediately back by carriage, while the remainder of our party purposed crossing the Wengern Alp on horseback. As we left the hotel, Henry and ourself being in the rear of the rest, we started off in a great hurry, and in endeavoring to quicken the pace of our lazy animal by the application of Solomon's principle, we broke a pretty little cane that we had brought all the way from Mont Blanc as a memento. As for friend Fogg, he got on pretty well, until he reached a stable on the roadside, where his obstinate steed called a determined halt, and neither kicks nor coaxing would induce him to proceed. The entire vocabulary of endearing epithets was exhausted, switches innumerable worn out, and even the force of heels well nigh spent, yet with head tucked down and ears thrown back the ungracious beast stood immovable. How the result would have been we cannot tell, had not one of the guides, who had loitered behind, now come up, and led the stubborn old fellow along beyond view of the tempting stable. Spurring across the "Lutschine Blanc," nearly opposite the Staubbach, we commenced the steep and toil-

some ascent of the Wengern Alp. Unlike the hardy mule, our horses must, every now and then, be permitted a breathing spell. On reaching the first bench of the mountain we bore off to the right, and had a view of Interlaken, lying far down in the valley of the Thun. Turning now up to the left, we crossed over a boggy meadow on the mountain side, and soon after reached the rustic hotel, immediately facing the Jung-Frau. The day was "beautiful as a dream," and in every respect favorable for the falling of the avalanche. We took our seats on the rough wooden bench, in front of the "Half-way House," and listened to the faint, musical tinkling of the cow-bells, as their patient bearers fed far down in the valley. All else is silent, when suddenly we are startled by the roar of the avalanche, and casting our eyes over to the snow-clad sides of the mountains opposite, we see it rushing down, producing a sound that exactly resembles the distant murmuring of deep-toned thunder. The grandeur of the avalanche, however, as it is witnessed on a warm day among the Alps, consists more in the sound than in the sight, so much so that you can hardly realize that those echoing thunders arise from yon small cascade of snow, as it steals on its meandering course down to the valley. But the traveler must bear in mind that he stands at a distance, and that those *apparently* insignificant streams of snow are composed of whole tons of ice—and woe to "the hamlet of the harmless villager" that lies in the sweep of their pathway. We heard and saw no less

than half a dozen avalanches in the course of an hour, and then resumed our passage over the mountain. About two miles further on we attained the summit of the pass, where is situated a clean, white "chalet," and from this point we had a most beautiful view of Grindelwald, loosely sprinkled along the well-tilled valley. This "chalet" is six thousand two hundred and eighty feet above the level of the sea. We now pass from under the smile of the "Young Bride," and commence our descent, which is steep and dangerous to ride. We passed in sight of many trees, which seemed to have been shattered either by storm or avalanche. Of this spot Byron thus speaks—"Whole woods of withered pines, all withered; trunks stripped and barkless; branches lifeless; done by a single winter; their appearance reminded me of myself and family." As we descended still further, our approach was hailed, as usual, by the sound of music; the little boys running ahead of us and blowing on their Alpine horns to produce the echo, while a little farther down sat an old woman, in front of her cottage, picking away on a species of the mandelin, and making good music.

Found our carriage in waiting at the "Hotel des Ours," and getting in we started down the valley of the "Lutschine Noir," toward Interlaken. Occasionally we would encounter an old woman with an immense goitre, standing on the roadside, and with extended hand soliciting charity. Her deformity she keeps carefully and conspicuously exposed, which she

has learned will excite the sympathy of the traveler, and then extract the gift. The goitre is very prevalent among the Swiss, many having the tumor as large and sometimes even larger than the head. But this unkindness of dame Nature is frequently found to be a prolific source of revenue, for placing himself in a prominent position on the roadside, he who can parade the most unsightly spectacle will, in proportion to the extent of his deformity, realize a pecuniary profit.

CHAPTER XIV.

On resuming our journey from Interlaken, the majority of our company went on to Lucerne, by the carriage, while we and the Bishop took the following route: Leaving our baggage to be carried around by the coachman, we started by early sunrise from the hotel, and taking a row-boat at the foot of Lake Brienz, we went gliding over its peaceful waters, to the village of the same name, situated near the eastern extremity of the lake. We arrived about nine o'clock, A. M., and, having procured a guide and a couple of Alpine stocks, we set out afoot to make the pass of the Brunig. Brienz we found to be an old and shattered village, with nothing very remarkable about it, excepting, perhaps, the great quantity of fancy woodwork that is here manufactured. The Swiss peasants, during the long hours of winter, when they are confined within doors, employ their leisure time in cutting out all manner of curious devices in wood, which find a ready sale, as mementoes, among the travelers through that region of country. We did not leave the village before the Bishop had made the purchase of several articles; and we, forsooth, had bought a *devil*. Sulphur and brimstone

are generally associated with our ideas of his Satanic majesty, and so the ingenious architect had strapped a match-box to the back of Sir Lucifer, reckoning it an applicable ornament. — "Get thee behind me, Satan," said we, as we rammed the gentleman of the cloven foot into our coat-pocket, and followed on after our reverend companion. With a devil behind, and a bishop before us, we congratulated ourself upon the comical variety of our fellowship, and trudged onward up the valley, along the foot of the mountain. In about one hour we reached the pathway that led upward toward the Brunig, and here we began our ascent. Our guide was a merry fellow, and though he spoke not a word of English or of French, still he seemed determined to hold converse with us on our upward tramp. By various signs and gesticulations, we strove to instruct him in our own vernacular, while he readily sought to enlighten us in the jaw-breaking German. Frequently we would pause, to look down on the valley, and occasionally to send a stone leaping and bounding away over all opposition, to the base of the mountain. The cool and refreshing breezes of the mountain braced up our limbs, sending an elastic strength and a new health dancing through every vein, as we strode sturdily onward and upward. On reaching the summit, we found there the usual refreshment-room, where we rested over a bottle of wine. On again taking up our line of march, we, (the singular number, of course,) found that the generous beverage had so mellowed our spirits, and

enlivened our tongue, that we made merry with Bishop, guide, and devil, and on any subject that might come uppermost in our mind. Soon after leaving the rustic retreat, we encountered a second party, who were crossing over to Brienz. They were on the well-beaten bridle-path, and we on the smooth footpath, being distant from each other about one hundred yards. But a salute must be given, and so lifting our hats upon our Alpine stocks, and waving them toward the advancing party, we raised a genuine Yankee hurrah. The compliment was understood and appreciated; for, imitating the example, they too, raised their hats in return, the ladies waving their white "mouchoirs," while a shout of hearty good-will echoed among the mountain-tops. Thus we passed, each party doubtless feeling all the better for the warm and friendly greeting. Presently we reached the spot where stands an old chapel, and from which we looked down on the village of Lungerne. From this point we began our descent, the mountain-path being steep and precipitous, hewn out into steps, and overhanging a deep chasm. The clustering branches overarched the pathway, excluding every ray of sun, and shrouding it in a mantle of deepest shade, rendering the route peculiarly romantic and inspiring. On reaching Lungerne, we were well willing to rest our wearied limbs in a small carriage, which bore us along the southern shores of Lakes Lungerne and Sarnen, to the village of Alpnach. Passed by several huge bowlders along the way, and by the lonely stone

cross and the miniature chapel that stood by the road-side, we knew that we had again entered a Roman Catholic canton. One little white cross we recollect, which stood solitary and alone, far up upon the highest summit of a bare and isolated peak, scarcely visible from the road, but pointing, with extended arms, high into the pure heavens above. We can see it now, as it glimmered, like a dim spec, on the lofty brow of the naked mountain, and we even remember the face of the Swiss girl, who, as we were gazing on the distant cross, came tripping out from her mother's cottage, and offered her basket of mellow fruit.

On reaching Alpnach we again took the row-boat, and speeding over the "Alpnach Bay," we rounded the point on our left, and glided out into the beautiful "Lake of the Four Cantons." The golden sun was vailing his face behind a bank of clouds, that girdled the craggy head of Old Pilatus, while the atmosphere was of that soft and sweet description, which, in the gentle twilight of autumn, makes the heart grow fond and pensive. The lake was calm as Beauty's sleep, extending in all directions, and its smooth surface of the deepest green. Still bearing to the right, we rounded several other points, just off one of which, stood out, like a sulky schoolboy, a small rocky island, on whose top was erected a little chapel to the Virgin Mary. On our right stood up the famous Rigi, to whose summit it is required that every traveler should ascend. It was now growing dark, and,

as we glided on, we would now and then encounter some other boat, and rowed by *women*, who looked, in the dim twilight, like witches of the water, as they stood bolt upright at the helm, impelling their frail, plank boats. Our senses were lulled into a dreamy, thoughtful mood, and we could almost imagine the spectral boat, as it glided silently by, to be guided by the hand of some Sibyl of old, as she sought her lonely cave by the shore of the lake—some Demophile, perhaps, who had been wandering forth to gather the leaves on which to inscribe her prophetic verses.

But rounding now our final point, the city of Lucerne came in view, with its tower-studded walls, and tall, tapering spires. In a few moments more, we landed at the door of our hotel, the "Schweizerhof," an elegant and handsome structure, situated immediately on the lake, and looking out over its still, calm waters.

On the following morning, it being Sunday, we attended divine service at the English chapel. These Protestant churches are quite numerous throughout the Catholic countries of Europe, and we have frequently found an English chapel attached to the first-class hotels, in order to draw the English patronage. After service, we visited the long, queer, old painting-decked bridges, the two Cathedrals, and "Thorwalsden's Lion." This celebrated piece of sculpture is cut and chiseled out from the solid rock, which rises in a perpendicular bluff to a considerable height, and in

a recess, hewn out of the bluff, reclines the lordly lion, a broken spear piercing his side. Immediately at the foot of the statue, is a pool of water, which adds to the effect of the scene. The figure of the wounded lion is colossal, and his mournful face is full of expressive sorrow. The first view that you catch through the foliage of the trees, as you approach the spot, is the best.

CHAPTER XV.

It was our purpose, on the morning after reaching Lucerne, to make the ascent of the Rigi; but the summit being vailed in clouds, and the entire panorama thus shut out from view, our labor would have been lost. Even old Mont Pilatus, whose rough head serves as a weather-index to the good people of Lucerne, had donned his cloudy cap, thus promising a rain. Concerning this mountain there is an ancient tradition, that Pontius Pilate, after consenting to the death of our Saviour, was so haunted by the dark-winged spirit of remorse, that he wandered over the face of the earth, a fugitive from the scourges of conscience, and finding life at last an intolerable burden, he threw himself headlong from the heights of this craggy peak, and hence came the name, Mont Pilatus.

About eight o'clock A. M., we left the city of Lucerne, and wound along the northern margin of Coosnacht Bay, passing by the spot where the memorable "slide of the Rossberg" took place, devastating four several villages, and burying more than four hundred human beings beneath its destructive march. We reached Zugg about noon, and here launched. Visited the old cathedral, with its long flight of stone

steps, and strolled out upon the pier that reaches out into the lake. About two o'clock we were again on the move, and all in a feverish excitement about the execution of Lopez and his fifty comrades by the Cuban authorities, which intelligence we had accidentally learned from an American gentleman, whom we encountered at Zugg, and who himself was furious with indignation.

On the road from Lucerne to Arth, at the foot of the Rossberg, is the Chapel of William Tell, erected to commemorate the celebrated incidents of Gessler's death. In the chapel there is a painting, which represents the lordly tyrant pierced by the avenging shaft of the immortal Tell, and falling headlong from his horse. He is surrounded by his warlike, but now woe-stricken retinue, who look in vain for the secret hand that guided the death-dealing arrow. The very spot is pointed out where the champion of liberty lay concealed, and also the identical place where Gessler fell. Near the latter spot we plucked a green leaf as a memento, and again taking our seats we resumed our journey. Late in the afternoon we came suddenly on a view of the lake and city of Zurich, the hills rising gradually up from the edge of the water, like the tiers of some vast amphitheater. The borders of the lake were all beautifully sprinkled with their pretty white chateaus, presenting to the eye a very pleasant aspect. Lucerne contains about nine thousand inhabitants, and Zurich about fifteen thousand. The latter is noted for its silk manufactures, and as

being one of the first cities where the Reformation found a foothold. The appearance of the place indicates a present prosperous condition, as well as a recent advancement in growth of manufactures and commerce. The respective situations of Geneva, Lucerne and Zurich are strikingly similar. For instance, Geneva is located at the foot of Lake Geneva, and divided by the river Rhone; Lucerne at the foot of lake Lucerne, and divided by the river Reuss; Zurich at the foot of lake Zurich, and divided by the river Limmat.

We rested but one night at Zurich, and started, about our usual time, on the following morning for the famous "Fall of the Rhine." Taking down the northern bank of the rapid Limmat we made our way over a capital road toward the town of Schaffhausen. All along the route, the agrarian countrymen were engaged in breaking up their grounds with heavy, cumbrous ploughs, with broad coulters, and running on wheels. As a remarkable fact, these plows were drawn by milch cows. We passed on through several old villages, and when about twenty miles from Zurich we crossed over the Rhine, by a covered wooden bridge, into the village of Eglisau. Here our coachman baited his horses on bread, baked for that especial purpose, and again we moved on. Soon after we arrived at the "Hotel Weber," overlooking the Falls of the Rhine. These much-talked-of Falls have nothing of grandeur about them, but are very beautiful, as you look down from the terrace of the

hotel upon a noble river, rushing over a fall of some thirty feet in height. Two small and isolated stone islands stand up just on the verge of the waterfall, thus dividing the stream into three separate parts. The snow-white foam, caused by the rush of the rapid current over the rocks above, is exquisitely beautiful, and as the racing torrent plunges over the rocky ledge, the wreathing spray, with its attendant iris, "rises like incense from the altar of nature."

Among our memories of "Hotel Weber" we may not forget the beautiful and blushing young bride, that we encountered upon the hotel terrace. Her fair face flitted for a moment only athwart our delighted vision, then passed away. It came like the flash of some loving sunbeam upon the dark waters of memory, and was gone. Seen but for a moment, it will yet linger for a lifetime amid the phantom beauties of the heart.

At this point we discharged our coachman, and taking an omnibus to Shaffhausen, about two miles distant, we there embarked aboard a small steamer, it being our purpose to reach Constance by the river Rhine. Moving out into the middle of the stream, we went gliding up the swift current, and making but slow progress against its rapid headway. Winding quietly along the fair banks of this poetic river, whose verdant sides were covered with the vine-clad terrace, and whose wondrous beauty was rendered all but holy by the moldering ruins of the ivy-grown castles, we thought of all those wild and entrancing legends, the

perusal of which had so often caused us, in our college days, to come up with a "bob-tailed nine" to our recitations. Occasionally we would dash under one of the low and narrow bridges which span the Rhine between Constance and Schaffhausen, and whose floors we touched with our hand as we glided under. The ruin of Hohenklingen, perched on the summit of a lofty hill, is one of the most prominent points on the passage up. After shooting the second bridge, the passengers were all shipped aboard a larger and better boat, called the "Helvetia," while the little "dug-out that had brought us thus far, turned back again. During the transfer of the passengers and their baggage, we were standing quietly on the deck of our boat, and noting the various objects presented to our view, when we observed a huge, moustached German rush forward to greet a fellow-countryman, who like himself was bountifully supplied with the upper-lip ornament, and throwing his arms affectionately around his *delicate* companion, they kissed—actually kissed—each other. The whole affair was to us so ludicrous—the surprise so *shocking*—that we all-but tumbled backward into the water. But at last we managed to regain our composure; yet never to this good day have we ceased to wonder at the barbarous custom.

CHAPTER XVI.

Passengers and baggage being transferred, we again moved on up the Rhine. Passed by Itznang, the birthplace of Mesmer, the discoverer of animal magnetism, and also by the picturesque old castle of Gottlieben, with its gray and aged towers. This castle is remarkable as having been the prison of John Huss, the reformer and martyr, and also of Jerome of Prague, his companion and colleague. Passing now under an old and dilapidated bridge, we bore around to the left, and landed at the wharf of Constance. A long stone pier here reaches out into the lake, and bending into a wide embrace, serves to break the force of the waves, thus rendering a safe harbor to the steamers and other small craft, that may come within its friendly arms. Here your passports are generally called for, and your baggage examined; both of which, however, were kindly dispensed with, in our case, by the courteous officers, on learning that we were a party of Americans.

Constance is a decayed old city, containing only seven thousand two hundred inhabitants, though it once possessed the respectable number of forty thousand. Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, is buried

here, under a monument of bronze, brought from the shores of England. Here the great "Council of Constance" held its sittings from 1414 to 1418, which immortalized itself by declaring Church Council superior to the will of the Pope, and deposing John 23d, and Benedict 13th to elect Martin 5th; but which, also, eternally disgraced itself by the treacherous seizure and cruel murder of John Huss and Jerome of Prague. Before leaving Constance we took a walk over the city, and visited first the cathedral, and then the old council chamber, situated hard by the shore of the lake. The council hall is now nothing more than a dilapidated old room, more like a depository for ancient lumber, than aught else. In this chamber we saw the sedan in which John Huss was borne to the stake. We also went into the museum adjoining, which, for the benefit of others, we will say is a decided humbug. They have here the effigies of Huss, Jerome, and a Dominican friar; all hideous-looking objects. The voluble door-keeper will persuade you to purchase a small image, which he will tell you is the express likeness of the innocent and heroic martyr, and which is made of the clay taken from the very identical spot on which he was burned, and inclosed in a small box, which is also manufactured of the wood growing near; all of which are pretty heavy drafts upon the bank of your credulity.

Our hotel at Constance, the "Brochet," was an elegant establishment, and admirably conducted. Our landlord, M. Keppler, was at once an attentive host,

and a courteous, yea, a courtly gentleman, who spoke the English language with the ease and the fluency of a native. In his handsomely furnished apartments we felt more as an invited guest, than tenant by right of pay. The position of the hotel was likewise agreeable, for, from our window at night, we might look forth upon the fair queen of love, rising over the distant mountains, a misty vail about her pensive face, which was reflected down in the quiet lake, trailing a long train of burnished silver through the calm waters of Constance.

The German ladies, as well as the gentlemen, have, generally, much better forms, and more pleasant features than other European nations. They seem, in their dispositions, more social and affectionate; more honest and sincere. They have intelligent, often intellectual countenances, with fair complexions, blue eyes and brown hair. Their soldiers, in their handsome uniform, present a fine appearance, and, as a general thing, are excellent specimens of manhood.

About 10 o'clock A. M., we again went aboard the Helvetia, and crossed over the lake to Friedrichshafen, situated on its northern shore, about midway from end to end. Here we took the rail, and went rushing over a beautiful country toward the city of Ulm. The intermediate region was thickly dotted with villages, and seemed fertile and productive, the land being generally level, and lying exceedingly well for cultivation. About 4 o'clock P. M., we arrived at Ulm, and having first found our hotel, we sallied out

to visit the huge, gothic cathedral of this city. We entered its massive doors in the dim shadows of twilight, and as we looked upon its lofty arches, reposing in the deep silence and "dim religious light" of the temple, the imposing spectacle called into play a feeling of pensive thought and solemn reverence. Ulm contains about twenty-three thousand inhabitants, and is famous as the city, surrendered by "Mack the Incapable" to Napoleon, though he was posted in a strongly fortified town, and in command of thirty thousand men. We cannot say much for the soldier, who would thus yield to the terror of a name, without striking one blow for his country, his comrades, and his character. Near Ulm we saw and crossed the Danube.

While at Ulm we remember that a very genteel old lady came up to our rooms, with an assortment of various toys for sale. In our conversation she casually learned that we were Americans, and was thereupon affected to tears, as she told how she, too, had a dear son, far away in Chili of South America, who had been expelled from his native land, because he was a republican in principle. The good old lady had been chatting merrily the while, and a garrulous old age seemed making its stealthy advances upon her declining years. But so soon as the name of America was mentioned, her mirth and merriment ceased, a flood of memories, connected with the childhood of the absent son, seemed sweeping across her mind, and the tears trickled rapidly down her furrowed

cheeks. Her toys were all forgotten, and as the dew of her fond sorrow shone in her eyes, now dim with age, she told us, in broken accents, how kind a son he was and how bitter was her sorrow that he should be taken away. Though we bought a memento of the Bavarian mother, yet no tangible souvenir was requisite to keep her kind old face still fresh in our memory.

About 10 o'clock that night we took our seats in the diligence, and traveling all night we reached Augsburg the next morning about sunrise, and immediately took the cars for Munich. The country through which we passed was a lovely picture; though the land was almost a perfect level, admirably adapted for railroads and race-courses. Previous to reaching Munich, we saw the bold outline of the Tyrol Mountains, or Rhætian Alps, rising abruptly out of the plains, and covered with perpetual snow.

CHAPTER XVII.

Munich is situated on the poetic Iser, immortal in English song, and contains 100,000 inhabitants. The country around is one vast plain, over which roam and feed large herds of cattle. No fence nor cottage breaks the monotony of the continued level, and at each nightfall it seems that the countrymen all gather themselves within the friendly walls of the city.

Soon after our arrival, a carriage and "commissionaire" were ordered, and we went forth from our hotel, to see whatever sights the city afforded. We drove first to the "Pinacotheque," and on our way we saw the cottage-residence of the noted Lola Montez, from which she was expelled by an infuriated mob of students. The Pinacotheque is a magnificent gallery of paintings, whose walls are hung with the choicest productions in the Bavarian kingdom. They are ranged, according to the different schools, in nine beautiful halls and twenty-three small cabinets, and were, at the time of our visit, 1270 in number. In the grand hall, we accidentally encountered a very courteous and accomplished English gentleman, who, as an exception to the general character of his countrymen, was socially inclined, and being well

acquainted with the arrangement of the galleries, he kindly volunteered to point out the most celebrated works in the vast collection. Passing by the more eminent productions, we will only advert to a few, whose merits especially commended themselves to our own untaught appreciation. Particularly were we pleased with the benevolent expression that rested upon the face of an old man. His features were represented to the very life, and seemed to stand out bona fide flesh and bone—each separate wrinkle distinctly marked, and each gray hair so perfectly natural, it seemed as though you might lift that thin, white lock from off the furrowed forehead. We also observed a most exquisite painting of the infant Savior, holding a bouquet of flowers, freshly gathered, in his hand. How softly gentle—how serenely wise—how more than human was the expression of that sweet face; how true to nature, and how true to art—how childlike and how graceful, was his winning attitude. Those two paintings linger yet lovingly upon our memory—rest yet calmly and sweetly upon our heart. So potent and so sacred was the influence of their mysterious power, that they might serve as a guardian amulet to our thoughts, a protecting talisman against the Tempter.

The porter of the Pinacotheque was a huge, lantern-jawed, big-fisted, raw-boned, slab-sided Porphyrion, by the side of whom our portly Bishop dwindled down into corporeal insignificance. He was the first and last object that greeted our attention, as

he stood, a silent and stolid sentinel, at the door of the Pinacotheque.

We now drove to the Basilica of St. Boniface, whose interior is of the richest and most gorgeous character, abounding, too, in ornaments of the chastest beauty, and the purest elegance. The floor is entirely laid with costly mosaic, and the roof is supported by sixty-six handsome marble pillars. Along the walls are ranged ten large and twelve smaller frescoes, representing the principal events in the history of the patron saint. The exterior of the building is nothing remarkable, either in architecture or embellishment.

We next found our way to the bronze, colossal statue, representing the Genius of Bavaria. Such are the proportions of this splendid image, that a man may stand upright in the cavity of its head. At the feet of this Guardian Genius, reclines a gigantic lion; in her left arm she holds the wreath of victory, and on her right arm reposes the sword of justice. At the time of our visit, workmen were engaged in erecting a semi-circular temple just in the rear of the statue.

We now went to the telescope and eye-glass establishment of the celebrated Frauenhoffen (brothers). Thence we rode to the Church of St. Michael, where we saw the monument erected to the memory of Eugene Beauharnais, step-son of Napoleon, by his wife. Thence to the huge old cathedral—a massive and towering pile of red brick. Here we saw a splendid

bronze monument to the Emperor Louis the Barerian. At each corner of the sarcophagus kneels an armed knight, clad "cap-a-pie" in burnished armor, and bearing in their left hands the pennon of their lord. On either side stand two Barerian dukes in mournful attitude. The monument is all of the finest bronze, and beautifully wrought.

We next made our way to the royal Palace, or, as it is there called, the "Residenz." After waiting a short while in the vestibule, we were finally approached by a conductor, who supplied the company with large, soft slippers of cloth, to go over our shoes, and thus prevent injury to furniture and floor during our ramble through the various apartments. Before commencing our march, we bought a small guide-book of the Palace, from a pretty Bavarian girl, whose own fair face, rather than the intrinsic service of the book, was the motive of the purchase.

We were now first ushered, through several antechambers, into the Ballroom, a spacious and a fitting place to trip the merry dance, when beauty and when royalty are gathered there. Above is the gallery for the musicians, and on the walls are groups of dancers in fresco. Next we entered the Hall of Beauty, so called because containing the portraits of the most celebrated beauties of the present day. They are all from the brush of Stieler, and are exquisitely executed. We were ever susceptive to the enchantment of the fair—ever submissive to the magic of

their wand. Upon the pathway of our life, the smile of beauty breaks like the "Will o' the wisp," and we blindly follow in the wildering lure of the spirit-light. No marvel, then, that as our eye rested fondly on those beauteous brows, our heart should softly yield to the pulsation of love; for, unrebuked, we looked upon the deep, the love-beaming eye of blue; and the free fancy reveled in the dark depths of the passionate orb of jet. There was the fairy blonde and the bonny brunette—ringlets of the sunset hue, carelessly straying over ivory shoulders, and dark masses of wavy hair, closely braided from the polished brow. There were carnation lips, whose sweet pouting seemed like two blushing strawberries, just kissed by the morning dew, and there was again the closely-chiseled mouth, bespeaking a heart which might love, and yet a will that might dare. There was the proud daughter of the monarch, and the peerless child of the peasant, the belle of the ball and the pride of the stage, the court beauty and the cloister-nun. In fine, no one, whatever phase of loveliness may be his choice, may pass through that magic chamber, unchallenged by the mute appeal of those fair faces. The dormant fires of age itself shall wake at least to a fitful life, and the heart of the most devoted anchorite thrill once more, beneath the unseen touch of Beauty's hand. He who puts foot within that enchanted room, comes out, for a time at least, in love. Among the portraits

that there look lovingly down upon the visitor, we saw that of Lola Montez, who even now, in the land of the West, leads captive the popular mind.

From the Hall of Beauty, we passed into the Hall of Victory, containing several immense paintings, representing the various battle-scenes, in which the Bavarian army was engaged, from 1805 to 1815. Thence we entered the Hall of Charlemagne, where are twenty superb paintings, portraying various scenes in the eventful career of that triumphant emperor. Thence to the Hall of Barbarossa, adorned with one dozen elegant pictures. Thence to the Hapsburg Hall, used by their majesties the King and Queen, on state occasions; and, finally, to the Throne Room—a most magnificent apartment—ornamented by twelve colossal statues of various kings and emperors, mounted on pedestals, and placed at corresponding intervals on each side of the room. They are all of bronze, but washed with the richest gilt, which gives them the appearance of golden statues. With this room our trampling was concluded, when, weary and *wolfish*, we sought our hotel, and sat down to a sumptuous dinner.

We had now seen many handsome cities, since we set sail from the land of the West, but none had we visited, whose appearance was as pleasing as the fair city of Munich. It is, throughout, remarkably clean, airy, and open, with broad avenues and spacious streets. Each house seems to have "elbow

room," and the beauty of the buildings generally is much enhanced by their white stuccoed fronts, giving a delightful air of cleanliness to the place. The Munich gentleman we found the pink of politeness, who doffs his hat to the high and the low, and almost beats the Parisian himself in punctilio.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Well! we left the fair city of Munich at six o'clock on the morning of the 19th of September, and after a weary railway ride we arrived at the city of Hof soon after dark. We observed as we passed out from Munich, that great quantities of peat were taken up from the turf in its neighborhood. On the plains near Augsburg we saw the Bavarian troops on parade. Passed by many populous cities in our rapid flight, whose names and number of inhabitants were given us by a very courteous gentleman, whom we had as a traveling companion, and who, though a German, spoke the English language perfectly well. He enlightened us on many points concerning the present condition of the German Confederacy, and spoke most disparagingly of its political organization, of its chaotic and unintelligible rule, of its degeneracy and its oppression, and evidently showing, from many sentiments which escaped his lips, his utter disgust at his own government, and that he, like many of his countrymen, would be a republican if he dared.

On the following morning while making the best of a bad breakfast, preparatory to an early start from Hof, we were much amused at the manipulating

method, adopted by our worthy Bishop, of inducing a certain German to dispense with his cigar. Now the Germans are the most inveterate smokers in the world, and deem it no infringement of good-breeding and etiquette to smoke in the presence of ladies. This we knew, and consequently could never insist that one of these phlegmatic sons of humanity should throw away his cigar, when by chance we might be thrown in contact during the hours of travel. But on this occasion the ladies of our party were at breakfast, and this devotee of tobacco was standing near the fire puffing away with the most provoking nonchalance. The disagreeable odor was submitted to for a considerable time; but finally the fumes of the noxious weed grew intolerable, and called for some redress. Quietly rising from the table our Herculean Bishop strode heavily across the room, and without deigning one word of German, French or English, he looked the offending smoker full in the face, and placing his two fingers upon his lips deliberately motioned to him to throw away the cigar—at the same time pointing, as some apology, to the ladies at the table, thereby intimating that his smoking was to them offensive. The stupefied German stood astounded and mute, staring with eyes wide open into the American's face, until the significant intimation was again slowly and deliberately repeated. Slyly scanning the stalwart frame and formidable look of him, who had so suddenly stalked before him with his silent admonition, the fellow now slowly drew the

cigar from his mouth, but would not throw it away, reserving the luxury for some other and more propitious occasion. This, however, was a satisfactory compromise, and the Bishop again returned to his seat as silently as he had left it. During the entire transaction not one word was spoken on either side, giving the whole affair an air of the most comic gravity.

At six o'clock, A. M., we were speeding away toward the Prussian capital. In about four hours after we had reached the handsome city of Leipzic, and there awaited the train, which was to leave for Berlin at three o'clock in the afternoon. The day was damp, dark and dreary, while a dull and drizzling rain lent to the face of nature a somber and gloomy aspect. Leipzic is not without its share in the lights and shadows of historic romance; for here the brave but unfortunate Poniatowsky was first wounded and then drowned, when Napoleon, flying before the combined forces of the allied army, blew up the bridge over the Elster, in order to intercept the pursuit of his enemies, but thereby dooming a portion of his own devoted comrades to inevitable destruction. The gallant steed, though faint and bleeding, bore his dauntless rider into the turbid stream, and fearlessly breasting the angry waves reached the opposite side. But here the weary charger, breathless and exhausted, while still struggling up the slippery bank, fell backward again, and the waters of the dusky Elster closed over the soul of chivalry, the very emblem of honor

and fidelity. The sheen on that warrior's lance was lost, the glitter of his blade was gone, as weak and battle-worn both horse and rider sank beneath the blood-stained wave.

But the appointed hour came round, and again we were on the move, scouring across the level plains of Leipzic, on which history affirms the camp-fires of the allied troops were nightly seen to glimmer for thirty miles in the distance, as they gradually concentrated to crush the dreaded foe, that like lion in his lair lay waiting for their coming. Nearer and more near the gay and glittering troops, their bright banners flouting in the morning wind and furled again at nightfall, came verging to a center. Their bristling ranks now encircled the walled city like a band of living steel, when bursting, like the avenging thunderbolt from the red right-hand of heaven, came the invincible Napoleon, breaking like flaxen threads their serried columns and hurling death and destruction on that myriad host.

The country still mainly preserved its uniform level, varied principally by several splendid bridges, built upon a succession of arches, and of awful height. The depth to the river below seemed immense, as our snake-like train wound slowly over the tremendous structures—noble specimens of architecture and workmanship. The little dormer-windows, built in the precise shape of an eye, and peeping out from the roof of the village cottage, attracted our particular attention. No fence nor rural hamlet here dots the

surface of this land of military rule. The people cluster in walled towns, protected by turret and tower, whence they hie to their labor at early dawn, to mow their hay and reap their grain. At half past nine o'clock, P. M., we rolled into the station-house at Berlin, and were soon amid a promiscuous crowd of porters, soldiers, cab-drivers and travelers. Taking a "droskie" we rattled away, over well-paved and handsomely-lighted streets, to the " Hotel de Russie."

CHAPTER XIX.

Our hotel in Berlin was located in the finest portion of the city, having for its immediate neighbors the Royal Palace, the Museum, the Arsenal, the Opera House, and the University—all superb buildings, and many of them adorned with statues of marble and of bronze. The Museum especially commended itself to our admiration by the immense and beautiful frescoes which grace the front of this handsome edifice. They represent the gradual development of the human intellect and the progressive formation of the universe. The conception of the artist was no less lofty than the execution was elegant. A mammoth basin of beautiful granite stands just at the flight of stone steps, which lead up into the vestibule, while on the right is the celebrated group in bronze, representing the combat between a mounted Amazon and an enraged tigress.

On the Monday following a carriage and "valet de place" were engaged, and in company with the ladies of our party we started out on a search for the sights of Berlin. We first drove out to the low sandhill, called the Kreutzberg, on whose summit is erected an iron monument, commemorating the victories gained

by the Prussians over the French. The entrance of the inclosure is kept by an old soldier with only one leg; the other, he will tell you, was carried away by a cannon ball on the field of Waterloo. Next we drove down the "Rue Belle-Vue," on which are situated some of the most beautiful private residences of the city. We stopped on the border of the "Thier Garten," and got out to see the fine marble statue of Frederick William Third, dressed in the plain garb of a private citizen. Thence we drove out to Charlottenberg, a small village about three miles distant from Berlin, where the palace, denominated the Schloss, is situated, but which, as we know, is not worth the trouble of entering. The chief object of attraction about this village is the Mausoleum of Louisa, Queen of Prussia. We found it an exquisitely beautiful Doric temple, resting in a quiet and secluded spot, just at the termination of a long avenue of trees, and built entirely of pure granite of the finest polish. It contains the sarcophagi of the ill-fated Louisa and the late King. The face and form of the unfortunate princess are strikingly beautiful, and are said to be a correct likeness. She is represented in the attitude of death, reclining above the marble tomb, with hands meekly folded over her gentle bosom, while a simple and tranquil air of sweet repose lingers upon her lovely features, which is very touching. The body is attired in a plain dress of drapery, which falls in graceful folds about her fair form. Several withered garlands are to be

seen upon the walls, which are said to be the first offerings of the children at the grave of their mother. The body of the King is also a fine specimen of sculpture, as he reposes by the side of the Queen, with his "martial cloak around him." The effect upon the pure white marble is heightened by the light streaming down from above, through the stained glass, with a pallid, death-like hue.

Berlin is a very handsome, well-built city. The houses are generally low, and the streets perfectly level. The principal thoroughfare is the "Unter-den Linden," which serves the purpose of both park and street. Near the head of this avenue is a superb monument in brass, with a colossal equestrian statue of Frederick the Great, surmounting the handsome pedestal, which is wrought with elaboration and exceeding skill.

Our next visit was to the Royal Palace, of which we made only a rapid and cursory inspection. Our "castellan" we found a jovial fellow, whose facetious remarks enlivened our tramp through the extensive suite of royal apartments. The "White Hall" is a beautiful room, which had lately been fitted up, as we are told, at the cost of eight hundred thousand dollars. The picture-gallery is very fine. We saw there the original of "Napoleon crossing the Alps," by David. Saw Bonaparte's bedroom, occupied by him during his temporary residence in Berlin; and in his chamber were shown a clock which requires winding up only once a year. The apartments are enriched

by many beautiful and curious pieces of furniture. The floors are elaborately tasselated, their centers being frequently inlaid with ivory.

Returning to our hotel, we started, by droskie, for the railway station, and took the eleven o'clock train for Potsdam, which is called the Prussian Versailles, and about twenty miles distant from Berlin. The country traversed was, as usual, level, devoid of either beauty of scenery or fertility of soil. In about one hour we reached the city, containing about thirty thousand inhabitants. The principal object of our visit to Potsdam was to see Baron Alexander Von Humboldt, the illustrious philosopher and traveler, our Minister at Berlin, Mr. Barnard having kindly furnished us with a letter of introduction. We found the author of Kosmos posted in very plain apartments in the "Old Palace," and who received us with the greatest kindness and cordiality. The old gentleman was modestly attired, with a large white cravat about his neck, the only part of his dress at all calculated to attract attention. He took each one of us by the hand as we entered, invited us to be seated, and began at once a very animated conversation, referring chiefly to the rising race of American astronomers and philosophers, our Cuban difficulties, and our late war with Mexico. He spoke very highly of Tennessee's gifted son, Lieutenant Maury, of the United States' navy, and complimented our country as a nation of enterprise and intelligence. But he thought our war with Mexico unjust, and the spirit of our

people more rapacious than it should be. There was something extremely agreeable about his amiable countenance, despite the rather severe but at the same time complimentary criticism on America; though we thought the renowned traveler was evidently falling into the loquacity commonly incident to old age. Bishop Otey requested the honor of his autograph, which he very readily granted. It ran thus—"Baron Von Humboldt, 82 years old," and was written in a bold and steady hand for so old a man. We parted, much pleased with this author of world-wide fame—this grave philosopher and gentle old man—whom the nations of the earth admire and praise, and whom everybody loves and venerates.

We now drove to the gardens of Charlottenhof, where there is a villa of the present King, built in the same style with the houses of Pompeii. The grounds are beautifully laid out, and abound with every variety of shrub and flower. Next we went to the gardens and Palace of "Sans Souci," lavishly ornamented with marble statues, fountains, obelisks, etc. The Palace is situated on the summit of a flight of terraces, to which we sought admission; but as the King was hourly expected we were not permitted to enter. Saw the spot where the favorite dogs and war-steed of the eccentric Emperor Frederick the Great were buried; and also had the famous windmill of historic note pointed out. On our return to the railway station we just missed a sight of the

King, who had been out to a review of twenty thousand of his troops. We saw, however, his youngest brother and staff, mounted on horses. The Prince was dressed in a neat-fitting uniform of blue, and sat on his horse with much grace. We met also a large detachment of cavalry returning from the field, and returned to Berlin in the same train with the Commander-in-chief of the Prussian army.

CHAPTER XX.

On the night of the 23d of September, we went to the opera with the expectation of seeing the King and Queen of Prussia, having understood that it was the intention of their majesties to be there on that occasion. In this, however, we were disappointed. The Opera House at Berlin is an exceedingly handsome edifice, surpassing, in point of convenience and beauty, anything of the kind that we had, as yet, seen. The orchestra was very numerous, and composed of the first talent in the country. The audience was, by far, the most brilliant we had ever seen, being thickly interspersed with the rich uniforms of the officers of rank in the Prussian army.

On the following morning we went to the City Hospital, in order to see the method of instructing the Cretins. But the school-hours having been concluded we did not care to be admitted, especially as the privilege seemed to be reluctantly granted. This establishment is here carried out on a very extensive scale, and with thorough treatment. The building is a large and handsome structure. While we were at the main entrance they brought one of those unfortunate creatures to become an inmate, who was moan-

ing and gibbering in his idiotic suffering; his mind a perfect blank, devoid of life, of light, of reason, or of hope.

We now visited the cabinet of curiosities in the Royal Palace, where you are shown relics innumerable of Frederick the Great; some of which are of rather a disgusting nature; for such is the devotion of the Prussian people to the memory of their warrior-king, that they have preserved, as sacred State treasures, the garments that he wore, and the handkerchief that he used, during his last illness. The Bishop struck up a few notes on the flute, the same which his highness was wont to play, beguiling with music's holy flow the cares that line the royal brow. As we were not much of an advocate for man-worship, we did not linger here long.

On our return toward the hotel, lo! the royal carriage came rattling, at a rapid rate, down the "Unter-den-Linden," drawn by four spanking blacks. The top was thrown back, and seated there were four gentlemen—among them the King, conspicuous by a tall bonnet, with a red badge dangling from its top. We turned back to the museum, and had a fair view of his majesty, as he alighted from the carriage. He was dressed in a handsome military suit, and seemed to us quite a dignified, good-looking gentleman; his manner appearing plain and unassuming before the eyes of his people. His equipage was by no means gaudy, but neat and elegant. He looked to be a man of about forty years of age, but the locks of gray

that shone in his dark hair seemed to speak of early dissipation. The Prince of Bavaria was with the King, having come from his own realms on a visit to his royal friend. As we again turned homeward we encountered the carriage of the Queen, drawn by six grays, and preceded by two outriders, mounted on horses likewise gray. We were favored with a fair view of the Queen, and also of the Princess of Bavaria, who sat by her side.

At Berlin our traveling party was broken up. On the morning of the 26th, Bishop Otey, Mrs. Eakin, Miss Boss, with little Willie, left Berlin in the six o'clock A. M. train, bound direct for Paris. At seven o'clock A. M., of the same day, Fogg and ourself took the cars and started Southward toward the Saxon capital. The journey was made, for the most part, over a flat and uninteresting country, with nothing to break its dead monotony, save the venerable old windmills, with their long arms whirling in the air. To add to the discomforts of the day, a cold and driving shower commenced falling, compelling us to shut down the windows of the car, and thereby subjecting ourselves to the suffocating fumes of the German smokers, who plied their numberless cigars and incessant jargon, enough to craze any man of ordinary powers of endurance. But on leaving Riesa, about twenty miles from Dresden, the whole aspect of nature changed. The heavens became clear and cloudless, the sun shone cheerily down, and instead of the bleak waste of barren plain, the eye now

brightened over a lovely landscape, pleasantly diversified by neat villages, vine-clad-hills and white chateaus. On our left the sails of the river-craft were glittering in the rays of the sun, as they moved lazily over the bosom of the muddy Elbe, down whose valley we were speeding. But away we dash, the hoofs of our iron steed ringing on the rail, and soon the four tall spires of Dresden town are seen pointing high into the blue concave of heaven. At half-past twelve we were deposited at the station, and thence we drove immediately to the "Hotel de France," crossing over the Elbe into Dresden proper, by a fine, substantial bridge. Dined at one o'clock, and immediately after visited the celebrated gallery of paintings, ranking above the collections of both Berlin and Munich, inasmuch as these apartments contain many rare productions of "the old masters," with other works of "vertu." Within a series of outward rooms there is also an interior gallery, containing a rare and costly collection. Having at last concluded our survey we next strolled over the town. The streets we found narrow and dirty, and the houses high and dingy, like the smoky buildings of London. In our peregrination we ascended the "Terrace," overhanging the river Elbe, and found it to be a favorite evening resort for the citizens of both sexes. Entered a beautiful little temple overlooking the river, which combined, within itself, both coffee-house and concert room. Here the citizen, whose leisure may admit, may sit and sip his coffee, and at the same

time list to the strains of music. Nurses, with bevies of flaxen-haired children, ramble about under the thick shade of the trees without, and all is one animated scene of happiness and content.

Next we went to the theater, a very handsome stone building of circular form, situated just on the right as you cross the stone bridge into Dresden. We entered the parterre of this fashionable temple of Thespis, and found the audience full, and fair looking in the main. But the performance was in German, and so not comprehending the wit of the comedy, (at which, however, those about us seemed provokingly pleased,) we were quite rejoiced when the unintelligible jargon was concluded, and the curtain fell. We now sought our hotel through the busy unknown streets, and thus closed our first day in the capital of Saxony.

CHAPTER XXI.

While in Dresden we desired very much to see the famous "Green Vault," where the State jewels are kept, but the limited number of tickets having been already issued for that day, we could not gain admission. We visited however the fine establishment of porcelain-ware, and then crossing over the bridge we strolled over the greater portion of Dresden lying beyond the river. Returning to the hotel, we paid up our bills, changed our loose money from the Prussian to the Austrian currency, (making a considerable profit by the discount of the latter,) took a cab, and started again for the railway depot. At a quarter past one o'clock, P. M., we were on our way to Prague. The scenery was exceedingly beautiful, as we skirted along the right bank of the river Elbe, whose winding course we followed for many hours. As we dashed on the delighted eye danced merrily over the high conical rocks, craggy bluffs, and white-walled towns of this "Saxon Switzerland." Occasionally a lonely cross, or moldering tower, perched high up on the dreamy old hills, would come and vanish before our gaze, as we sped along the deep and narrow valley. About dusk we reached a small

village, whose name we do not remember, but where the valley suddenly spreads out into a broad and level basin. Here the lamps in our cars were lighted to dispel the darkness of night, which was drawing rapidly on.

On our way down from Dresden to Prague we struck up an acquaintance with a young officer of the Austrian Army, who, having resided for several years in England, was perfectly conversant with the language of that country, and having discovered that we were from the distant shores of America, he seemed disposed to make some use of his accomplishment. We accordingly entered into conversation, by which we casually learned that he had been engaged in the Hungarian struggle, which led us to make some inquiries relative to the war. We found him, however, not at all willing to speak on the subject, inasmuch as the government regarded all those found conversing thereon among the suspicious and the disaffected. He advised us moreover, so long as we were in the Austrian dominions, neither to speak of Hungary, nor even to mention the name of Kossuth or of any other Hungarian refugee; for that we would thereby excite the distrust of the national police, and probably subject ourselves to imprisonment. He denounced Kossuth as more an agitator than a patriot—more an orator than a soldier. He was very minute in his inquiries relative to slavery in America, and could not understand how we, professing so much sympathy for the nations of Europe,

who were struggling for their freedom, should yet hold millions in absolute subjection in our own land. Neither could we convince him that it was more a case of necessity than of option. But we found that, in Austria, to canvass the acts of government was among the number of unpardonable sins, and all that the subject is required to do is—to be mum and obey. Liberty of speech seemed especially prohibited, and it was most strange to us that where such restrictions were imposed, the citizens should remain so quiet and apparently content.

We reached Prague about twenty minutes past nine, and after passport and baggage were examined, we took a carriage for the "Blue Star." No rooms were vacant, and so we drove to the "Golden Angel," who sheltered us beneath its wings for the night. But on the following morning we became satisfied that we were not possessed of such *angelic* accommodations as we had been led to expect, and so calling up the "garcon," we had accounts forthwith squared; and again marched over to the "Blue Star," which we now found more propitious than on the past evening. Breakfast over, we next repaired to the "Hotel D'Angleterre," where we found several gentlemen, whose acquaintance we had previously formed by contact in our line of travel—among the number were Col. Wm. Hart, Kentucky, and Lieutenants Boudinot, Bent and Gwathmey, of the U. S. Navy. With them we started out on an indefinite stroll over the city. First we took up the handsome street,

whereon the "Blue Star" is situated, and after proceeding several hundred yards, we turned up to the left, following a very broad and handsome thoroughfare, whereon we found several fountains and statues ornamenting its center. This street is abruptly terminated by the fortifications of the city. Mounting on the high walls we bore off to the right, making a semicircle to the banks of the rapid Moldau, which divides in twain the old city of Prague. Keeping down the river we erelong came to the monument of the late Emperor Francis. This bronze equestrian statue stands within a beautiful gothic tower, and encircling the base of the pedestal are various allegorical figures, representing the different callings of the Bohemian people. Turning back a few paces we crossed over the Moldau, which is here a broad and shallow stream. The suspension bridge is a long and substantial structure, being supported in the center by a stone pillar, resting on a small island in the middle of the stream. In the meanwhile, however, we had lost sight of Boudinot and Gwathmey, and so the remainder of our party, numbering four, engaged a carriage and ascended to the "Hradschin" — the place of the old Bohemian Kings. On the ascent our attention was drawn to many queer old buildings, with gigantic statues standing on each side of the doorway, and represented as supporting the massive masonry on their bare and brawny shoulders. A heavy frown generally lowers upon their brows, as though a sullen and angry feeling

possessed their hearts, that they should be compelled perpetually to bear so weighty a burden. Reaching the "Hradshin" we were first shown into the room, where the Bohemian emperors were crowned. It is a handsome apartment only, with none of that splendor which is seen in the palaces of Paris, Munich, Berlin, etc. Next we entered "the green room," and saw the window through which the two unpopular nobles Slawata and Martinitz, with their Secretary, Fabricius, were ejected after the "Bohemian style." One of these, it is said, on falling upon the head of a peasant passing by, got up and politely begged pardon for his unceremonious descent. From this same old window we looked out upon one of the finest views we ever beheld. The white-walled city of Prague, containing one hundred and twenty thousand souls, lay snugly at rest in a circular valley, with the sleepy old hills rising gradually up on every side, and stretching their sunny summits far away in the distance. Receding on either side of the river bank rose, tier, by tier, the handsome white buildings, all reposing in pensive slumbers — all bathed in golden sunshine—all blushing in autumnal beauty.

We now turned to visit the old Cathedral, rich in gothic ornament, and moss-grown and dim with age. We looked with reverence on turret and spire of that venerable old pile, and thought how great the sacrilege that the Emperor Frederick should have made that ancient church the target for his artillery.

The interior of the building still retains something of its former beauty and magnificence. In the body of the church stands the Imperial Mausoleum, erected by Rudolf the 2d, as the receptacle for his own body after death. The Shrine of St. John Nepomuk displays an immense profusion of silver, and is considered one of the richest in the world. The ever-burning lamps hang above the coffin of the saint, which is represented as borne aloft by four winged angels, the size of life and of unadulterated silver. Among the relics contained in this church are said to be—"portions of the bones of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; the pocket-handkerchief of the Virgin Mary; a piece of the true cross, inclosing a bit of the sponge, which was placed on a hyssop; two thorns of the crown of thorns; one of the palm branches that were strewed in our Saviour's way, with an immense number of similar curiosities, equally authentic and valuable."

CHAPTER XXII.

On our descent from the "Hradshin" we crossed over the Moldau by the massive old stone bridge, which measures one thousand seven hundred and ninety feet in length, and is ornamented on either side with twenty-eight statues of various saints. Many of these figures, however, have been dismantled—some of the uplifted arm, some of the reverend head, and some otherwise disfigured by "the accident of flood and field."

Having dined at the "Blue Star," we next visited the Jewish synagogue and cemetery, which we found situated in a different part of the city, thickly crowded with houses, and densely populated with the dark-eyed sons of Judah. Their place of worship was built under-ground, and service was being performed when we arrived. As we descended into this gloomy, dungeon-like synagogue, we intuitively pulled off our hat, but immediately replaced it at the request of one of the congregation, all of whom, we observed, had their heads covered. The venerable old priest was engaged in the performance of the ancient rites of the Hebrew worship; and as we gazed around on those dark and swarthy faces, in the dim light of the dust-

covered room, we could but feel a compassionate regard for that unhappy race, who thus clung to the wayward faith of their fathers, denying the Saviour of the world, and still anticipating the advent of their Messiah. As we advanced toward the altar, the congregation, observing that we were strangers, would politely give way, that we might draw as near as we wished. Through a few narrow, loophole windows, we looked into an adjoining apartment, and there saw the female audience assembled, no woman being allowed the privilege of the sanctuary. We looked with great interest on the worship of these children of Israel, and only left when hurried away by our companions to visit the burying-grounds above. This ancient resting-place of the Jewish dead presents a most lonely and singular appearance, with its gray old tombstones falling to decay, and thickly overgrown with a dense underwood of the gnarled and twisted elders. As we left this curious city of the dead, the dark shadows of night were gathering about the desolate graves, and the melancholy cricket was chirping his evening song beneath the matted grass.

On the following morning we were aroused according to order, about four o'clock, and having dressed, taken a cup of coffee, paid up our bills, and bade adieu to our accomplished landlord, we started off a-foot, with "garcon" bearing our luggage in the van, leading the way toward the railway station. Baggage deposited, tickets secured, and "boots" having received his farewell bonus, for which he wished us

the usual "bon voyage," we were soon moving toward the Austrian capital. The entire route was one of charming beauty and varied interest. Now we were dashing along by gently rolling meadows, in their mantle of waning green; now winding along the tortuous course of some brawling mountain stream; and now shooting through a succession of dark tunnels, hewn out of the living rock. About four o'clock, P. M., we reached the city of Brunn, not far from which was fought the battle of Austerlitz. Here we changed our indifferent cars and slow-moving train for most excellent carriages and winged engine, and went rushing on toward the city of Vienna. Out on our left arose the dark and wooded heights of the Carpathian mountains, while on our right slowly sank the setting sun, shedding its light and mellow rays o'er the auburn hills, the deep-blue mountains, and numerous tidy, white-walled towns. In our route we passed through a portion of Hungary, whose late struggle against the Austrian dynasty created such a sympathetic commotion in the hearts of our own countrymen. When a few miles from Vienna, we crossed over the Danube, and soon after entered the Paris of Austria, containing a population of four hundred thousand; the same number as the capital of Prussia. From current accounts, we had anticipated here a very rigorous examination of pass-port and baggage, and had prepared ourself quietly to submit to whatever annoyance the city police might impose. We were, however, agreeably sur-

prised to find the officers extremely courteous, and by no means so suspicious of our purposes as we had been led to suppose. Only a cursory glance was given to our accouterments, and we were suffered to proceed. Getting into a cab, we sung out—"Hotel Munsch;" when our driver sprang to his seat, gave his good steed the word, dashed away through the devious streets, and soon drew rein in the courtyard of the hotel designated. And thus were a couple of "modern travelers" safely deposited in the city of Vienna—having, in the course of one month, traversed thousands of miles, and looked on more than it usually falls to the lot of man to see in a lifetime—nor yet undergone that singular metamorphose from the plain and unassuming citizen to the nondescript animal, which has been represented as "lisping broken English," with heels full of polka and head full of nonsense, an abomination unto men, but an Adonis unto ladies.

CHAPTER XXIII.

On our arrival at the city of Vienna, our first proceeding, on the following day, was to climb the lofty steeple of the Cathedral of St. Stephen, from whose summit we had a splendid panoramic view of the elegant city and its handsome environs. While on our way to the cathedral, we saw what our guide-books called, "the tree of iron." This memento of the past is nothing more than the trunk of a tree, about six feet in length, and posted on one of the public corners of the city. Its entire exterior surface is covered with the heads of iron spikes, driven in by the wandering apprentices of Vienna. It seems that it was the custom of those mechanics, who, when they had served out the term of their apprenticeship, sought their fortunes in a distant land, first to repair to this "iron tree," and drive therein a nail. When we saw this ancient trunk it looked like some venerable old warrior, clad "cap-a-pie" in his coat of mail, and even more impervious than the Grecian hero, whose unfortunate heel was left sticking out when his mother, Thetis, plunged him into the river Styx.

But arriving at the Cathedral, we began the ascent of its sky-piercing tower, which is said to be four

hundred and sixty-five feet in height. On a clear day the scope of the horizon, from this elevated point, extends not only over the city and its suburbs, but embraces in its wide compass the battle-fields of Lobau, Wagram, Asperne, and Essling, where clashed the contending armies of France and the Allied Powers, during the bloody exhibition of the Napoleonic drama. Half way up the tower is the station of the city fire-watch, from which the sleepless sentinel looks out over the city, and whence the Count Stahremberg was wont, with his field-glass, to reconnoiter the camp of the besieging Turks, until from the height of the Kahlenberg, the christian banner was unfurled by John Sobieski, bringing welcome deliverance to the beleaguered city. The spire of St. Stephen stands a lofty guide to the bewildered stranger in Vienna. It is the central focus point of this circular city, whence the streets radiate like the fibers of the spider's web.

Descending from the tower we next visited the Imperial Arsenal, where is an unnumbered collection of all manner of arms, so arranged as to beautify and adorn the long galleries, and yet ready for service at a moment's warning. This magazine of military stores far surpasses, in extent, the armory in the tower of London. We saw here many ancient relics, such as banners, and suits of armor that were once worn by illustrious persons. Among them was the buff-coat of Gustavus Adolphus, pierced by the bullet which caused his death at the battle of Lutzen. Unfortunately the hole *is in the back* of the coat. Leav-

ing this unlucky memento of the King we came to an immense pile of rusty muskets, taken up from the battle-fields of the late Hungarian war. We were told by the guide that many of them were still loaded. With this we concluded our visit, and thence strolled out upon the broad open space, which extends like a band about the interior city, and called by the citizens the "Glacis." It serves as a handsome park and promenade, and has been aptly termed "the lungs of Vienna." Thence we proceeded to the "Volks-garten"—the evening resort of the city—and saw there the colossal group of Theseus killing the Centaur, by the hand of the immortal Canova. This much-admired sculpture is placed in a small temple, erected exclusively for its reception, and into which we were admitted, by slipping a few kreutzers into the willing hand of the guard, who kept the key of the building. The execution of this work is very fine; the effect striking and impressive. Theseus is represented with his left knee planted against the breast of the exhausted Centaur, his left-hand grasping the neck, while in his right he brandishes a club. The muscles of the body are all beautifully developed, and the proportions combine strength with activity of limb. On the brow of the Athenian hero is written vengeance and undaunted courage.

At 7 o'clock we repaired to the opera, and witnessed the performance of "Robert Le Diable." The fine music we could, of course, enjoy, but only regretted that we could not understand the words; the

opera being originally French, but translated into the German. The audience was full; the music superb; the dancing delightful, and the scenic effect, at the opening of the ballet, beautiful beyond conception. In the scene just preceding the ballet you look upon the lonely graveyard, the white tombstones glimmering in the pale rays of the moon, and a death-like stillness prevailing over the soft-winged hours of night. But as you gaze upon the dreamy solitude, a tall and stately figure, robed in a garment of white, with slow and solemn step approaches the dwelling place of the dead. No murmur escapes his lips; no sound from the measured footfall strikes upon the ear. Pausing now he waves his long and slender wand above the cold, gray tombs, and lo! their marble lids are lifted up, and the very blood within your veins seems freezing round the heart, as the pale forms of the shrouded dead rise, with a cold and fixed gaze, upon their feet. But just here a loud crash of music breaks upon the ear, the glittering lamps throw a flood of light upon the stage, and dashing aside the vesture of the grave, about forty beautiful girls, like a trooping band of angels, flash upon your sight, and float gayly through the dance. At the conclusion, the devil, disappointed in obtaining his victim, suddenly descends into the infernal regions, amid the flashing of unearthly flames; and the woman, his guardian angel, and apparently the queen of his heart, leads him triumphantly away to have their happy nuptials celebrated in the presence of the King and Queen.

On the following day we went to see the Imperial Picture Gallery, called the "Belvidere." The situation of this beautiful edifice is very fine, commanding an excellent view of Vienna. The grounds are well laid off and abound in flowers, fountains and statuary. The collection of paintings in the palace is very extensive, and some of the sculpture exquisitely beautiful. Especially chaste and pure was the group of "Isaac and Rebecca," and also the figure of "Morning," coming from the east with her long and flowing mantle, the star upon her forehead, and the bough within her hand. Returned to the hotel, and after dinner we strolled around the city, along by the high and frowning ramparts, whose bastion and redoubt are planted with cannon and guarded by soldiery.

CHAPTER XXIV.

While in Vienna we called upon our Minister, Mr. McCurdy, of Connecticut, and were hospitably received by himself, his fair daughter, and his secretary. On the afternoon of the same day we took our seat in an omnibus at the door of our hotel, and visited the palace of Schonbrunn, the summer residence of the Emperor, situated about two miles from the city. Here Napoleon made his quarters in 1809; and here his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, died, in 1832, at the age of twenty-one, and in the same room and in the same bed, it is said, that his father had occupied. The gardens are most magnificently laid off, and elegantly adorned with the greatest profusion of statuary, and a number of splendid fountains, fish-ponds, and waterfalls. It was in these gardens that the German student, Stapps, attempted the life of Napoleon, while strolling through the grounds, and for his temerity was shot down and buried on the spot. Just on the summit of the rising ground in the rear of the Palace, and overlooking the beautiful grounds below, is situated the "Gloriette," a handsome structure, built in the style of a triumphal arch. From the summit of this monument we had a

charming view of Vienna and the adjacent country. Leaving Schonbrunn we now strolled down to the village of Hitzing, and rested at the "Casino Dommayer," where the ruralizing Viennese come to breathe the country air, and while they sip their ices and coffee, to list to the enchanting strains of Strauss' Band, which here, about the hour of sunset, discourse their inspiring music. Before leaving Vienna we had visited everything that was worthy of note, among other things the Cabinet of Antiquities, and the Church of San Augustine, famous for its celebrated mourning group at the sepulcher of Christina. Prominent among our recollections of Vienna was the kind and civil conduct of our gentlemanly landlord, Mr. Munsch, and the cool and impudent bearing of the rascally commissioner of the hotel. Each and every traveler who comes in contact with this mealy-mouthed valet, votes him without exception the vilest and most deceitful dog that goes unhung. As for ourself, we may well say that we left the fair city of Vienna both "a sadder and a wiser man," and among the many lessons we had learned in our transatlantic travel was the truth of that old Latin maxim—"*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.*" But "live and learn" was our ever-consoling motto, and so, with a light heart, we again went forth in quest of other scenes and other adventures, amid different people and in different lands. Our wings were now plumed for the sunny plains of Italy, where from the pall of the past spring themes

for lofty thought—where glory and valor and song had birth, and where immortal heroes of classic memory had their homes, by the shores of the "Yellow Tiber" and the gentle Arno. Our heart was swelling with pleasant memories, fresh from the pages of Virgil, of Horace, and of Cicero; and our very spirit leaped within us as the strong-limbed iron steed dashed out from the handsome depot, and sped onward toward "that child of sorrow and that land of song." Soon after leaving Vienna we passed through Baden, the great watering-place of Austria, and thence held on our course toward Glocknitz, winding mostly along the bed of some mountain stream, through valley and gorge, with old ruins innumerable capping the pine-clad hills above us. A ride of a few hours brought us to the Glocknitz, and here we changed our cars for the omnibus, by which to cross the Semmering Alp, which was then being partly graded and partly tunneled for the passage of the cars over its lofty height. Never can we forget the highly amusing and ridiculous confusion that we experienced in the change from the train to the coaches. Immediately that the cars stopped, the most of the passengers rushed out and secured their seats in the omnibuses, filling up most of them, which as soon as they had received their complement of persons, forthwith drove on. Friend Fogg and ourself, having been delayed for some time about our baggage, began to be apprehensive lest all the seats might be taken before us, and we be left behind. Indeed we began in confusion,

and concluded in "confusion worse confounded." We could speak only the fewest words of German, and were compelled to rely upon our wits and the motions of the crowd about us to direct our own movements. So, on reaching our destination, Fogg approaching a stranger with a huge moustache—who, by the way, was a jovial son of Neptune, Lieutenant Jones, of the United States' navy—and taking him to be a German, and one who could not understand English, says Fogg—"Glocknitz, Glocknitz?" looking Jones in the face, and pointing through the windows of the car to the town without. "Yaw! yaw!" returned Jones, encouraging the mistake, and looking as grave as a deacon. Thereupon our two "modern travelers" got out, and after being bothered for a considerable time about our baggage, we next bethought ourselves of a seat in an omnibus. For some time we searched in vain. All the seats were compactly filled, and omnibus after omnibus rattled away, until we began to grow desperate. Now these cumbrous old diligences are curiously constructed. The body of the coach is divided off into several partitions, and among these was one division just behind, and capable of containing only two persons. It so happened that Fogg, in his search for a seat, had found a diligence, in whose rear apartment was a single German traveler. Without more ado, he possessed himself of this remaining vacant seat. But Fogg and ourself were traveling on the same "through ticket," and as this last diligence drove off, he called to us

that this was our only chance, at the same time making as much room for us as possible at his side. No sooner said than we piled in on our friend of "Fader-land," without the first word of apology or preliminary notice, and there we were, a precious trio, rammed as tight as wax within the narrow inclosure. Upon being thus unceremoniously crowded, the German's face grew red with ire, and volley after volley of Dutch abuse he poured upon us. But not comprehending one word of his violent tirade, save the constant repetition of the "zwei persons"—signifying two persons—we paid not the least attention to his increasing wrath, and were only intent on learning whether all was right with us. The German's choler was now waxing louder and stronger, and we were in momentary expectation of his attempting to expel us "vi et armis" from the coach. But our own equanimity had been a little ruffled, and we were just in the humor, provided the son of a Dutchman had resorted to any physical arguments, to have seized him by the nape of the neck and tumbled him "heels over head" out of the door. In this delectable condition we had ridden, we suppose, about one mile, when suddenly recollecting the custom of German traveling, we turned to our companion and said—"But, Fogg, have you changed our ticket?" "No! I have not," was the curt reply. "Then, by the piper! we are in a pretty mess," we returned. "Well, we must go back, that's all," quoth Fogg, and suiting the action to the word, he bounced out, and went

tearing back, like mad, to the office we had just left, his overcoat dangling on his arm, and flying in the wind. Now as we were both traveling on the same ticket, and Fogg had that, we concluded we would have to follow, and so, without even bidding our German friend good morning, we also jumped out, gathered up ourself upon our legs, and made an effort to follow. But just here, with the rear of our flying friend in full view, and our choleric companion behind us, our sense of the ridiculous came so persuasively upon us that we gave over the chase, laughing heartily at our condition, and perfectly reconciled to anything that might now turn up. But the doughty Dutchman concluded in his own mind that we had been put to flight by his valorous words, when in truth we had heard but little and heeded less of what he said. On again coming up to the office, we found friend Fogg pale from his rapid exercise, and panting between every word, as he endeavored to explain to the German officer our dilemma, while he, equally mystified, bounced about, jabbering his jaw-breaking German. This was too much for our composure, and despite our predicament, we sat down and laughed until we could hardly move. In the end, our misfortune turned out not so serious as we had imagined. Another omnibus was procured, and in due time we overhauled those who had gone on before us.

CHAPTER XXV.

On reaching the foot of the Semmering Alp, we dismounted and commenced the ascent of the mountain-pass afoot, outstripping the cumbrous coaches by short tacks and brisk walking. The summit of the Semmering is estimated at three thousand one hundred and twenty-five feet above sea level. At "Murzzuschlag Stat," the railway depot on the southern side of the mountain, we again took the cars, and went rattling along the banks of the Mur, whose bold and lofty views, standing out in clear relief against the sky, make glad the heart, as the delighted eye glances along the proud mountain scenery. About nightfall we passed by the city of Gratz, the capital of Styria, and containing about forty thousand inhabitants. We traveled all that night, and about daybreak on the following morning we reached Laybach. Here the railway terminated, and taking "the post" at six o'clock we bolted right on for Trieste. The country, through which we passed, abounded still in beautiful views, many of them receiving the charm of romance by the battlemented walls of some old feudal castle, that, like a grim sentinel, sat moldering and lonely upon the isolated hills. We may not forget

the fair lady whom we had as a traveling companion —a pleasant, affable and intelligent German, with blue eyes and brown hair, who had been on a visit to a friend, who lived beyond the Semmering, and was now homeward bound, alone and unprotected, to her residence on the Gulf of Venice. She spoke the French language with perfect fluency, and with that ease and "abandon" of manner, so peculiar to the fair travelers of France; she entered into conversation with us, by which we managed very pleasantly to while away the weary hours. As night came on our fair incognito opened a small carpet-bag, and taking therefrom a couple of close-fitting traveling bonnets, she put on one herself, and handed the other to us, suggesting that we would find it more comfortable for sleeping than our hat. With our kindest thanks for her considerate courtesy, the bonnet immediately usurped the place of our beaver; an exchange which fully verified the words of our pretty companion, and rendered doubly agreeable by the reflection that her own sweet face and dimpled cheeks had often nestled within the same soft, silken folds, wherein our own caput was now so snugly ensconced. A few hours rolled quietly by, and after a long and wearisome ascent, our driver stopped to give his horses a breathing-spell, and the lady observed that we were now in view of Trieste. We had, indeed, reached the summit of the mountain, which, rising up immediately in the rear of the city, looks out upon the Gulf of Venice. That name, like a magnetic shock, aroused us from our drowsy mood,

and we sprang out of the diligence to view the noble scene that lay spread before us. All earth was cradled upon the bosom of night. The moon and the stars, from out their azure home, shone serenely down on city, gulf and mountain. The lamps, along the margin of the water, reflected their glowing rays out upon the placid surface of the Adriatic, that like a mass of molten silver stretched far away, until sky and water blended. In fine we had crossed the proud Alps, and standing on the last spur of the Carnic chain, by the light of the loving moon we first hailed "the bright clime of battle and of song." He who, from his early youth, hath loitered among academic shades, treading the quiet courts of the Goddess Minerva, whose spirit hath been ever straying amid the deep, dim shadows of the past, and lingering long above the classic clime of Italy, where

> "A thousand years their cloudy wings expand,
> And a dying glory smiles—"

he may know the throng of busy fancies that hurried through our heart, as in the stillness of that autumn night we first looked out upon the waters of the Adriatic.

> "Cold is the heart, fair land, that looks on thee,
> Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved!"

As the old patriarch of Judah, from the hoary brow of Pisgah, gazed upon the 'land of promise,' so did our exultant eye go forth to greet this embodiment of our early dreams. But, unlike the great lawgiver, our foot was not forbidden to press that classic ground,

where every step is sacred in history and song, and from whose every vale and mountain wake memories of the past. Far away in our western home, across the rolling billows of the broad Atlantic, our budding thoughts were wont to seek this very land, and like some lone spirit of the unburied dead haunt its sad and holy beauties.

But our horses are rested, and the impatient coachman is calling for us to mount. It may be that our rough friend is anxious to get down into the city, and receive the warm welcome of his wife and children. He may, even now, have before his eyes the pictures of his happy fireside, and so we will no longer delay. "All aboard!" and again we are in motion, lumbering down the tortuous mountain road, until we reached the city walls. Admission gained we proceeded on our way, and draw up at the diligence depot, whence we must foot it to the "Hotel National," situated just upon the margin of the Gulf.

Having slept but little for several nights previous, on arriving at Trieste we found ourself considerably exhausted, and the sun was high in the heavens on the following morning when we awoke. Breakfast over we started out for a long stroll over the city. We found it a busy and thriving place, reminding us, in its activity and trade, more of an American city than any we had seen on the continent. The docks were filled with vessels of every class, and the sailors of all nations were busily engaged in receiving and discharging their costly cargoes. Here you may hear

every language and view every costume. Trieste is, in fact, the great "entire port" for all southern Germany, and is rapidly despoiling Venice of whatever trade she may, at this day, possess. The population of Trieste is necessarily of a motley character—being a free port—and amounts to about seventy-five thousand souls.

Before leaving we went up to see Duomo and the castle. The old Cathedral was founded in the fifth century, and its tower, "according to the tradition of the elders," stands on the former site of an ancient temple, dedicated to Jupiter. We saw the old broken pillars of marble, with their Corinthian capitals, inclosed in the walls of the tower, and braced together by bands of iron. While loitering about the church, the bells of the tower pealed loudy forth, and a detachment of soldiers, filing out from the castle gates, marched down into the city, a relief-guard to those then on duty below. On our return to the hotel we suddenly came upon the great fruit market, where every variety of the production, that could tempt the palate, was spread out in the greatest profusion. Among many others we recollect there were olives, oranges, grapes, figs, pomegranates, lemons, apples, pears, chestnuts and tomatoes.

CHAPTER XXVI.

About six o'clock on the morning of the 7th of October, we left the city of Trieste aboard a small steamer, called the "Arciduca Federico," bound direct for Venice. Our prow is pointed to the south-west, and gliding smoothly over the tranquil gulf, about noon we came in view of the ocean queen, rising from out the Adriatic wave with a diadem of domes. Rounding the long sand-bank, and doubling the strip of land which intervenes between Venice and the sea, we entered the city of the gondola, and dropped our anchor in the "Grand Canal." Our water-ladders are now let down, and descending to the wave, we tumbled our baggage into one of the numerous gondolas, which were flocking round the vessel, and forthwith proceeded to the "Albergo dell Europa," situated just opposite the "Dogana del Mare," and in other days called the "Giustiani Palace." The beak of our gondola strikes the marble steps, and springing from her prow, we stood within the city of a hundred Isles.

> "I loved her from my boyhood — she to me
> Was as a fairy city of the heart,
> Rising like water columns from the sea,
> Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the mart."

The first thing that strikes the eye of the stranger in Venice is the shattered appearance of the buildings, and the mournful desolation that seems to prevail over this "bride of the sea." How sad the contrast of her present condition to the days of her early bloom and beauty. She seems even like unto one of her bankrupt merchants. The days of her doges are passed! she is shorn of her glory—she has long gone to decay! Her marble fronts are timeworn and broken, and in the halls of her former princes now revels the Austrian hireling—a palace for his barracks and the bedrooms of royalty for his ruthless desecration. Her people are poor and degraded—her noble sons now evil and degenerate—her beauteous daughters now wayward and wretched.

> "In Venice, Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier;
> Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
> And music greets not always now the ear—
> But unto us she hath a spell beyond
> Her name in story, and her long array
> Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond
> Above the dogeless city."

Venice is at present an Austrian province, contains 106,000 inhabitants, is built on 76 islands, with 146 canals crossed by 306 public bridges. But it is not absolutely necessary for you to take a gondola in your travels through the city; it will certainly much expedite your progress; but yet there are side-walks along the most of the canals, by means of which the

pedestrian may find his way from one extremity to the other. At every step some object, associated with the poetry of his early reading, presents itself before him. Our first visit was to the Piazza and Cathedral of San Marco, the former one of the handsomest squares in the world, and the latter one of the richest and most singular churches. The Cathedral floor is beautifully tasselated, but time-worn and uneven. Its many domes and spires rise up from the massy roof, resembling in their peculiar architecture the Mosques of Mohammedan worship. On the left of the Cathedral is the Molo. On the right, fronting the Molo, stand the two famous columns, the one mounted with a Lion, the other with a Crocodile.

> "St. Mark yet sees his Lion, where he stood,
> Stand, but in mockery of his withered power,
> Over the proud place where an Emperor sued—
> The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns—
> An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt,
> Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and chains
> Clank over sceptered cities ; nations melt
> From power's high pinnacle, when they have felt
> The sunshine for a while, and downward go,
> Like lauwine loosened from the mountain's belt."

Upon the brow of St. Mark we saw the celebrated bronze horses, four in number, whose history has been one of constant migration. Coming first from the far east, they landed at Venice. Thence they were taken to Paris by Napoleon, but subsequently restored again to Venice. On the right of the Cathedral is a lofty tower, surmounted by two bronze

statues, who with their iron arms strike the hour of the day, against a large bell, by the side of which they stand. One of these figures once committed murder, by knocking an unfortunate workman, who was engaged in making repairs, over the parapet upon the pavement below. Whether the grim statue was ever indicted for manslaughter we did not learn. At one corner of the Cathedral there is a stone called "the pillar of shame," because thereupon it was commanded that the Venetian merchants, who had become insolvent, should publicly receive "the benefit of the bankrupt law." We saw too the old bell of the Tower, that tolled the election of Foscari's successor, sending a dull and heart-heavy sound to the old man's soul, as his tottering steps bore him from the halls of his ancestors.

While in Venice we would frequently engage a gondola, and explore the old city throughout its every nook and corner. The gondola is an odd-looking affair, and pretty well described by Byron in the following off-hand style—

"Didst ever see a gondola? For fear
You should not, I'll describe it you exactly:
'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here,
Carved at the prow, built lightly but compactly,
Row'd by two rowers, each call'd "gondolier:"
It glides along the water looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say or do."

Taking our start from the mouth of the "Grand Canal," that through the center of the city winds

like the letter S, we would direct the prow wherever our fancy might lead. On one occasion we were about concluding an agreement with an old and grizzly gondolier to take us over the city, when gliding rapidly by came a youthful and athletic oarsman, plying his gondola with such dexterity and grace, that abandoning the idea of employing our ancient waterman, we turned and forthwith engaged his more youthful rival. The indignant old man, deliberately stepping upon the Molo, as we moved away, with that graceful dignity of manner peculiar to the Italian race, made us his profoundest bow: then turning right about *with his rear guard* directed upon our *front*, he again repeated his lowly salutation, and next, completing the revolution, he made his third salaam, with a dignified wave of the head, and retired. We forgave the old villain his shameless insolence, and richly enjoyed the peculiar *expression* of his haughty contempt. In fact it is far better to be civil to the gondolier under all circumstances; for then he will ever be courteous to you. As a class of men they are a set of careless, singing, good-looking, devil-may-care fellows, who beg no favors and brook no abusive treatment. But moving up the Grand Canal we proceeded throughout its entire length, passing by many a lordly palace, whose marble fronts, though sadly shattered by the hand of time, still bear evidence of their former glory. "Gently glides our gondolier," and here is the old "Exchange"—a perfect picture of decay—so changed that the accus-

tomed eye of Shylock would now hardly recognize its battered walls. There stands the former abode of the Foscari family; here the "Pizarro Palace," and yonder the building where Byron resided with the fair Countess Guiccioli. Coming out at the upper end of the canal we paused under one of the arches of the "Ponte di Laguna"—a magnificent structure built for the railway, across the Lagoon, and connecting Venice with the main land. This bridge is more than two miles in length, and is said to have occupied two thousand workmen for several years of daily labor before it was completed. Changing our route we returned to our hotel, making on our way a general exploration of the city winding along through broad and narrow canals, and by many a marble palace, to which the salt sea-weed was idly clinging. We visited the "Manfrini Palace," so famous for its pictures. We saw there the celebrated portrait of Ariosto by Titian, of which Byron so enthusiastically speaks. Visited more cathedrals, whose histories are nearly coeval with that of Venice herself. We also rowed to the Arsenal, but not having written permits from the city authorities, we were not allowed to enter. While meandering through the dark and narrow canals we were kept in continual trepidation, lest some busy Venetian housewife should discharge the contents of her tubs upon our devoted heads. We heard their splash behind and before us, but happily escaped. We ascended the high tower at the corner of the Molo, whence we studied the geo-

graphy of the city, and wound up the proceedings of the day by a stroll upon the "Piazza San Marco" at night. Here the Venetians assembled every evening of the week, while the fine military band, quartered in the city, beguile their ears with their martial strains—an Austrian artifice to cheat the abject sons of Venice into a contented spirit, and lure their thoughts from their pristine liberties. Here the citizens of both sexes nightly congregate, strolling along under the brilliantly illuminated arcades, peering into the shop windows, or else sauntering out in the open squares, under the smile of the cloudless sky. Venice by moonlight is indeed a glorious sight. The moonbeams fall like a mantle of beauty over the battered walls, as if in mercy to hide their wasting decay. The soft stars look lovingly into their own bright eyes, through the mirror of the waves—the memory of the past weaves a holy spell around the heart, and the still spirit worships once more at the shrine of its early dreams.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Before leaving Venice we, of course, "did up" the Ducal Palace from the Giant's Staircase to the Piombi. Whether the head of old Marino Faliero did really roll down these same marble steps is of no consequence. You are told that such was the case, and to make the best of your travels you must look on such places as though they were certainly the witnesses to the deed. It creates the same feeling, and answers the same purpose. We next saw the famous "Lion's Mouth," which, now that Venice is no more, is no longer the terror of the traitor's heart. After ascending several flights of stairs we were shown into the Inquisitorial Chamber, where the prisoners were examined and tortured. Thence, we proceeded to the council chamber of the "Ten." From this we passed into several large antechambers, one leading into the Senate Chamber, and another into the Reception Hall of the Ambassadors —the latter being the handsomest room in the Palace. Here we found the Rape of Europa and the Venice Triumphant, by Paul Veronese. Next we visited the other side of the Palace. We entered the Hall of Debate, now converted into a Library. The Paradise

of Tintoretti occupies one end of it, and the other sides are covered with representations of the different battles of the Republic. Napoleon has robbed the Ducal Palace of many of its choicest ornaments, some of which are now to be seen in the Louvre Galleries at Paris. But he left the long line of the Doges, ranged close to the ceiling, in the Hall of Debate, untouched. The lengthy succession is yet unbroken, except where the black curtain of Marino Faliero suddenly rivets the attention, and fills the mind with a mournful and mysterious interest. "It breathes the vindictive spirit of Patrician hate, whose mask was patriotism, but whose aim was power." Finally, under the pilotage of a guide, with a lighted torch in his hand, we visited the dungeons. They all open on a narrow passage, are about six feet square, and as dark as Erebus. Our ambition for groping about in the "deeper depths" of darkness was fully gratified by the time we once more emerged into the light of day, when mounting a flight of stone steps

> "We stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on either hand."

This was our last sight-seeing expedition in Venice, and soon after we took a gondola from the door of "Hotel Europa," and in company with H—— and F—— started for the railway station. On arriving at the passenger depot we found a goodly number of the Venetians in waiting. It was Sunday morning, and Sunday with them is a gala-day. About half-past

ten the long train was on the move, with a fine military band playing in our foremost cars. Speeding over the magnificent bridge, connecting main-land with the "city of the sea," we went bounding over "terra-firma" with the bright sun of a cloudless morn shining down on our pathway. The chain of the Tyrolese Mountains stood out toward the north, and, as seen through the soft and dreamy haze of the morning, was classically beautiful. But we could not relish the idea of rushing through Italy upon the rail-car. It seemed as though we were disturbing the dust of antiquity—that we were breaking the sacred spell of ages, and desecrating with ruthless step the shrine, whither love and poetry and romance had fled for seclusion. But speeding onward through a lovely country, blushing with the purple grape, we successively passed by Padua and Vicenza, and about two o'clock, P. M., reached the fair city of Verona. Taking an omnibus from the railway terminus, we were driven forthwith to the city gates, where we were detained for some time by the examination of our passports. Passing now under the dark and heavy gateway, above which frowned the black-mouthed cannon, we drove "tout-a-droit" down an almost interminable street, and were finally deposited at our excellent hotel—the "Torre di Londra"—where we first washed, dined, employed a "commissionaire," and set out to see the sights of Verona. First, we visited the palace and burying-ground of some noble house, whose name we have forgotten, but which we

found rich in marble monument. Went next to the amphitheater, which is said to be in a better state of preservation than any other extant. This old ruin is really an interesting object, being built entirely of stone, and withal colossal in its proportions. The seats rise one above the other in some forty-four tiers, existing just as they were in the days of the Empire. We made the circuit of the topmost tier, and plucked therefrom a little flower that modestly grew in one of the crevices of the stonework. Next we went to the old Roman Gate, which, it is said, was long standing prior to the birth of Christ. Here our companions, Hart and Fogg, grew weary and returned to the hotel. But discharging the valet we went forth upon a voyage of discovery, rather preferring to sail without the escort of a convoy. We again retraced our steps to the old Amphitheater, crossed over the "Grand Place," and struck into the handsome promenade leading out to the southern gate. An immense concourse of citizens thronged along this thoroughfare, and we were struck with a gentility of dress and manner, which does not usually belong to the cities of Italy. The beauteous women, and total absence of beggars, contrasted agreeably with what we had just left in the squalid alleys of Venice. But one seeks in vain here for the golden locks and softened features of Titian's "Bella Donna." The women are dark, imperious and bewitching, with a dashy style, and a wicked sparkle in their eye. The warm gaze of the Verona girl is passion's essence, and the pages

of romance could scarcely exaggerate the deeds she dare do in her love's madness. But onward we went, passing out of the city, turning to the west, and strolling along the grass-clad moats and lofty walls, while as lovely and as glowing a picture as ever found "a habitation and a home," in the day-dreams of the poet, was flitting before our view. The sun had just gone to rest, and left his purple mantle on the Tyrol Hills. All was so calm, so soft, so dream-like, and so still, that it seemed as though some sweet vision had stolen gently o'er the musing heart, soothing it into an oblivious trance, and transporting the passive spirit to the golden realms of dream-land. We looked upon the sunset scene before us, and within our heart we could have wept over the fallen state of that land of the classic and the cloudless clime. The bright morning breaks as beauteously, and the calm sweet night steals as gently o'er thy blushing bosom as in the days of yore. But alas! how changed thy lot, how wasted is the beauty of thy smile! Like to thy sweet daughter, Beatrice, thine was the gift, the dangerous gift of beauty, and thou art fallen. We turned from the fairy view and from our own meditation, as the shadows of night began to curtain in the city, and re-entering by the southern gate, we mingled again amid the gay and busy crowd, that swarmed along the illumined streets. As we returned hotel-ward we encountered a funeral procession, bearing the body of some departed brother, by the light of the flickering torch, to his

last resting-place. The priest preceded the corpse in his long white robes, and the mourners followed after. A funeral cortege is a solemn sight under the smile of day, but a burial by torchlight haunts the remotest recess of the soul, and stirs from their silent caverns a thousand dismal specters. It puts to flight every thought of human folly, and sweeps with a strong arm every vestige of mirth from out the heart of the spectator.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the morning of the 13th of October, 1851, the Tower of Verona disappeared rapidly from our sight, as we made the run down to Mantua in an hour and a quarter on the cars. Mantua is a singular place, unique in its appearance and position, and conspicuous for the sieges that have been made against its walls in both ancient and modern times. The garrison of soldiery comprises no inconsiderable portion of its population, and is doubtless an eyesore as well as a burden to the laboring classes. We could only feel thankful that no such incubus rested on the progress of our own country, and that freedom might still claim a home so long as the institutions of America found existence; that liberty of speech was not visited with the penalty of the code of Venice, where only a few days before some poor fellow, more rash than wise, for the expression of some republican opinion, was swung from the gallows, and actually suffered to hang by the neck throughout the entire day, a ghastly warning to all others of a similar creed.

Mantua is one of the best fortified cities in the world, both by nature and by art. But the city,

impregnable to the assaults of man, yet finds its conqueror in the monster death, who, owing to the noxious miasma arising from its stagnant marshes, revels in this birthplace of the poet Virgil. Barracks and military hospitals abound, and from the latter we would frequently see file forth a wan and ghastly body of emaciated men, whose woe-begone appearance would have put to blush the corps of Falstaff itself.

We left Mantua in the "Courier"—the regular mail coach—passing through Modena and Bologna, and reached Florence on the following morning about sunrise. In traveling through Italy, the stranger to its arts and customs may as well reconcile himself, from the word 'go,' to a constant succession of impositions. Though he may not for once be decidedly "*taken in*," yet he will encounter at every step a species of swindling, which it is utterly impossible to evade. We could but wonder that such a policy is pursued by the people of Italy, supported and sustained as they are by the immense influx of strangers, who annually leave them a golden harvest. They must feel and know that their country has become, as it were, one vast exhibition; that whatever of wealth and vitality it now possesses may be attributed to the golden shower that is hailed upon them, principally from the pockets of English and American travelers; and yet it would seem that, by their swindling, their impositions, and their knavery, it was the one object to get as much as

possible from the purse of the stranger, and leave only the resolution in his heart never to set foot upon that soil again, if it be his good fortune once more to get out of it. The cities of Italy are perfect catch-traps for the unwary. You bribe in and you bribe out. The keeper of the gate tells you that you must allow your baggage to be looked into and your passport to be seen. But the sight of a handful of silver will allay all the worthy potential's curiosity, and he will pass you in with a 'God speed' on your way, and never feel the first blush for his own corruption. The cities, too, are entered through frowning fortifications, planted with cannon and guarded with soldiery. They are generally surrounded by high walls and deep moats, the latter being crossed by means of the drawbridge.

Bologna we found quite a handsome city, its outward appearance indicating a cleanliness and prosperity that was in marked contrast with the majority of Italian towns. We left Bologna about five o'clock, P. M., and passing many handsome villas, with their stately gateways, hedge-fences, and long avenues, we were soon after ascending the heights of the Apennines, which, throughout the day, we had seen off to the right. We traveled all that night, and with a dull and heavy headache, which utterly incapacitated us for the enjoyment of the fine mountain views by moonlight. Indeed we spent a most wretched night, and morn came like an angel from the East, as it broke lovingly over the fair

landscape, discovering to our eyes the poetic Florence, lying in a rich and smiling valley at our feet, its proud dome lifting its lofty head among the clouds, and the many white-walled villas in its vicinity embowered in their green orchards, and shining brightly in the morning sun. We reached the "Hotel New York," overlooking the turbid Arno, and in due time our physical condition was much improved by cold bath and clean linen. This much accomplished, we started out from our hotel, and soon after dropped in at the "Caffe Americano," to get a cup of coffee. While quietly sipping the refreshing beverage, our sight was suddenly greeted by one of those pictures of Italian life, which from our early boyhood had been associated with our images of beauty and romance, in the person of a genuine flower-girl of Florence, with her broad-brimmed hat and blue ribbon, basket of flowers and tidy dress, a rosy cheek and a smiling face. She must have immediately recognized us as a stranger, for, passing by all the other visitors at the Caffe, she came directly to our table, and made us the object of her special attention. Culling two of her fairest bouquets from her basket of flowers, she presented them with an easy grace, entering at the same time into a series of pretty questions and observations in the courteous and musical language of her country, and finally retiring with the same winning grace that distinguished her "entree." These flower-girls never expect that you should pay for their pretty presents on

receiving them. They will, however, meet you, without fail, each morning with a fair and fresh bouquet, and only anticipate a recompense prior to your departure from their city. If they meet you walking on the street, they will, with an ease and dexterity almost miraculous, fasten a bunch of their flowers in the buttonhole of your coat, and with a smile pass on. This is certainly a species of begging; but with us they were ever welcome, for the poetry of their vocation, for their sweet smiles, their bright eyes, and their blooming cheeks.

CHAPTER XXIX.

On reaching Florence the weather, which up to that time had been bright and cloudless, suddenly grew damp and dreary. The rainy season had set in, and the clouds continually poured forth their floods, rendering the streets slippery and disagreeable, and causing the Arno, fed by mountain tributaries, to surge madly along, a bold and muddy torrent. With nothing more important on hand, we would frequently loiter along the "Vin Maggiv," and stopping on the "Ponte Santa Trinita," watch the crowd that unceasingly poured across. This bridge is a broad and handsome structure, whose four corners are severally ornamented with marble statues, representing the four seasons. But the most interesting spot about Florence is the "Panza Gran Duca," where sculpture of world-wide fame is to be found in rich profusion. In the center of the square stands the bronze equestrian statue of Cosmo First, in all the regal dignity of his character. Fronting the "Palazza Vechia," whose somber walls look as stern and forbidding as the lawless democracy that once ran riot there, is the celebrated David of Michael Angelo. The marble of this statue, however, is defective; but

independent of this we could perceive nothing of that rare merit in the execution of the work that an admiring world accords it. Among the other groups we recollect Hercules destroying Cacus, Perseus cutting off the head of the Medusa, the Rape of the Sabines, and Theseus killing the Centaur. The Fountain of Neptune, on the left of the Palace, is a magnificent work of art. The Duomo of Florence is a huge and costly building, whose dome was the proudest of all the works of the immortal Angelo. Adjoining the Cathedral is the Baptistery, whose doors the artist pronounced worthy to be the gates of Paradise. We thought them most beautifully and elaborately wrought, but could not agree with Angelo in his profane admiration, especially when such representations as Leda and the Swan, and other heathen fables equally objectionable, were engraved in bold relief upon their sides. Most of the churches of Florence have a rough and unfinished appearance, and the palaces wear a gloomy, feudal air, recording with their iron bars and massive doors the violence of the age in which their architect flourished. The popular evening resort is the Cascine, a handsome arrangement of pleasure-grounds, about a mile below the city, on the left bank of the Arno. On one Sunday afternoon, as we were strolling along the smoothly-graveled walks, we encountered the Grand Duke of Tuscany, making an airing in an open carriage. He seemed to us a venerable and benevolent old man, and was graciously doffing his hat to his

loyal and devoted subjects as he passed. On reaching the Cascine we discovered, in one of the numerous carriages that are generally ranged about the band of music, one of the fair acquaintances of our college days, Miss Anna Henning, of New Orleans, with whom we had danced away many a merry hour in our native city. Just for the sake of an experiment, we strolled carelessly up to the carriage, and without making ourself at all known, addressed our fair friend, when to the gratification of a pardonable vanity, we were immediately recognized. Next followed an introduction to a young lady from Russia, and then a stroll over the grounds. While on the promenade, however, a young officer of the Austrian army came up and laid us under many obligations by taking charge of the lady of the snowy clime, and leaving us alone with the pretty Anna. We had a pleasant chat over the olden time, and about our mutual friends in Nashville, and on parting in the evening we received a pressing invitation to call frequently at the "Casa Gratzieni." It was now dusk, and on our return to the city we overtook our traveling companion, Fogg, in company with Messrs. Hart and Galt, two young American sculptors, located in Florence. Hart has won considerable reputation as an artist, and was delegated by the ladies of Richmond, Virginia, to go to Florence for the purpose of executing a statue of Henry Clay. Young Galt is also a sculptor of promise. While we were in Florence he was at work on a piece, which he called the

nymph Psyche, and which was considered a very creditable execution.

On the following day we did nothing but ramble about, alone, over every quarter of the city. When the cravings of appetite admonished us of the hour for dinner, we would step into a restaurat, satisfy its clamorous calls, and resume again our solitary peregrinations, with ears ready to hear and eyes on the look out to see whatever might cross our path. The close of the day found us again at the Cascine, and night had come on ere we commenced our hotel-ward return. Keeping immediately on the bank of the river, we came to the Suspension Bridge, and concluding we would like to explore the region on the other side the Arno, we crossed over, and was just on the point of stepping again on "Terra Firma," when the custode popped his head out from a little cuddy-hole to the left, and demanded the usual toll of three quatrini. Now it so happened that we had not a single quatrine in our purse, and so could not pay the sum required. But we were unwilling to go back—knowing, too, that by so doing we should have twice crossed the bridge without toll—and so taking out our empty porte-monnaie, and clapping our hand upon it that the custode might be witness to the hollow sound, we started off. The merry keeper "let us rip," laboring though, we verily believe, under the impression that we would return again that way, and then pay the double toll. But it was now quite

dark, and as we fumbled along, all alone, through the narrow, obscure streets, among the dark-browed Florentines, we buttoned up our coat, and kept a sharp look out for the stiletto. We were not, however, molested in our course, and a short while after, we had found one of the city gates, through which we were glad to enter, and soon we had reached our room.

One of the most striking features of Florence is the frequent procession of men, which the stranger meets, all dressed in long dominoes, with their forms and features perfectly concealed, and bearing with them some sick and suffering mortal to the charity hospital. We were told that these men were members of a society, composed of the first rank in Florence, with the Grand Duke himself at their head, and whose object was to alleviate the sufferings of humanity—to visit the sick, to provide for the poor, and to bury the penniless dead. This they are required to do under cloak and mask, that their charity be unknown and unvaunted. A beautiful idea we thought it was, and an honorable comment upon the city, that these noble and high-born families should thus perform their deeds of goodness, closely following the admonition of Him, who hath said—"Let not thy right-hand know what thy left-hand doeth."

On the day following we took a run through the Imperial Gallery, famous for its rare sculpture; and whom should we meet in the tribune but our friend

R. W. McGavock, of Nashville, gazing on the Venus di Medici. We were of course delighted to greet again his familiar face, and together we made the tour of the galleries. What treasures of art does that little room contain! whichever way you turn, some immortal creation greets your eye. Every picture is a gem, and every piece of marble famous. The disputed Knife-grinder stoops lifelike by the side of the goddess of Love; the intricate contortion of the Wrestlers contrasts well with the joyful abandonment of the Dancing Fawn, while the god of music closes the circle of exclusives. There is also here a fine copy of the group of Laocoon and his sons. The Priest of Apollo had dared to hurl his iron spear into the side of the wooden horse, and the patriotic father and devoted sons paid the penalty by their death. "*Timeo Danaos etiam dona ferentes.*" Among the more noted paintings are the Virgin of Angelo; Niobe and her children; the Mercury of John of Bologna; the Head of Medusa, by the gloomy pencil of Caravazzio; and the blue-hooded Magdalene, of Sassafarato. The face of the Medusa, with her matted locks of livid, gory reptiles, is "horribly beautiful"—a mutilated fright—that, by the fair countenance of the sainted Madonna, looks like heaven and hell contrasted. Having completed the survey of the galleries, we returned with Mr. McGavock to "Hotel de York," where we found our friends, Mr. Edward H. Ewing, of Nashville; James

Price, of Lebanon; and Johnstone, of South Carolina; not forgetting, either, the Knight of the Razor, Frank Parrish. It was our purpose, on reaching Florence, to rest about a month within the walls; but our newly-found friends proposing that we should accompany them down to the "Eternal City," our stay in the Tuscan capital was cut short.

CHAPTER XXX.

Among the most prominent objects of interest in Florence are the Museum and the Pitti Palace. The former is one of the most extensive and well-arranged establishments of the kind in Europe, containing, among a thousand other attractions, the astronomical apparatus of Galileo. The wax-gallery is gotten up on a most magnificent scale. The plagues of Florence and Milan, especially, attract attention for the truthfulness of their representation. The execution is most excellent, but the horrible scenes presented to the eye, nauseate the very soul with their loathsome sights. The anatomical department is most perfect and complete. The medical student might there learn, in one day, more of the construction of the human frame, than by six months of diligent study in his office. Not a bone, nor a vein, nor a single fiber is there in "this mortal coil" that does not find there its perfect counterpart. But Florence is the Paradise of loafers. The English, especially, make this their refuge in time of pecuniary or political distress; and many of them, bankrupt in purse and reputation, find this an asylum from a home persecution. Living in Florence is proverbially cheap,

and many an English nobleman, of the "shabby-genteel" rank, who, in his own country, could hardly support the semblance of his position, here moves in lordly style. A palace may be rented, and dashing equipages, with liveried servants, be had for what in England would hardly suffice for the necessities of life. Then, as we have observed, Florence is the Paradise for loafers. The routine of daily amusements is more varied, and at the same time less expensive, than at any other place in the world. The toilet having been leisurely accomplished in the morning you may pass over to Doney's, and breakfast upon eggs, coffee, and delicious bread and butter, for which you pay one paul—about ten cents. Then a ramble through the Imperial Gallery will fatigue you just enough to make you relish an ice or a lemonade, which will cost only half a paul. You may then pass over the Arno, and walking unquestioned into the Pitti Palace, sink into a soft, cushioned seat, and gaze upon the Madonna de Seggiola of Raphael, or the Virgin of Murillo. One turn of the head, and the lovely, guileless, glorious Judith of Allori stands before you, with a strange contrast exhibited in the cruel clutch of her fingers in the gory, matted hair of the fallen warrior, and the soft, womanly beauty of her dark eyes and full, warm lips. In the next room you will find the death-scene of Cleopatra, and for the moment you will forgive the infatuation, which lost a world to the victim of Egypt's queen; but turning thence to the "Sister Fates" of Angelo, and the

gloomy, dark-browed "Conspirators" of Salvator Rosa, that fond weakness will give way to a sterner mood, as you gaze upon the inexorable calmness, and the cold inhumanity depicted upon every feature of those withered old women; and upon the unrelenting purpose of the arch conspirator, Cataline. But when your eye grows weary of the canvass, pass through these priceless halls of painting, and view the Venus of Canova. She is a shade larger than the Venus di Medici, and the marble from which she is wrought is slightly defective; but yet she is

> "All that ideal beauty ever blessed
> The mind with."

But, perhaps, you are now content with the sight of gorgeous halls, glowing with sculpture and painting. If so, and you would wish to separate true beauty from the trappings of wealth, then call at the studio of our gifted countryman, Hiram Powers, and see there such genius as will not shrink from comparison with that of the immortal Greek. His productions most properly rank among the choicest pieces of modern sculpture. In the words of another—"without having that classical severity of the ancient ideal, they have all their beauty, and just enough of earth to keep them out of heaven."

But by this it is time for dinner; after which you either have a drive down to the Cascine with the Florentine fashionables, or else enjoy a quiet stroll through the Boboli Gardens. By this time the sun is set, and the theaters open. The hours of poetry begin,

and you sink into sleep that night with the notes of "Il Bravo" or "Torquato Basso" murmuring in your ear. Thus closes a day in Florence.

But, of a truth, Florence is a fair place to dwell in. The galleries and public places are thrown open at all times free of expense, and free of annoyance. The liberty of the press can hardly be called restricted, and an enlightened policy marks the present rule of Tuscany. The soldiers are few and civil; the people loyal and contented; for the Grand Duke is liberal and loves his subjects. There is an absence of exorbitant taxation, and consequently an abundance, a cheapness, an excellence of almost everything. Beside this Florence is now the home of the Fine Arts, where many of our own painters and sculptors resort for the advantages it affords. Then, too, its history has been one, around which the charm of romance and poetry is thrown. In perilous enterprises; in deeds of daring and endurance; in adventures of love and war, Florence stands, almost, without a rival. But now it is a sweet and gentle place; quite different from the turbulent city it once was, when Guelf and Ghibelline warred the one against the other, and dyed the ducal threshold with fraternal blood. In the peaceful loungers along the Cascine you would hardly recognize the descendants of that restless democracy whose law was vengeance, and whose liberty was license; nor in the fair administration of the present government would you dream that the idiotic sway of the bastard Medici was once observed and respected.

But our companions are anxious to resume their travels, and we bid a reluctant adieu to the fair city of Florence. We are consoled only with the reflection that we are journeying toward the "eternal city," and that within a few days more we shall stand upon her "seven hills," and view with our own eyes the scene of former greatness, grandeur, glory, power. Our company consisted of seven persons, and we traveled by "Vetturino." That is, we engaged a private conveyance, and bargained with the driver that, for a certain sum, he should take us, by such a route and in so many days, from Florence to Rome. This is much the most pleasant and cheapest mode of traveling in Italy. The greater portion of the country through which we passed the first day was abundant in beautiful scenery. We went skirting along the base of the lowland Apennines, and reached Arezzo about nightfall, having come a distance of about forty miles. We did not stop to see the frame of the man, inclosed in the brick wall, so minutely and so touchingly described by the American author, Headley. Arezzo is famous as the scene of many eventful struggles of the middle ages. Here were, also, born Mæcenas, Petrarch, and other men of ancient renown. Early on the following morning we were again on our way, wending along the left side of the fertile valley of Chiana. About noon we reached the village of Camuscia. Here we rested a few hours, and while dinner was in course of preparation, we made an excursion afoot, up the side of the mountain,

to the old town of Crotona. Our guide first led us to the reputed grave of Pythagoras; a little green hillock, with a few loose stones, lying without the city walls. We bore away a flower as a memento. Next we entered the old Etruscan city, and proceeded first to the cathedral, where we saw the sarcophagus of the consul Flaminius. We then explored the museum, under the guidance of a long-robed priest, and found nothing worthy of note within it, excepting, perhaps, its famous old bronze lamp, that was dug up by somebody somewhere, some long time ago. From Cortona we had a delightful view of lake Thrasimene and its battle-field, of the valley of Chiana, and several spurs of the blue and misty Apennines. As we came out of the gates of the city we caught a glimpse of a beautiful girl, looking out from her window. She had espied our party of Americans, and being conscious of the beauty of her fair face, she graciously smiled upon us as we passed. Dinner over we again resumed our route, now bordering along the left shore of the poetic lake, Thrasimene, whose sheeted waters were sleeping calmly in the golden sunshine of autumnal beauty. We passed immediately over the battle-ground, where Flaminius and his Roman cohorts went down under the charging squadrons of the victorious Hannibal.

> "I roam by Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles
> Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home;
> For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles
> Come back before me, as his skill beguiles

The host between the mountain and the shore,
Where courage falls in her despairing files,
And torrents, swollen to rivers with their gore,
Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scattered o'er."

Reached Passignano and rested for the night. While at Camuscia, our merry friend P——, having been challenged by the wager of his expenses down to Rome, by the patriarch of our party, to kiss the barmaid before leaving the hotel, accepted the challenge, and vowed that we should see him win the wager before leaving the dining-hall. The unsuspecting Susannah soon came in, and was busily engaged in removing dishes, plates, etc., when friend P——, with a merry twinkle in his eye, and his jovial face beaming with a dare-devil humor, suddenly slipped up behind this nymph of the kitchen, and throwing both arms around her neck, imprinted a kiss upon her rosy cheek, that sounded like the echo of a sixty-four pounder. A would-be indignation followed this explosive expression of his admiration, which, however, soon yielded to the burst of merriment that rose from our party, on witnessing the successful achievement. Did you ever tell your young wife, P——, of that adventure?

CHAPTER XXXI.

On leaving Passignano, we soon after passed through the curious old city of Perugia. The next object of interest on our route was the "Grotto di Volunni," called the largest and most beautiful in Etruria. These grottoes, it will be remembered, are the depositories of the ashes of the old Romans, and to the antiquary are exceedingly interesting. They are generally excavated out of the earth, and you descend into them by a flight of stone steps. The Volunni Grotto we found composed of many dark and vaulted chambers, replete with cinerary urns, Gorgon heads, iron serpents, and Etruscan inscriptions. We had now reached the valley of the "Yellow Tiber," and erelong passed over the famous river by means of a handsome stone bridge. Separate from its historic and poetic associations, we thought the Tiber a very insignificant and ugly stream, not so large nor by any means so beautiful as the Cumberland. We next passed by the picturesque city of Assissi, pitched upon the mountain side to our left, and reached Foligno that evening about dusk. Here we were delighted to find a clean and comfortable hotel.

On the following morning we entered upon the

"Via Flaminia," and followed its course throughout the day. We passed through the classic valley of Clitumnus, of which Virgil had thus discoursed to us in our school-boy days—

> "Hinc albi, Clitumne, greges, et maxima taurus
> Victima, sæpe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
> Romanos ad templa deum duxere triumphos."

Next we saw the fair town of Trevi, seated on the mountain side, its white-walled houses glittering under the rays of the rising sun. Then came the pretty little temple, dedicated to the river-god of Clitumnus, whose clear and crystal waters rise from the green meadows about this building. This temple, some say, was the Trebia of Pliny, and is thus described by Byron in his Childe Harold—

> "But thou, Clitumne, in thy sweetest wave
> Of the most living crystal that was e'er
> The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
> Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
> Thy grassy banks, whereon the milk-white steer
> Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
> And most serene of aspect and most clear;
> Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters —
> A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters.
> And on thy happy shore a temple still,
> Of small and delicate proportions, keeps,
> Upon a mild declivity of hill,
> Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
> Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
> The finny darter, with the glittering scales,
> Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps;
> While chance some scatter'd water-lily sails
> Down where the shallower wave, still tells its bubbling tales."

Having left our names inscribed upon this object of Byron's especial admiration, we left the fair little temple; and erelong reached the town of Spoleto, somewhat famous for its woolen manufactures. We stopped for a few hours at the "Hotel La Posta," and climbed up the steep hill opposite to the citadel, which commands one of the most extensive views in Italy, embracing in its compass the valley Clitumnus, the Apennines, and the cities of Perugia, Foligno and Assissi. Across the very narrow and very deep ravine is thrown the Aqueduct—a stupendous work, which serves the double purpose of water conductor and bridge. It is built upon ten arches of brick, its height is 243 feet, and its length 615 feet. We observed that the windows of the citadel were filled with prisoners, some for moral and some for political offenses.

Bills all settled we were again *en route*, winding over the steep ascent of Monte Sommia, whose summit is 3738 feet above the level of the sea. Along the road-side grew in great profusion the wild ilex, which was in many places planted and trimmed into beautiful hedges. Our descent presented some magnificent views, as we wound along down the mountain road, with the lofty hills on either hand, and before us a soft, dim, and blue-tinted vista, with a valley as fair as the one inhabited by the discontented Rasselas. That night we reached Terni, and on the morning following we were up bright and early, and off to see the famous "Falls of Terni," having for our guide

Michæl Angelo, as celebrated among travelers in Italy as the renowned Stephen among the visitors to the Mammoth Cave. We passed along a romantic pathway, shaded on each side by groves of ilex, and bordering on the rapids below. In our course we passed the Villa Graziani, the residence of Queen Caroline, when Princess of Wales. The scenery all along this wild valley is exceedingly beautiful, and to one, who is fond of the sketch-book, affords a fine field for the exercise of his pencil. About five miles from the village we came upon the Falls. We first climbed the tortuous pathway on the left of the Velino, and from the little arbor on the mountain side had the best view of the falling water. It must have been here that Byron stood, when he felt the inspiration of his glorious description. We thought the falls exquisitely beautiful, and only wished as we paused to read from Childe Harold the following lines, that he, who could pen such glowing thoughts, might have seen and described the might and majesty of Niagara—

"The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice,
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss;
And boil in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet,
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set,
And mounts in spray the skies, and thence again
Returns in an unceasing shower, which round,

With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,
Is an eternal April to the ground,
Making it all one emerald :—how profound
The gulf! and how the giant element
From rock to rock leaps with delirious bound,
Crushing the cliffs, which downward worn and rent
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms a fearful vent
To the broad column which rolls on, and shows
More like the fountain of an infant sea,
Torn from the womb of mountains by the throes
Of a new world, than only thus to be
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,
With many windings, through the vale—look back!
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,
As if to sweep all things in its track,
Charming the eye with dread, the matchless cataract,
Horribly beautiful! But on the verge,
From side to side, beneath the glittering morn,
An Iris sits amidst the infernal surge,
Like hope upon a death-bed, and unworn
Its steady dyes, while all around is torn
By the distracted waters, bears serene
Its brilliant hues with all their beams unshorn ;—
Resembling mid the torture of the scene,
Love watching Madness with unalterable mien."

Having satisfied ourselves with the falls we now returned to the village. Terni we found to be a thriving little place, where they manufacture principally silken and woolen goods, and contains a population of some 9,000 souls. It boasts itself the birthplace of Tacitus the historian, Tacitus the emperor, and Florian the emperor. Many travelers make it a point to tarry awhile at Terni, and thence make excursions about in its neighborhood. As a curious

instance we remembered that our friend Johnstone, on looking over the register of the Hotel, found there the names of his father, his mother and himself, dated in the year 1837. He was at that time a mere child and in company with his parents was making the tour of Europe. He purchased the leaf of the book for a paul, and took it as a memento of Terni. About one o'clock we were again on our way, and a ride of some two hours brought us to Narni, which is most beautifully situated. From the village we went into the valley to have a look at the "Bridge of Augustus," which we found to be a magnificent old ruin. One of its massive and well built arches was still standing entire, a grim old monument to its ancient architect. This vast work of marble masonry was built by Augustus to allow the Flaminian way a passage over the river Nar, whose narrow valley it here spanned at an immense height over the rushing waters below. McG——, here had in tow a good-natured Italian youth as a guide, and took great delight in making him dance and turn somersets — for which the promise of a few coppers was ample inducement.

One of the first things which strikes the American traveler in Italy is the bleak and desolate appearance of its villages. They look the very picture of a man-abandoned, God-forsaken wreck, and the few miserable wretches who crawl through their cold and gloomy streets, seem the last lingering remnant of wasting humanity.

CHAPTER XXXII.

From the village of Narni we proceeded along a beautiful road, passing through the town of Otricoli, and again crossing the Tiber by a bridge, built in the time of Augustus. Immediately after we entered the village of Borghetto, with its moldering old fortress, while on our left lay the level plain on which the gallant McDonald so completely routed the Neapolitan army, under Mack the Incapable, whose force thrice numbered that of the French Marshal. Monte Soracte now began to form a very prominent object of interest along the wayside, its craggy sides towering abruptly up from out the plain on our left. This mountain has a name upon the pages of both ancient and modern poetry.

> "Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
> Soracte."—Horace.

Also—

> "The lone Soracte's heights displayed,
> Not now in snow, which asks the lyric Roman's aid
> For our remembrance, and from out the plain
> Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
> And on the curl hangs pausing."—Childe Harold.

Next we came to Civita Castellana, crossing over a bridge one hundred and twenty feet above the bottom

of the ravine. This town contains a population of some two thousand eight hundred inhabitants, a fine fortress, and some interesting remains of the old Etruscan architecture. It was fired by the French, in 1799, and nearly reduced to ruins. Then came the hotel of "Le Sette Vene," where we rested for the night, and within twenty-two miles of Rome. Left on the following morning, about sunrise, all impatient for the first glimpse of the Eternal City. Between Baccano and La Storta, from an elevated point, we caught sight of the dome of St. Peter's———

"Oh! Rome! my country! city of the soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control
In their shut breasts their petty misery.
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples! Ye
Whose agonies are evils of a day,
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.
The Niobe of nations! There she stands
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago."

Again crossing the Tiber, by the "Ponte Molle," built upon the foundation of the ancient "Pons Milvius," we proceeded onward, and soon reached the "Porta del Popolo." Here our passports were surrendered into the hands of the villainous officials; but a bribe of ten pauls freed us from an examination of baggage at the Dogana. We had entered the city

walls, and were in Rome, that city whereon time has showered down its ages, but which yet stands, though only a shattered shell, a wasted wreck riven from the glories of the past. Up to this time we had enjoyed the balmy air, the blue skies, and blushing fields of Italy. But now a change had come over the face of nature, and nothing but cloud and rain, filthy streets, and dingy buildings greeted our advent to the Seven-hilled City. We first procured rooms at the "Hotel d'Europe," but on the next day moved our quarters to "Hotel d'Angleterre."

Our first adventure in Rome was of rather an amusing character, in fact not at all suited to the dignity nor to the poetry of this Queen of the Past. But to the adventure. On Saturday morning, November 1st, we went to the Sistine Chapel, to see the Pope celebrate Mass. We soon reached the Vatican, and mounting the long flight of gradually-ascending steps, we stood with a considerable crowd, in the anteroom, awaiting the opening of the doors of the chapel. Now we had heard it said, that without a dress-coat, no one would be permitted to enter the chapel on this occasion. But our wardrobe at the time did not boast a dress-coat, and it was with some misgivings that we looked upon the many swallow-tails that surrounded our unassuming frock. Instead, too, of imitating the device of some others, whom we saw, of pinning up the corners of the frock into the cut of the dress-coat, we very honestly hung out our true colors, determined to effect an entrance, if the expression of an outward

assurance would accomplish it. At length the Swiss Body-Guard, rigged out like a company of harlequins in their colors and stripes, and armed with swords and long pikes, marched in and took their respective stations, as sentinels, assigned them by the officer in command. The doors were now thrown open, and the crowd began to push in. We would not, however, seem very solicitous, and so quietly followed on behind, with the utmost nonchalance that we could assume. But, alas! as we put our foot upon the threshold of the door, our course was suddenly arrested, and our gravity totally upset, by one of the sturdy sentinels opposing our further progress, and accounting for the rudeness of his conduct by the simple repetion of—"Habito! habito!" pointing at the same time to our unfortunate frock. Now friend Price was also along, and in the same predicament with ourself; but by tucking his coat-tail, and keeping in the center of the crowd, he had managed very adroitly to smuggle himself in, under cover of the rush, while we, for our independence, were turned back. Nothing daunted, however, we went below; borrowed a pin from one of the guard, who chuckled at the idea of the cheat, and even assisted us in making the metamorphose, and returned with our counterfeit coat-tail to make a second trial. But we did not now have the advantage of the crowd, and beside, our perseverance at the first had attracted the guard's attention to our person, and so our disguise was forthwith detected, and the wretch obstinately

persisted in refusing us entrance thus sailing under false colors. We now began to think our chances for seeing the Pope that day rather meager; but were still determined to go in, if artifice could do what honesty had failed in. Just at this time a stranger came along with a dress-coat, but having a walking-cane in his hand. This latter was also a contraband article, and the guard rushed after its possessor with the purpose of turning him back. Now, thought we, is the time for a bold move; and immediately acting upon the suggestion, we glided softly in behind the sentinel, in pursuit of the man with the cane. But the fates seemed against us; we were again foiled, and both the stranger and ourself were brought back to the door by the impervious sentinel, who would not be moved either by love or money, and who was now waxing wroth at our obstinate encroachments. We had now almost despaired; both fair means and foul had been tried without avail; nothing but the swallow-tail would do, and that we did not have. But just at this crisis of affairs, a kind-hearted priest who was standing by, and who had been witness to our several shifts, stepped in and spoke to the Captain of the Guard. This was all-sufficient. The courteous soldier immediately came out, and taking us under his wing, the frock-tail passed triumphantly through. A blessing, say we, on the head of that kind priest, and worthy captain.

Being now fairly entered, we took our seat, and awaited with some impatience the entrance of Pius

IX. One by one the gray-headed and decrepid cardinals came dropping in, with their red silk caps upon their white locks, and followed by two or three train-bearers to hold up their long and flowing red robes. Finally about twenty of these goodly veterans had assembled, as also a number of English and American spectators, a few ladies, several foreign ambassadors with their attaches, and a small sprinkling of the French soldiery.

The Sistine Chapel is not at all striking in its appearance, being quite small, and by no means so rich in its internal ornaments as we had been led to suppose. After patiently waiting for about one hour, the choir suddenly struck up, and the Pope, entering by a side-door to the right, marched slowly out before the altar, and meekly bowing as he passed, kept on his way, and took his seat under a silken canopy on the left. Here he received the cardinals, who one by one approaching, had the honor of kissing—not his toe—but his covered hand. The choir still continued its chanting; and occasionally the peculiar voice of the eunuch might be distinguished, rising in clear mellow tones above the swell of the deep-toned organ. At times one of the priests would respond, while now and then the Pope himself would rise from his seat—when a couple of cardinals would elevate the pontifical bonnet—and muttering a few words in Latin sit down again. Meanwhile the incense was being burned until the whole room was filled with its fragrance. During the celebration a young man,

dressed somewhat differently from the rest, and who, we were told, was a Roman noble, arose from his seat and made an address to his Holiness, standing with his cap on. We could not comprehend what was said; but the gesture of the young orator was very good, and his delivery firm and graceful. But at last the ceremony was concluded, and we were glad to escape, making our way from the Sistine Chapel into the Church of St. Peter.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

On the morning of the second day of November, 1851, we started out from our hotel, and made our way along the Corso up to the Coliseum. We were, indeed, in Rome—that one thought was ever crowding on our mind, and with the poet we were wont to say:

> And I am there!
> Oh! little thought I, when in school I sat,
> A school-boy on his bench, at early dawn,
> Glowing with Roman story, I should live
> To tread the Appian, once an avenue,
> Of monuments most glorious, palaces,
> Their doors sealed up and silent as the night—
> The dwellings of the illustrious dead.

The Corso, so called from the races that are run upon it, is the principal street in Rome, running directly through the city, leading from the Capitoline Hill or thereabouts, down to the Piazza del Popolo. During the carnival a company of horses, unbridled and unbacked, are started from the Capitoline, and made to run to the Piazza, amid the clattering of tin pans and infernal yells, going at break-neck speed through the entire length of the city. Proceeding up

this street, we came first to the "Basilica of Constantine," with its heavy, towering arches of brick; the old ruin now converted into a hay-market. A shower of rain coming up we sought shelter under the walls of the old Roman Amphitheater. Yes! we stood within that arena, on which have been enacted scenes of horror and immortal courage. We have stood there under the broad blaze of the noon-day sun, and in the calm hour of the silent night. The moon shone down on the mighty ruin, as we strolled under the far-reaching shadows, pouring a flood of silver light through the craggy windows, and silence sat like a mantle on the scene, broken only by the challenge of the soldier on guard, or by the hooting of the owl upon the Palatine. Yes! night and solitude are the fit trappings of decaying splendor. At such a time the Coliseum encircles you like some vast, unearthly thing, one sees in dreams. Up, up to the very heavens, rise the dark remnants of its Titanic form. The black depths of its arches; the shadowy outline of its lofty walls; the solitude of its myriad seats; the sight of the cold stars above; the huge ruin around—all conspire to impress the mind that

> While stands the Coliseum Rome shall stand!
> When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall!
> And when Rome falls—the world!

But what a tumult of thoughts come rushing on the mind as one stands upon the sandy arena of the Coliseum; where the godlike martyr hath died,

because he would not deny his faith; where woman, frail and fickle woman, hath unflinchingly met the fagot and the wild beast, rather than surrender her hope of heaven; where the daring gladiator hath drooped his dying head; his immortal spirit sent a victim to the cruel pleasures of a barbarous age, and where the wild denizen of the forest, foaming with rage and famished with hunger, hath plunged to meet the keen steel of his brave and active combatant, weltering the ground with his gore.

How mournful, yet how beautiful, does the spirit of Byron haunt, with its imperishable verse, this city of the soul. There is scarcely a ruin, tomb or temple to which his genius has not given a deeper charm. The voice of Manfred speaks in the sepulchral moonlight of the Coliseum, and the wandering Harold muses over the melancholy destiny of earthly glory in the Palace of the Cæsars; here, in this solemn scene of a whole country's desolation, his own passion and his faults are dumb, and in all the beauty of a holy calling he lays the offering of his inspiration and his sorrow on a nation's urn. If the errors of a wayward disposition, and the abuse of high talents may be atoned for, this might, alone, obtain it. So we thought, at least, as we stood, by night, and looking on the Coliseum, thought on these lines:

> I do remember me, that in my youth,
> When I was wandering—upon such a night,
> I stood within the Coliseum's walls,

Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;
The trees, which grew along the broken arches,
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber, and
More near, from out the Cæsar's Palace came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels the fitful song
Began and died upon the distant wind.

According to the data of history, the amphitheater was founded by Vespasian, A. D. 72, and completed by Titus, A. D. 80. At its dedication five thousand wild beasts were slain in the arena. In its perfect state it was capable of seating eighty-seven thousand spectators. From the Coliseum we next went to the old Roman Forum :

The forum, where the immortal accents glow—
And still the eloquent air breathes, burns with Cicero.

Excavations were, at the time, being made upon the old site of the Forum, and many objects of interest had been revealed within the past few years. Triumphal arches and scattered groups of marble pillars stood now about us ; memorials, sad and silent, of the days that have passed. Next we visited the Chapel, built upon the site of the prison, where, according to the tradition, St. Peter and St. Paul were confined. While in this consecrated building Col. Kimmel, of Baltimore — the Pickwick of our party — had his pocket picked of his handkerchief, and the humorous laments he made on losing such an article in such a place, caused us to laugh until our sides ached.

Ascending to the summit of the Capitoline we saw the "Senator of Rome" as he came out of his Palace to get into his carriage. His coach, like those of the Cardinals and other high officers in Rome, was exceedingly gaudy, with fancifully-dressed driver and footman. Two other carriages containing his attaches, generally follow the coach of his excellency.

On the following day we set out on a systematic survey of what is yet left of the once glorious inheritance of Rome. First we saw the Church of Santa Maria del Popolo, where is the tomb of the Princess Odescalchi. A well-executed marble lion is represented as looking up at an eagle perched up in a bronze tree above his head, while a long mantle of porphyry sweeps in heavy folds down to its base. There is, also, here a horrible image of death.

Standing in front of the obelisk, in the center of the "Piazza del Popolo," and looking up toward the city, you face the Corso, which is flanked on the right by the Ripetta, and on the left by the Babuino—three of the principal streets in Rome, all of which terminate, as the radii of a circle, in the Piazza del Popolo. On the left rises the Pincian Hill, the favorite drive and promenade of the modern Romans.

Went now to the studio of Canova, then occupied by one of his pupils. Saw here some beautiful sculptures; especially an Eve, standing in an attitude of sorrow and remorse, while the bitten apple lies at her feet, and the conquering serpent is coiled around a

tree at her side. Also, a very pretty little group, called, Time Lost. It represents a little boy, of white marble, busily and wonderingly engaged in the endeavor to wash away the sooty color of a young African's face. Went into the Church of "San Lorenzo, in Lucina," to see the celebrated Crucifixion by Guido Reni. As we entered the Priest was performing service, and the painting was vailed; yet a few coppers from our "valet de place" sufficed to remove the curtain, and we had a fair view of the famous picture. We could not discover any extraordinary beauty in the work, and would not ape an admiration that we could not feel, simply because the painting was a celebrated one. Went next to Monte Citerio—a fine Piazza. Saw there the solar obelisk, erected at Helipolis by Psammeticus the first, king of Egypt, and brought to Rome and placed in the Campus Martius, by Augustus. Saw the old temple of Antoninus, with its eleven Corinthian columns, serving as a front to the present custom-house. Went into several other churches; among them "Santa Maria in Via Lata," supposed to be built on the spot once occupied by the house in which St. Paul lived; also, the Church of St. Mark, where the body of the Evangelist is deposited; also, the Pantheon — "Pride of Rome" — built by Marcus Agrippa, A. D. 26. This famous building has passed from the Pagan to the Christian worship, and stands one of the most wonderful monuments of antiquity. Its vast dome is its chief attraction. Next we

ascended the Capitoline Hill. The Piazza is ornamented with a fine fountain, with colossal statues, in a recumbent position on either hand, allegorical representations of the Nile and the Tiber. In the center is the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, acknowledged to be the best piece of bronze workmanship in the world. On the balustrade, at the top of the steps leading to the Piazza, are colossal statues of Castor and Pollux, very old and somewhat shattered. On the right-hand you have the Senatorial Palace, in front the Tower, and on the left the Museum. In the Palace we saw the bronze wolf, suckling Romulus and Remus, alluded to by Byron in Childe Harold. The Palace contains, also, many fine frescoes, representing eventful eras in the history of the Empire. Also, went over to the Museum. In the court-yard, beside a little fountain, reclines the somber statue of old Ocean. At the foot of the stairs is the statue of Mars, colossal and striking in its proportions, and rich in its elaborately-carved accouterments. Among myriad other interesting objects that the Museum contains, we may mention the Capitoline Venus, Pliny's Doves, Læda and the Swan, Cupid and Psyche, antique Sarcophagi, Antinous, busts and vases innumerable, and, finally, the statue of the Dying Gladiator. Of all the sculpture we have ever seen we give the palm to this immortal piece. Byron has again, over this statue, shed the light of his genius:

I see before me the gladiator lie ;
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops—ebbing slow
From the red gash—fall heavy one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout, which hail'd the wretch who won.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Tarpeian Rock we found situated in the rear of a small garden on the Capitoline Hill. Its height is by no means so great, as the dreamer in classic shades would probably imagine. Sam Patch would laugh at such a leap. But there is pointed out the famous spot—

> The steep Tarpeian, fittest goal of Treason's race,
> The Promontory whence the Traitor's leap, cured all ambition.

Next we ascended the Tower of the Capitol, and had an excellent view of both ancient and modern Rome. We had the seven hills here pointed out to us by name; they are not easily distinguished: *our* "Capitoline" surpasses them all in point of size and beauty. We visited next the Protomotheca, a suite of rooms, containing a great many busts, all of them either by the hand of Canova or of some one of his pupils. Thence we proceeded to the Mamertine Prison, and descended into the dark dungeon, where, according to the Roman Catholic story, both St. Paul and St. Peter were confined. We drank from out the spring of water, that rises up from 'the floor of the bottom-most cell, and which tradition tells miraculously sprung up that St. Paul might baptize his converts to the Christian

religion in its holy waters. Our guide presuming, perhaps, upon our ignorance of Scriptural History, or perhaps himself deceived, went so far as to point out the very door, by which the angel conducted St. Peter from Prison. But in this dark vault there is a representation in bas-relief on brass, showing St. Peter and St. Paul, both in chains, baptising the converted prisoners. St. Paul is pouring the water, *from his cap*, upon the heads of his repentant brethren. In this dungeon it is stated and believed that Jugurtha was starved to death.

On the following morning we started off for the church of San Carlo to witness the celebration of some festival, in which the Pope himself was to officiate. On each side of the Corso we found a long line of soldiers drawn up, while from out the windows above floated white and red banners. One by one the gaudy equipages of the Cardinals rolled up, and erelong the Pope himself came, riding in his richly-gilded coach, drawn by six black horses, in fancy trappings, and followed by a troop of dragoons. As the Pope passed between the lines, in his carriage, the soldiery went down on their knees before him, as did also the motley crowd of spectators. On reaching the church his Holiness descended from his coach, and under a close escort, entered into a private apartment of the building. All now entered the church, and soon after the Pope appeared, entering by a side door, and sitting on a throne, that was borne on the shoulders of his attendants, all dressed in long

red robes. On each side of him was carried a broad bunch of the feathers of the peacock. He waved his hand over the assembly as he passed, muttering meanwhile his blessing and his prayers. Again the crowd bent their knees before him; but as it did not appear that it was required of the Protestant stranger to make this lowly salutation we stood upon our feet, though his Holiness passed within a few feet of our position. We this time had a fair view of his countenance. He seemed to us a man of some sixty years, and has regular and rather handsome features, though around the corners of his mouth there seemed to lurk an easy, self-complacent expression. On reaching the altar the attendants carefully deposited their precious burden, and the service began. It was much the same as that which we had witnessed at the Sistine chapel, and consequently we were well willing to depart on its conclusion.

The streets of Rome we found horribly filthy. So far as we came in contact with the better class of her citizens, we thought them courteous, civil, and intelligent. But beggars are abundant, and a great majority of the populace look ragged and dirty. In Rome, as elsewhere in Italy, you are liable to be cheated if you are not ever watchful—robbed if you are negligent, and assassinated if you recklessly expose yourself. Of the ladies of Rome we saw several very beautiful. But as a general thing there is a grossness about them by no means agreeable to a fastidious taste. Beside the blue eyes of America, the dark-eyed seno-

ritas of Italy would seem positively ugly. Indeed in no land, which our foot hath trod, did we find that degree of general beauty and intelligence that grace "this home of the heart — the land of the West." But under the combined influence of despotism and ignorance—under the galling chains of a political slavery and a religious thraldom—the Roman citizen has not even the shadow of his former glory. The poor, abject creature that now creeps along her streets would hardly recognize his own ancestry in that day, when the triumphal procession was seen wending its rich and glittering length along the Via Sacra to the Capitol, bending under the weight of golden spoils, and graced by captive kings and princes—humbled at the chariot-wheel of the Roman conqueror.

On Wednesday, November 5th, we made a thorough exploration of St. Peter's. This building is computed to be 613 feet in length, 434 in total height, covers 240,000 square feet, and its erection cost 50,000,000 dollars. We first ascended to the roof, by a winding staircase, up which a lady may ride on horseback. The roof of St. Peter's affords a fine view of Rome. We then mounted to the first gallery of the dome, which for the purpose of a "whispering gallery" is much better than St. Paul's at London. Again we ascended and reached the second gallery. As one looks down from this lofty balcony upon the interior of the church, objects grow indistinct, and men seem like pigmies moving over the tasselated floor below. The whole of this most wonderful dome is covered

with mosaic work of the finest order. But again we mount upward, and here is the outside balcony, encircling the cap of the dome, whence we had a glorious view of the panorama about us. "Excelsior" is still the word, and we clamber up into the very ball, that from below looks like an apple, stuck on the end of a rod. Friend P——and ourself were the first to squeeze in, while several other members of the party followed after. We had a merry time of it, by closing up with our caps and handkerchiefs the small apertures in the ball, through which the light was admitted, and thereby causing darkness, confusion and dismay to the party then ascending. But in the midst of our laughing, rather a solemn feeling would come over us; as we reflected for a moment what a ridiculous figure we would cut, if our iron cage, perched some 425 feet above the earth, should suddenly take it into its head to topple from its precarious position, and bounding over all opposing obstacles come clattering to the ground. But we were destined to the performance of no such "ground and lofty tumbling." We came safely down, and felt a spirit of thankfulness in our heart, when our foot pressed again the "terra firma." But we feel utterly inadequate to any description of the beauty, the splendor, the wonder of St. Peter's. It is a glorious structure—a proud and lasting monument to the genius of man. Its rich and powerful and colossal statuary, its sarcophagi and its altars, its paintings and its gilded dome,

its columns and its mosaics, its tasselated floor and its glowing high-altar, all combined to form one of the most gorgeous and imposing sights that earth can boast. We can only say with Byron, that—

> "Majesty,
> Power, glory, strength and beauty, all are aisled
> In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

On the next day we again went forth upon a sight-seeing excursion. First we visited Cæsar's Palace—now nothing more than a mass of moldering brick arches, with its grounds laid out in cabbage beds. Next to the Campanile Tower, and descended into the Vivarium — a series of long and arched vaults, dark as Erebus and abounding in pools of water. It is said that here were confined the wild beasts, destined for exhibition at the Coliseum. Thence to the Church of "San Stephano Rotondo," passing on our way under the arch of Dolabella, which, by the by, is a great humbug. The interior of San Stephano is lined with barbarous paintings in fresco, representing scenes of martyrdom in the time of the early Christians. Thence to the Lateran Piazza, with its Egyptian obelisk, the largest in Rome, and corresponding with the one in the Piazza del Popolo. Went over the "Museum Gregorianum," with its colossal statue of Antinous; the sarcophagus of Bacchus; the mosaic of our Saviour with St. Peter and St. Paul; the two ancient pillars found in the bed of the Tiber; the black marble stag; and the fine statue of Sophocles,

recently discovered and considered the gem of the collection. Went into the Lateran Palace, and saw there a copy of the "Flagellation of St. Gregory" —an elegant and speaking painting. In another chamber are two fine copies of the Assumption and Annunciation as also a dashing, full-length portrait of George IV, of England. Saw the Saloon of the Gladiators, its floor being entirely covered with fine antique mosaic, found in the Baths of Caracalla, and representing, in sixty-three separate plates, the various actors, in different scenes, on the arena of the Coliseum — the gladiator, the boxer, the racer, the wrestler and the conqueror. Next we went to the church of St. John Lateran, in whose center is erected a beautiful Gothic Tabernacle, and there, among many other sacred relics, *repose*, *as you are told*, the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul. In this church we were shown (believe it who will) the identical table on which our Saviour celebrated the last supper; and in the cloister of Constantine, the marble curbing, that once stood over the well of Samaria; the porphyry slab, on which the soldiers played for the garments of our Saviour; a pillar that was rent in twain at his death; and many other such curious relics, equally interesting and authentic. Such fabulous inventions, sanctioned by Holy Church and propagated by her ministers, are ample proof of the ignorance and superstition of the masses in Rome, as well as the deceptions practiced by her Priesthood. The poor

peasant and the pauper implicitly believe the stories thus trumped up, and as the long-robed priest, (who must be paid for his information,) leads the intelligent traveler among these holy relics, with an assurance that is absolutely farcical, he will put off the same preposterous stories on him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

On the outskirts of Rome there is a little church, called the Chapel of St. Salvadore. The marble steps that lead up into the building are said to be the same by which our Saviour descended from the presence of Pontius Pilate, when condemned to death by that prelate. They were taken, it is supposed, from the Tribunal of Justice at Jerusalem, and brought over to Rome. Now in such veneration are these steps held, that they are never ascended save on the knees. They are, moreover, covered with plank, which is worn smooth by the constant friction. Several coatings of plank, we were told, had been worn out, and replaced by a new covering. On several of the steps there are holes through which the marble is visible, and where the penitent children of Holy Church pause and devoutly kiss the cold rock. Now we had no such superstitious reverence for these stairs as the many Romans about us—in fact we did not at all credit the story of their having been trod by the foot of our Saviour—but yet, for the mere mention of the thing, we concluded that we, too, would make the ascent on our knees. Price, who was ever ready for something novel in its way, agreed to join

us. The rest of the company declined, excepting our knight of the razor, who followed most devoutly behind. There were a good many pilgrims on the "Santa Scala," when we started, the majority in advance, mounting slowly up and muttering their prayers as they ascended. The enterprise proceeded very well with us at first, until we began to feel our knees grow sore from pressing against the hard plank, and we almost repented of our undertaking. But go back on our knees we could not, and to place a foot upon the steps would be to outrage the public opinion of all Rome. We therefore, with most irreverent haste, pressed on, scrambling past several devout old ladies, who looked with astonishment upon our sacrilegious speed, and probably offered a prayer that we might escape the clutches of Satan for our rash temerity. We had so far, however, preserved a grave face, until, looking back, we observed the burly form of Frank Parrish, his hands meekly folded on his breast, slowly ascending the stairs. On reaching one of the holes, he too, with all the gravity of a firm believer, bent his lips to the rock. This was too great a provocation to our risible organs, and scuffling up as soon as possible to the top to hide our ill-timed merriment, we mentally vowed we would never again undertake the ascent of the "Santa Scala." We were amused at the astonishment expressed by our worthy guide, as he told us that we would certainly be visited that night by some demon of dreams, as a punishment for our profanation. But the demon

did not come. Near the chapel of St. Salvadore is the shrine at which Pope Benedict XIV, received Charlemagne, on his entrance into Rome.

Thence we went to the church of "Santa Croce in Gerusalemme," founded by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. It is one of the seven Basilicas of Rome, and contains an especial piece of the true cross. Next we went to the Porta Maggiore, and looked at the old Roman Aqueduct, by means of which Rome is at this day supplied with water, brought from the neighboring mountains, at a distance of twenty-four miles. Next we saw the Trophy of Marius, nothing more now than a huge pile of brick and rubbish. Then came to the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore, on the Esqueline Hill, containing the chapel of the Borghese Family, and two rows of Ionic columns, thirty-six in number, and supposed to have belonged to the Temple of Juno.

Descending the Esqueline, we ascended the Quirinal Hill, which is also called Monte Cavallo, from a fine fountain on its summit, decorated with groups of men taming wild horses. One group is the work of Phidias, and the other of Praxiteles—both considered masterpieces of Grecian sculpture.

Descending again into the city, we passed by the Fontana di Trevi, the handsomest fountain in Rome. The chariot and colossal statue of Neptune, drawn by sea-horses and guided by Tritons, are seated on a mass of numerous rocks, over which the water is pouring in every direction. In the lateral niches are

the statues of Salubrity and Plenty, with bas-reliefs above, representing the interview between Agrippa and the Virgin who discovered the fountain. The Colonna Gardens next claimed our attention, where we saw some few fragments of the frieze of the Temple of the Sun, and the decayed old trunk of a tree, said to have been planted by Rienzi, the last of the Roman Tribunes. Then the Baths of Constantine, and the Baths of Diocletian. Then the Church of Santa Maria Angeli, built on the plan of the Greek Cross, and said to occupy the site of the grand hall of the Baths of Diocletian. The roof is supported by eight antique granite columns, each a single block, and standing just as they stood in the Baths. They are each fifteen feet in circumference, and forty-five feet in height. Went then into an adjoining chapel, where we were shown the bones of many martyrs; thence to the cloister of Diocletian, in which now grow the orange, the cypress, the cedar and the cabbage. The building is occupied as a barrack for the French soldiery. Next we visited the studio of Mr. Crawford, an American artist, who has been employed by the State of Virginia to make several colossal statues of her principal heroes. We saw the model of a fine statue of Patrick Henry, with a cloak thrown over his left shoulder, and holding a sword in his right-hand. His arms are stretched forth in the attitude of oratory, and the memorable words—"Give me liberty or give me death"—seem trembling on his lips. These statues are first to be modeled in Rome,

and then taken to Munich and cast in the famous Bronze Foundry of that city. Next we saw the Porta Salaria, where occurred the rape of the Sabines. Looked over into the Gardens of Sallust, and thence to the Villa Albani, one of the most celebrated in Rome, and abounding in busts, bas-reliefs, bronzes, box-hedges, flower-gardens, and water-fountains. The view of the Alban hills, with their snow-clad tops, is very fine from this villa. Among the antique busts to be found here, we recollect those of Agrippa, Brutus, Scipio, Titus, and Themistocles. We made the tour of the building, beginning with the oval chamber, with its fawns and marble vase; the cabinet of Mosaic, with the bronze statue of Apollo, described by Pliny; a bust of the hump-backed Æsop, and a statuette of the Farnese Hercules; the saloon, a beautiful marble hall, with statues of Jove and Pallas, and a bas-relief, representing the taming of Bucephalus by Alexander; the cabinet of bas-reliefs, the best of which is the one representing the interview between Diogenes and Alexander. The cynic philosopher is sitting in his tub, and motions to the conqueror of the world to move out of his sunshine; cabinet of the Vase, so called from the magnificent white marble vase, situated in the center of the apartment; the vase is twenty-two feet in circumference, and bears on its outward rim, in bas-relief, the labors of Hercules. With the Billiard-room and Coffee-house we finished up the villa, and returned to our hotel.

While in Rome we generally occupied the entire day, from an early breakfast to dinner hour, at six o'clock, P. M., in sight-seeing. Dinner generally occupied an hour or two, strict attention being given to the numerous courses, *ab ovo usque malum.* During the intervals the eyes of our party were generally directed either to the Russian bride, the Scotch girls, or the ladies from France. The bride from the snowy clime, however, bore away the palm. Such a complexion, and such teeth! and then so young, and such a husband! It was beauty and the beast. But dinner over, we would repair to our private parlor—provided we were confined within doors by the rain—when the romp would invariably ensue. K—— was our Pickwick, and E—— our orator. The latter, feeling again the spirit of earlier days, would make the center-table his rostrum, and under the local influence of the Roman Forum, give us a touch of Ciceronian oratory. We recollect the subject of one address—Light; in the which our patriarch did discourse most learnedly of the difference between a *wax* and a *tallow* candle. His arguments were unanswerable, being enforced by the most touching appeals to our past experience in our travel through Italy. At the close of the exciting peroration, the enthusiastic orator would spring from the table, and throwing himself into a tragic attitude, challenge the whole squad of us to combat. The glove was immediately taken up, and a promiscuous battle-royal would ensue. Lights were blown out, heavy pillows

wielded by lusty hands flashed in the air, tables were upturned, chairs smashed, and more than one sofa rendered *hors du combat* from the loss of a leg. P—— and J—— rolled over and over in close embrace, E—— and F—— tugged away at each other in one corner, while McG—— and ourself indulged in *cart and tierce* exercise with a couple of formidable bolsters. The prude Englishman and the sprucy son of Gaul heard with holy horror the tumult in the Yankee quarter; while the eyes of the elegant waiter grew to the size of saucers, as he opened the door and looked in on the chaos of objects, animate and inanimate. But still "the combat deepens"—the work goes bravely on—until at last weak from our rapid exercise and exhausted with laughter, we threw ourself upon the bed, and suffered our victorious opponent to beat away at his pleasure. And well did he improve upon his advantage, for with "neither strength in our arm nor mercy in our woe," he pounded away, until our aching sides suggested the necessity for a retreat. It was our only remedy—the 'dernier ressort'—and so jumping up, we ingloriously fled, but with the tireless McG—— in hot pursuit, down the long passage toward the stairway, his flaming locks flying in the wind, and the infernal bolster still dangling on his arm. On our way we encountered a lady returning to her room, but who on seeing the fierce charge of the fiery "Tennesseean," also turned about and fled. But on we rushed, close upon her

heels, and reaching the head of the staircase glided down with marvelous rapidity; not so fast, however, that we did not hear the quick whiz of that same old bolster, as it came flashing by our head, hurled from the hand of the doughty knight above, but who being *slightly* "*en dishabille*," did not dare venture any farther.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

On the morning of the 10th of November the heavy clouds, which had so long hung the heavens in mourning, were brushed away, and we beheld old Rome basking in the light of a clear and cloudless sky. The yellow Tiber was up and booming, and the descendants of the ancient Romans stood upon its banks to look in wonder and admiration on the rushing waters. But we had been upon the broad bosom of the mighty Mississippi, so that the Tiber, in all the majesty of its flooded banks, seemed but a muddy rivulet in comparison.

That morning we entered the Vatican in the wake of a beautiful English woman. She threw the fine arts into the shade, and it was some time before we could descend to the worship of Raphael. We began first with the Library, but not having a permit from the Pope, we were refused a sight of the books and manuscripts, all of which are shut up in countless drawers. The great hall of the Library is a magnificent room. The entire floor is laid with beautifully polished marble, and both the walls and the ceilings are covered with paintings in fresco. But looking at these frescoed ceilings is enough to break

the neck of a Hercules. It is worse than star-gazing. How they were ever painted so well we cannot conceive. Our artistic enthusiasm would soon evaporate, if compelled to lie on our back and paint upward. But we had begun to doubt our own taste in regard to painting; it did not coincide with the established despotism. We had been barbarian enough to admire pictures of little reputation, and to see but little beauty in some of the masterpieces of the world. However, it may be a blessing not to be a connoisseur; one can admire without being condemned, and condemn without being regarded. In the long gallery we saw an exquisitely sweet face of the young Augustus, in Parian marble. This gallery is called the Corridor of Inscriptions, on account of the walls being literally lined with antique inscriptions found among the ruins of ancient Rome. In the square vestibule is the Belvidere Torso; a fragment of Hercules in repose, and greatly admired by Michael Angelo. Here, also, is the sarcophagus of Scipio. From the Round Vestibule we passed into the Portico, which is graced by some of the most noted sculpture in the world. In the first cabinet on the right we found the Boxers, and also Perseus with the head of the Medusa—all by the hand of Canova. In the second cabinet is the Belvidere Mercury. Next comes the original group of Laocoon and his two sons. It is said, by Pliny, that this celebrated piece of sculpture formerly occupied a place in the Palace of Titus, and that it was executed conjointly by three Rhodian sculptors—

Agesander, Polidorus and Athenodorus. The following lines, from the pen of Byron, lend additional interest to this group, while they illustrate the Trojan story:

Or turning to the Vatican, to see
Laocoon's dignifying pain,
A father's love and mortal's agony,
With an immortal's patience blending; vain
The struggle; vain against the coiling strain,
And gripe, and deep'ning of the dragon's grasp,
The old man's clench; the long envenom'd chain
Rivets the living links; the enormous asp
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp.

The last cabinet of the Portico contains the Belvidere Apollo, considered one of the finest statues of antiquity. Immediately following the above verse, from Childe Harold, will be found this description of it:

Or view the lord of the unerring bow,
The god of life, and poesy, and light—
The sun in human limbs array'd and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might,
And majesty flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the deity.
But in his delicate form—a dream of love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And madden'd in that vision—are expressed
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind with, in its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike around, until they gathered to a god.

We next, successively, went through the Hall of Animals; the Gallery of Statues; the Hall of Busts; the Cabinet of Masks; the Hall of the Muses; the Sala Rotunda, and the Hall of the Greek Cross; all abounding in antique statuary. We now ascended the beautiful staircase of Carrara marble, and entered the Hall of the Biga; so called from a beautiful chariot, drawn by two horses, which occupies its center, and all of pure white marble. Then came another gallery, replete with vases, cups, bas-reliefs, busts and candelabra. Following this corridor to its end we next entered the long Tapestry Gallery; so called from immense pictures of tapestry which occupy its walls, and principally subjects taken from Biblical History. From this we were led into the Geographical Gallery, down which P—— and ourself took a foot-race, much to the ire of our worthy patriarch, who thought such conduct, in the Palace of the Pope, utterly disgraceful. Next we saw the Vatican Tapestries, executed on the cartoons of Raphael, and afterward entered the Picture Gallery. Here is the Transfiguration, the Madonna di Foligno, and a host of frescoes, in what are called the Loggia of Raphael. With this we finished up the Vatican; a few statistical facts of whose history may not be uninteresting. It is built upon one of the seven hills of Rome, and covers a space of twelve hundred feet in length and one thousand in breadth. It occupies the site of the gardens of Nero, but owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixteenth century,

erected there a humble residence. About the year 1150 Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a grand scale. Innocent the 2d, a few years afterward, gave it up as a lodging to Peter the 2d, King of Arragon. In 1305 Clement the 5th, at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See of Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than seventy years. But soon after the return of the pontifical court to Rome in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, and was thenceforward considered the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after another, added new buildings to it, and gradually enriched it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it has become the richest depository in the world. The Library was commenced fourteen hundred years ago, and contains four hundred thousand manuscripts, among which are some by Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Borromeo, and many Hebrew, Syriac, Arabian and Armenian Bibles. And then when it is known that there have been exhumed more than seventy thousand statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome—the best of which have been deposited in the Vatican—the reader can form some idea of the extent and riches of this building. So much then for our visit to the Vatican.

As it is impossible to do justice to the many objects of interest to be seen in Rome, we will just mention the most prominent that came within the scope of our researches. The list for the 11th of November ran as

follows: Theater of Marcellus; Portico of Octavia; the Fabrician Bridge; the Tiberian Island; the *Romanum Populum trans Tiberum*, and the Porta Ripa Grande, where we found some little shipping, an immense custom-house, and a great abundance of codfish, all the way from America. Saw the ruins of the house of Rienzi, where Pilate is said to have resided during his sojourn in Rome. Saw the church of St. Nicholas, built on the site of the prison, where the father of the Roman daughter was confined, and his life sustained by nourishment from his child's breast. This beautiful incident has not escaped the muse of Byron, who thus speaks of the Roman story:

> The starry fable of the milky way
> Has not thy story's purity; it is
> A constellation of a sweeter ray,
> And sacred nature triumphs more in this,
> Reverse of her decree, than in the abyss
> Where sparkle distant worlds; oh! holiest nurse!
> No drop of that pure stream shall miss its way,
> To thy sire's heart, replenishing its source
> With life, as our freed souls rejoin the Universe.

Saw the remains of the Palatine Bridge, the Temple of Fortuna Virilis; of Vesta, and of Janus. Went to the entrance of Cloaca Maxima; the immense sewer constructed for the purpose of draining Rome. Saw the Bocca della Verita—one of the mouths of an ancient oracle—in the church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. Visited the Pyramid of Caius Cestius out by the Ostia Gate. Crossed over the rising of the Tiber, on the Via Ostia, by means of a mule cart, and went to

see the Basilica of St. Paul. When completed this church will prove a most magnificent affair. Its nave is supported by eighty huge granite columns of the finest polish. On our return, along by the banks of the Tiber, we stopped at the foot of the Aventine hill to look at a team of European buffaloes, attached to a cart as we do our oxen. Thence we went to the Barbarini Palace, which possesses one of the most interesting pictures in Rome—the head of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido. The face is one of the most beautiful in the world—just the one to go mad about. It is an astonishing performance which defies reproduction; an off-hand dash of inspiration which the artist, himself, could not have repeated. There is no limb visible—nothing but a draped face. Shelley has given a truthful analysis of its expression. Tradition would have us believe that this portrait was taken the evening before her execution; but it needs no such artificial aid to rivet one's attention. There is that indefinable something in the face which sets one a dreaming. It breathes the language of thoughtful, unmerited suffering; it is a countenance that comes long after, at your bidding, from the depths of memory, and almost persuades you it was once your friend. We have met one face that was something like it; 'twas not in the clime of the Roman daughter, but on the soil of far-western shores. The voice of the mountain stream did murmur, from out its mossy bed, a sullen song; the flashing cascade, unspanned by the attendant Iris, dashed angrily down

the wave-worn cliff; the storm-king, like some Titanic monster, rode his heavy steed far down the dark pavillion; the hoarse wind surged madly through the forest, until its proudest monarchs bowed their heads; the thunder echoed among the mountain-peaks, and the forked lightning flashed along the solemn sky. But there was a fountain of sunlight in fondest eyes, and lo! 'mid the fury of the storm, and through the craggy clouds above, burst down one golden gleam to mingle with that spirit-light. The fire from Heaven glowed upon a holy altar, and the two young hearts that worshiped there, did know their vows accepted. Though from the Earth it die darkling out, yet, as from the great Source and through the dense panoply of gloom it came, so shall it backward stream, even through the shadows of death, and lend sweet luster to the light of the Spirit-land.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

While in Rome we saw the Prince Barbarini and the Prince Borghese. The latter was riding leisurely through the streets on horseback, in the midst of a hard rain. Rachel, the tragic actress of Paris, was also in the Eternal City on a visit, whom we had the pleasure of seeing at the Theater. We thought there was a good deal of character in her acting, but rather too much of the tigress. She resembles very much, in personal appearance, Mrs. H——, of Nashville.

In the Protestant burial-ground, near the Porta St. Paulo, are the graves of Shelley and of Keats. Above the grave of Shelley the roses were in bloom, and by his side reposed the ashes of his countryman. The hand of affection was visible in the fresh sod, the flowers, and the smooth cleanliness of the lettered marble; but over poor Keats the rank grass lay matted and half-decayed; the broken lyre upon his little slab was almost obliterated, and the dark cypress around only mocked the unsympathizing solitude. In death as in life he seemed an object of neglect. He the most sorrowful-fated—even among the poets—the spirit whose diviner moments gushed forth in song—over whose young years already the wing of

death sat brooding, and to whom a "thing of beauty was a joy forever;" this being, whose stinted existence was but a record of good deeds, sleeps worse than the common herd of mortals.

On the morning of the 13th of November we went out riding on the Appian Way. We stopped first at the Columbaria, the burial-vaults of the bones and ashes of the slaves of the noble families of ancient Rome, and so called because their internal arrangement much resembles a dove-cot or pigeon-house. They consist simply of a square apartment, built under-ground, and ranged round, tier above tier are the niches for the ashes of the dead. These niches are earthen jars, covered with a top. Several of these tops were removed by our companions, and their hands went dabbing down among the ashes and the bones of the warlike Roman, without ever saying—"By your leave, sir!" We had a custode in our company here, who demanded on our parting a most exorbitant fee for his trouble in showing us around. This we decided not to pay; but gave him, as we drove off, what we deemed a sufficient bonus for his services. With all the energy of Italian gesticulation, he insisted on a greater remuneration, and fretted himself into a towering rage, which was increased to fever heat by McG——'s performing that expressive gyration of the thumb from the tip of the nose at the scamp, as our carriage rattled away. This was more than Roman patience could endure, and so grabbing up a few rocks that lay loosely about, he offered to

stone the carriage. Seeing this, our driver was immediately ordered to hold up; but on preparing to get out the valorous custode forthwith disappeared within the gate.

We next descended into the Tombs of the Scipios, guarded by a tall and solitary cypress. Thence we went out by the Porta Appia, and stopped at the Basilica of St. Sebastian, where we saw a beautiful marble statue of the patriot saint, represented in a recumbent position, and pierced with four arrows. Here we descended into the great Catacombs at Rome, an immense labyrinth of subterranean caverns, where it is said fourteen of the early Popes and one hundred and seventy thousand Christians were buried. Next we visited the Circus of Romulus. Passed by the huge ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, and visited the Tomb of Secilia Metella, the finest and best preserved monument on the Appian. Saw the Temple of Bacchus, and stood at the Fountain of Egeria, where Numa Pompilius, the second of the seven Roman Kings, was wont to meet the beauteous nymph, and receive from her instruction how he might best govern Rome. But it requires more credulity than we possess to believe this grotto to have been the haunt of any nymph. We do not envy Numa the interview, if it took place there. It looks very like a quiz; even the valet looked doubtful, and when the valet doubts the Devil would not believe. On our return to the city we stopped to have a close inspection of the old Roman Aqueduct. It is constructed by means

of a series of arches, and is built of a species of soft stone called Pepperino. Its appearance is exactly that of pepper, and hence we suppose its name. Entered the city by the Porta San Giovanni, and reached our hotel by way of the Coliseum. We then went to the Mausoleum of Augustus, and found it fitted up for, and occupied by, a circus company. What a commentary on life. The buffoon and clown mock and jest over an emperor's tomb. In the afternoon, while coming down the Corso, we encountered the carriage of the Pope. He was followed by a second carriage, and behind that a troop of dragoons. Preceding him rode three horsemen, the one after the other, whose duty it was to clear the way for the carriage of his Holiness. The populace, as usual, bent the knee before him, with head uncovered, as he passed.

On the next day we went out with J—— in search of some paintings. What we principally sought was a copy of Beatrice Cenci, and of Hope — both by Guido. In the studio of one artist, we were shown the paintings by his pretty wife, who spoke a little English.

"And is this the only copy of Hope you have, Madam?" we inquired.

"Yes, Sir, the only one," replied the lady.

"Then it would be hard to deprive you of *your only Hope*, Madam," returned our friend from the Santee. And so we left without making the purchase.

But we had now been in Rome for nearly three

weeks, and many of our party were anxious to move on southward. And finally it was agreed by all to go. But first our passports must be put *en regle* for our departure, and this the American traveler in Italy will find to be no inconsiderable tax. As an item or two in illustration, we had to pay, in order to get out from Rome, about four dollars, and out from Naples about seven. But we were in no disposition to grumble. Our visit to the Seven hills had been most satisfactory, and we left knowing that we had seen all that was most worthy of note within their compass. We had wandered about here so much that we knew nearly every nook of the Eternal City, from the Coliseum down to the Porta del Popolo. We have stood upon her Seven hills, and from the solitary summit of Testatio have passed in review her glories from the step of Remus to the leap of the Bourbon. We have walked again and again about her walls, and paused daily beneath her monuments to realize the fact that we were in Rome. Like her early youth, she is still a dream; and often as one roams carelessly through her streets, the sound of "Roma" falls upon the ear with a startling cadence, as if the certainty of her presence was made manifest for the first time to one's bewildered senses. It is not the first glance of Rome, as her towers rise above the plain, that awakens the schoolboy feeling of awe within you, but after you have dwelt amid her desolation, and familiarized yourself with her woe, you feel how truly melancholy has been her fate. She has quaffed deeply of the cup

of conquest, and played the spoiler till the very earth grew weary of her ponderous weight, and now her possessions have been partitioned out like stray old trinkets among the vandal dynasties that she did quicken into life. Verily, she is the "Niobe of Nations," and her "dower is present woe."

On the morning of the 18th of November we set out from Rome, southward bound, for the city of Naples. We traveled again by Vetturino, and this time our party filled two carriages. In one were Mr. Thurston and his two sisters, Colonel Kimmel, and friend Johnstone; in the other Messrs. Ewing, McGavock, Price, Fogg, and ourself, and Frank Parrish. Including the two drivers, we formed a respectable party of thirteen persons, and so had but little apprehension of the banditti, who were reported to infest the route between Rome and Naples. At Albano we had breakfast. Our hotel, called the "Royal," was formerly a very handsome palace. The view, from its balcony over the Marshes to the Mediterranean, was superb. Our ensuing route was along a wild and picturesque road, leading through Velletri and several other villages, and bringing us about dusk to Cisterna, where we rested for the night.

On the following morning we were off at an early hour, and soon entered on the famous Pontine Marshes, over whose unbroken level we traveled for about 20 miles, and through an interminable avenue of elms that stood on either side of the road. These Marshes consist of a vast body of low, level grounds, over

which roam and feed large herds of cattle. We reached Terracina about one o'clock, and took dinner at a very comfortable hotel, situated immediately on the shore of the hoarse old Mediterranean. As we sat at the window, watching the waves that came chasing each other to the shore, their long white curls breaking with a dull and heavy sound upon the beach, a host of beggar boys and girls came up and gathered in a crowd below, calling on us for a few baiocchi. On tossing them a copper they would pile themselves up in one promiscuous bundle where the coin fell, frequently losing the coveted prize in the sand, and yet keenly enjoying the rough-and-tumble scuffle. Terracina is built upon the mountain side, its white-walled houses rising, terrace above terrace, for some distance up; hence we suppose its name. Leaving Terracina the road winds for several miles along the shore of the Mediterranean, and then turning into the interior enters the Neapolitan territory. Here on the border line we were about to have much vexation and delay with the examination of passports and baggage, until the oiling of a few pauls caused papers and luggage to glide with marvelous ease through the hands of these official functionaries. Entered Fondi about dusk, encountering a horde of ferocious, banditti-looking lazzaroni, clad in their long brown cloaks, and scowling from out the heavy caps that dangled over their dark brows. But our company was too numerous to be trifled with, and so we passed on without interruption.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

On leaving Fondi we journeyed on till we reached the village called Mola, where we rested for the night. On the day following we passed through the towns of Santa Agata and Casano, arriving at Capua about dark. Here we found every nook and corner in the hotels filled with the military, who, passing through the village, had been mercilessly quartered, without leave or license, in the public houses. Part of our company, in one carriage with the ladies, resolved to go on to Naples, but we, in the other, concluded, in preference to proceeding any farther in the dark and rain, to take whatever accommodations one small room could afford for the comfort of five persons. So we kindled a little fire in a brazier, and as we hovered around its scanty warmth, in the cold and dismal room, with the true philosophy of travel, we made merry over our misfortunes. The next morning we rose, in good humor, even with adverse fortune, and though the rain came down in torrents, at nine o'clock, A. M., we were on the rail and rushing on toward Naples. We reached the city in the midst of a perfect deluge, and as soon as we could get through the custom-house, we all took cabs and started for the

Hotel des Etrangers. As we rattled along the well-paved streets, the rain and the hail came dashing in our faces with such a drenching force as almost to suffocate us. But still we pushed on by the shore of the bay, where the long-swept waves raged and dashed upon the stone piers, causing the heavy spray to fly high above their summits. To add to the gloom of the scene the wreck of a small schooner lay along the shore, around which, in despite of the fierce breakers, gathered a greedy crowd of lazzaroni. Our first view of Naples and its famous bay was, indeed, enough to make us exclaim, "See Naples and *die*."

But on the following day the whole aspect of nature was changed. Our hotel we found beautifully located; lying immediately on the margin of the bay. On rising in the morning we unclosed our window and looked out upon the scene before us. The surface of the bay was still agitated, and we listened with a well-pleased ear to the sullen roar of the rushing waves, as one by one they dashed their snow-white burdens on the beach, and retired again as if to gather a new supply. Like sportive school-boys they seemed to chase each other to the shore, their crested caps curling in very joy. Over their raging tops danced the white sea-gull, like a warrior's plume above his battered helmet. On looking over the bay the eye caught sight of old Vesuvius, looming up on the opposite shore, with a thin cloud of white smoke curling lazily from the crater. Little sign of anger was visible about the old fellow's brow. He seemed to be

dreaming away, harmless in his quiet slumber, and as if little addicted to those furious spasms that history accords him. Farther off to the right lay the islands of Ischia and Capri, basking in the sweet, bright beams of the morning sun. Our second view of Naples and its famous bay was enough to make us exclaim: "See Naples and *live*."

Rome has about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, while Naples contains a population of four hundred and fifty thousand. In the latter city there are three hundred churches and thirty-seven asylums. With such charitable provision it is a question for the statesman and the moralist to determine why wretchedness and rags should so abound in her streets. The city is twelve miles in circumference, and is defended by three prominent forts—Castel St. Elmo, Castel Nuova, and Castel dell Uovo. The houses are high, with flat roofs; the streets well paved with lava, brought from Vesuvius; and the water abundant and good. The water is furnished through under-ground aqueducts, and by means of which, it is said, the city has been twice captured by her enemies. The cabs are a miserable set of rattle-traps, and their drivers the most importunate and impudent of rascals. The beautiful bay is terminated on either side by a jutting cape—that of Misenum on the right, and that of Minerva on the left. Just beyond the latter lies the long and picturesque island of Capri, rising abruptly like a camel's back, out of the bay, and serving as a breakwater to the harbor.

The theater of San Carlo, hard by the Royal Palace, is reputed the largest in the world. Vis-a-vis to the Palace is the church of St. Francis de Paola, with long colonnades extending on the right-hand and the left, forming a semicircle in front much after the manner of St. Peter's, at Rome. Toward the western end of the city lie the public gardens, called the Villa Reale, and filled with fountains, flowers, and finely-finished statuary.

It would seem that in the very atmosphere of Naples there is something that makes life one lasting smile. The wearisome ennui of idleness is forgotten, and without being in love you become a constant dreamer. Existence is, in itself, a happiness, and this it is, that causes the face of the penniless lazzaroni to wear as bright a smile as that of the favored son of fortune. We have seen these cast-off wretches, without a copper in their pocket, or a meal in perspective, as merry as the jocund lark. But the lazzaroni of Naples is a physical phenomenon. They beg, but beg with such a saucy, insolent air, that you hardly know whether they are asking charity or claiming a right. And yet they will study when to take you in your kindest mood, and in walking the street a good-humored expression of countenance is almost sure to be the precursor of an appeal to your benevolence. If the petition be disregarded, it is more than probable the applicant will laugh in your face, and move mockingly away.

At the foot of the Villa Reale, on the shore of the bay, are ever congregated the boats and nets of the fishermen; and here is the chief rendezvous of the lazzaroni, where they gather in knots, jabbering, gesticulating, and capering like so many monkies. On strolling by we stopped to look in one of the fish-baskets, which had just been replenished from the net. On observing this the veteran owner of the fish approached where we were standing, and with a waggish humor in his eye, he took his empty pipe from his mouth, and lovingly tapping the solacer of his sorrows with his fore-finger intimated, by the most expressive pantomine, that he would like for us to fill it up again.

"But, my friend, I don't use the weed," said we; whereupon he stared as if shocked at our uncultivated taste in using such slang phrase. We left him wondering, perhaps, at the bad manners of Americans.

But the lazzaroni is a fit subject for the study of the philosophic mind. He is the child of nobody; he does nothing; he lives on nothing. He is the poorest of the poor, yet the happiest of the happy. The very air seems to be his parent and his support. He lodges in a fish-basket in the summer, and disappears like the swallow at the approach of winter. His mode of life has not a few advantages; family cares, family loves, and family quarrels are alike unknown to him; and when you see the little lazzaroni crawling about, like a mud turtle on a log, you take it for granted he is a spontaneous growth, not to be recognized by

the census. He costs the government nothing, and his parental claims are more visionary than the profits of the South Sea Company. It would be a positive vulgarity for the lazzaroni to recognize his offspring. He gives the brat an existence, and casts him into the market place, as though he were hurling a planet into its orbit. Instinct and climate do the rest. The infant lazzaroni expands into a red cap and a piece of blanket; he then makes his entree into society, and becomes a frequenter of the Mole. When the lazzaroni wears out—for he never dies—they drop him into the Campo Santo, wardrobe and all, without the formality of a funeral service, the sound of a dirge, or the discord of a will. His wordly goods and chattels are hardly sufficient to induce the squabbling of greedy heirs. Thus lives and thus departs the lazzaroni. But Diogenes, in faith, was a fool to those fellows. He was one of your ancient lazzaroni, who lived in indolence and dirt, and yet the world dubbeth him Philosopher par excellence; while a thousand of his confreres doze unnoticed along yon sunny market-place. The one lived in a tub, the other dwells in a basket. But the one is called a noble stoic, the other a shameless vagrant. The police don't allow men to live in tubs now-a-days. It would seem like evading the house-tax. And if any eccentric character, in imitation of the Grecian philosopher, should be caught running about in the day-time with a lantern in his hand, he would, possibly, be indicted for a burglarious intent to commit arson. The oddities of ancient

philosophy would hardly be tolerated at the present day, though any one might have the same inclination and equal reason. The fellow with the lantern, instead of finding the object sought, would most likely be introduced to the janitor of a Lunatic Asylum—*Sic tempora mutant, et mores.*

While in Naples we went to see the tomb of Virgil, and found the resting-place ascribed to the old Latin poet, situated in a wild, romantic spot, just above the mouth of the Grotto Posilipo. The tomb is now nothing more than an old stone apartment, about six feet square, cold and bare, containing only a white marble slab, apparently of recent manufacture, but bearing this inscription:

> Mantua me genuit, Calabres rapuere,
> Tenet nunc Parthenope, cecini pascua, rura duces.

The roof of the tomb is overgrown with matted grass, and weeds tangled with rose-bushes. In memory of the old author, the friend and companion of our school-boy days, we gathered a leaf from off the sod, that grew lonely and neglected above his head.

We also made the tour of the Museum, where we saw the Farnese Hercules and the Farnese Bull; two of the most celebrated specimens of ancient sculpture. Hercules is leaning, in an attitude of repose, against a stone, over which is thrown the hide of the Nemean lion, while the club of the hero is resting at his side. The left-hand he holds behind him, which contains the three golden apples, stolen from the gardens of the

Hesperides. On the base of the statue we found, in Greek letters, the inscription: (*Glukon Athanaios Eporei.*) The Farnese Bull is a beautiful group in marble, said to have been sculptured from a single block. It is a very complicated piece of workmanship; representing two men binding Dirce to the horns of an infuriated bull, while a dog stands by, barking up into the face of the captive animal. This group is the reputed work of the two Grecian brothers—Apollonius and Theoriscus. While in this hall we fell in love with the statue of a water girl; a creature of the most exquisite form and face. She is just stepping into the edge of the water, and seems smiling at the reflection of her own beauty in the crystal wave.

Among other objects of interest in the Museum we saw several antique frescoes, found in the excavation of Pompeii, and the glassware used by its inhabitants; a cameo, said to be the finest in the world, and found in the tomb of the Emperor Hadrian; it is supposed to have been used by him as a drinking cup; a petrified loaf of bread, with the name of the baker stamped thereon, said to have been taken from the shop of a bread-vender in Pompeii; a complete assortment of medical and dental instruments; the various articles of a lady's toilet—rouge not excepted; lamps, bathing-tubs, drinking cups, inkstands, cooking-stoves, stocks for criminals, vases, locks, keys, scales, weights, stamps, and Greek and Roman armor, all dug up from the ruins of "the city of the

dead." We even saw the skull of the Roman sentinel, encased in his helmet, who stood and perished at his post, at the gate of the city, when Pompeii was overwhelmed; a striking instance of the extent to which discipline in the Roman soldier was carried. We saw, too, the fierce dog in mosaic, with the inscription at his feet, "Cave Canem," that covered the floor of the *Vestibulum*, in the House of Glaucus, as described by Bulwer in his "Last Days of Pompeii." Also, the splendid mosaic, representing the battle between Darius and Alexander, taken from the House of Diomede.

Along the Strada Toledo—the Broadway of Naples—the stranger finds much to amuse, but more to annoy him. Among some of the "tableaux vivants" he will see many old men and women, sitting behind their stalls, with piles of copper coin upon their counters. These are the "Cambia Monete," or money changers for the rabble route. The profits of this brokerage must be most beggarly, and yet there they sit with all the dignity and importance of a Wall street merchant. We wonder if they are quoted on change! Then there are the cabmen — a different class of men—who hiss and crack their whips, and cry "Signor" at you as you pass; and if you will not deign them a notice they will sometimes drive their shabby vehicles along by your side, keeping pace with you for some hundred yards, and not unfrequently check their cabs directly across your path, to

impede your progress, and, if possible, to compel you to get in and ride; for which kindness you feel a strong inclination to knock the rascals from their boxes, from which, however, you are deterred by the reflection that you are thereby waging war with nothing to gain and all to lose.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

On the evening of the 26th of November we made an early rise, and finding the heavens free of clouds we prepared to visit the ruins of Pompeii. We had a rank republican for our guide, who informed us that the king spent the greater part of his time at his palace in the country, and seldom came to Naples for fear of being assassinated. Indeed wherever and whenever in Italy we were enabled to converse with the populace, we found a republican, or at least a revolutionary spirit running riot through their thoughts. But at nine o'clock, A. M., we were on the move from the railway station, and winding along the shore of the bay, now looking out upon its joyous waters, and now darting through immense quarries of lava, we passed by Portici, Resini, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunciata, and moving partly around the base of Vesuvius we were deposited at the Pompeii station. Along the route we observed cotton growing, but the stalks were small, the bolls dirty and undeveloped, and the quality of the cotton, of course, indifferent. At Hotel Diomede one of the guides, in government uniform, took us in charge, and ascending a slight rise of ground we stood amid the ruins of Pompeii.

You do not *descend* into the ground, as we had been led to suppose, to enter this fated city; the entire superstratum of lava, ashes and soil, has all been removed, and the naked walls of the city lie before you, but robbed of their chief beauty and valuables. We entered "the city of the dead" on part of the old Appian Way, in whose stone pavements you may still trace the mark of wheels. The streets of Pompeii are very narrow, the houses very small and generally of one story only—but were most elegantly and luxuriously furnished. They are not so high nor spacious as the buildings of modern times. Their construction was curious, but most convenient. You enter by the *vestibulum* into the *atrium*, round which are ranged the *cubicula*. In the center of the *atrium* is the *impluvium*, a receptacle for the water in time of rain, as the atrium is unprotected by any roof. In the rear of the *atrium* is the *peristylum*. All of these apartments are on a small scale, and to judge from the size of their dining-rooms one would conclude that the citizens of Pompeii esteemed it eminently ungenteel to give large entertainments.

The work of excavation is still going on at Pompeii. According to the map, much of the city still remains under-ground, though it is probable the best portion has been disentombed. Mosaics, frescoes, sculptures — all that bespeaks the perfection of art and civilization may here be found, and forming an overwhelming evidence of the luxury, genius and refinement of these people. Not only this, but such proof

of their abandoned and licentious morals, such confirmation of a lascivious and wanton brutality, that one cannot wonder that the judgments of Heaven should have fallen upon their heads, even to their utter extinction as a city. It is both melancholy and humiliating to wander through the empty rooms, stripped of their ornaments, save here and there some fragments of mosaic or some half-obliterated fresco — and to think that all our efforts are bounded by a bourne long since reached in these unburied walls, and that our boasted march of intellect has had a parallel in the calendar of time. The seal of two thousand years has been removed, and we discover the corpse of a mere provincial town of the Roman Empire, arrayed in more than the laborious splendor of our most exalted capitals. In such a place the ghostly phantoms of by-gone grandeur rear their sable images before the explorer of the past, and with an unearthly greatness haunt the soul. We feel that we are, at least, but imitators, and if all the inventions of past days could be rent from the dark cloud in which they are shrouded, we might blush for the boyishness of our pride. We shall not be surprised if they should one of these days find a telegraph office, or a steam engine with an improvement on the caloric principle, in one of the Roman Villas. A few of the singular features of Pompeii are the tombs, situated immediately on the public street; also an assignation house immediately opposite the Temple of the Vestal Virgins.

But for a brief outline of our explorations. We

went first to the House of Diomede, and descended into the wine cellars of the wealthy *roue*. These vaults consist of a long under-ground hall, running along the outer foundations of the building, forming three sides of a parallelogram. We saw there many of the old wine-jars, their contents, singular to relate, having been displaced and supplanted by the penetrating ashes. The floors of this house were laid with mosaic. After exploring the dining-room, the fish-pond, and the wine-cooler, we proceeded up the Rue des Tombeaux — so called from the tombs and monuments erected on either side — and entered the city proper. Attached to one of these tombs, we saw the furnace used for burning the bodies of the dead. On the right-hand, as you enter the city, not far from the gate, there are circular seats of marble, where the priests were wont to sit and converse on an afternoon. Around this circle we observed the following inscription:

Maximæ, P. F. Sacerdoti Publicæ Locus. Sepultur Datus Decurionum Decreto.

We entered the city by the *Porte d' Herculanum*, and saw the spot, where the faithful Roman soldier stood, and perished at his post. His skull, skeleton and helmet were found, and placed in the Museum. A good portion of the ancient walls of Pompeii still exist. We saw in one dilapidated house, the family altar, where the household made their private sacrifice. On each of its four sides were appropriate frescoes. In the court-yards we found fountains,

beautifully decorated with shells and mosaic. On the floor of the *vestibulum* you may still trace the word—*Salve*—a beautiful custom, we thought, and indicative of the hospitable disposition of the Pompeian people. We saw restaurants, and baker-shops, with stoves for baking the bread and stones for grinding the grain, not very dissimilar from those of the present day. We entered the House of Sallust, containing several antique frescoes, among them the bathing scene of Diana and Actæon, the Rape of Europa, Mars and Venus, and other such-like representations. We saw the house of Pansa, the ædile, with its Corinthian columns and capitals in the *peristylum*. We saw the house of the tragic Poet, with its obscene frescoes, and drank a glass of wine in the Public Bath-House, whose arrangements of luxury and beauty far surpassed any of the present day. We visited the Temple of Fortune, situated at the corner of the street of Fortune and the street of Mercury. We entered the house of the Fountain, and the house of the Fawn, as also several shops for the sale of oil. We looked in at the House of the Musician, the last one exhumed at that time, with many pieces of statuary left, by request of the King, in the same position as when found. We saw the Temple of Isis, and stood in the room in which the six skeletons were discovered. Here we met a hideous remnant of humanity—a decrepid old man—a living emblem of the city about us—the hermit of the ruins—who on our approach began to blow most lustily on his pipes, at the same time

making several lame efforts at a shuffling dance. His reward was a few coppers, though as for his music we had rather paid him to be quiet. We saw the Theater for Tragedy, the Barracks, and the Theater for Comedy. On the floor of the last mentioned there is a fine bronze inscription which reads thus—*M. Olconius, M. F. Verus. II. Vir pro Ludis.*

We now went out beyond the city walls and visited the Amphitheater. The walls of the arena are rimmed with white marble slabs, and the building generally is in a fine state of preservation. The transverse axis is four hundred feet in length and the ordinate three hundred and fifteen. This visit concluded, we returned to the railway station, to be in readiness for the down-train at half-past three o'clock, P. M. Here we met several of the upper-ten lazzaroni, who, with their guitars, their songs and dances, beguiled our leisure time. We reached Naples again in due time, well pleased with our trip to Pompeii. While in Naples, we on one occasion met the Queen, on the Strada Chiaja. She was riding in rather a plain carriage, drawn by a single pair of fine bay horses, and preceded by a single outrider. Her Majesty has not a very prepossessing person.

On the morning of the 28th of November we made an excursion out to Baiæ, down the Strada Chiaja, past the Villa Reale and the Tomb of Virgil, and through the long, high-roofed and lamp-lighted Grotto Posilipo. The first thing on the day's programme

was the Lago d'Agnano, a small body of water occupying the crater of an exhausted volcano. Here we found the famous Sulphur Baths, where you are steamed by the warm vapor that rises from out the soil. Next we proceeded, under the direction of a long-legged, slab-sided, cone-headed guide, to a certain part of the lake, where hot water bubbles up in the midst of cold. Thence to the Grotto del Cane, from which arises a deadly gas. A torch, on being placed near the ground, was immediately extinguished. An old woman had a little dog in readiness to show its effect upon an animate creature. The nose of the poor canine was thrust within reach of the noxious atmosphere, when he soon began to scuffle and make desperate efforts to escape. But his tormentor held him firmly, until his struggles began to relax. His energies seemed exhausted, and with tongue lolling from his mouth, and eyes rolling as if in the agonies of death, he grew perfectly still. He was now taken out and laid upon the ground; when in a few moments he recovered, and went frisking about as gayly as ever. We went next to the crater of another exhausted volcano, which on being struck with a pole gave forth a hollow, rumbling sound, as if there were only a thin shell, upon which we stood, and beneath an immense gulf in the earth. Here we saw them manufacturing alum; the furnace was simply the old Volcano, in whose crater we were standing, the heat from below being amply sufficient

for the boiling of water. At one extremity of the crater we found a small cavern, through which the steam was roaring and hissing at a terrible rate. Its appearance was anything but pleasant, and we could almost imagine it the mouth of hell. We felt a pleasant relief when we got safely out from the crater.

We next successively visited the Amphitheater, the Temple of Jupiter Serapis, the Temple of Diana, the Temple of Mercury, and the Temple of Venus — all of which are now a medley of ruins. Then we saw the Lake of Avernus, an insignificant body of water, lying hard by the coast of the bay. Then saw Baiæ, a succession of moldering walls and arches. Then the Lago del Fusara, the Mare Morto, and the famous Elysian Fields. From this point we returned to Naples, winding along the Bay of Baiæ, which we thought equal, in point of beauty, to the Bay of Naples. We passed by the Baths of Nero, the Lago Lucrino, and through the village of Pozznoli. Again we entered the Grotto Posilipo, and soon after reached our hotel, with the conviction that the entire region of country round about Naples was of a most wonderful and extraordinary nature. The stranger, as he looks upon its many volcanoes—some exhausted, but many still in motion—almost fears to trust himself long in that country. On one side is the old monster Vesuvius, and on the other an uninterrupted succession of what were once volcanoes, and from whose white

craters the smoke and steam still hiss. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that, some day or other the entire country will collapse, when a general blowing up and caving in shall change the whole aspect of that region.

On reaching our hotel we were delighted to meet our old traveling companion, Brevard, of North Carolina, and Col. W. P. Bryan, of Nashville.

CHAPTER XL.

On the calendar of our days we "mark with a white stone" the 27th of November, 1851, for on that day we stood upon the summit of Mount Vesuvius. The weather was favorable, and about nine o'clock in the morning we set out from the hotel door. Our party numbered thirteen persons, eleven gentlemen and two ladies, and filled up two large traveling coaches. Thus mounted we rattled away from the Hotel des Etrangers, wound around the Strada Gigante, passed by the Royal Palace, and struck out into the broad and well-paved road, running along the eastern shore of the bay. At the village of Recini we all got out, and descended into the ancient city of Herculaneum, by means of steps hewn out of the solid bed of lava. Recini is built immediately over the ancient site of Herculaneum, and owing to this fact very little excavation has been made. We descended to a considerable depth into this voiceless city of the dead, and, under the pilotage of guides with torches, rambled through the corridors of an ancient theater, a large and handsome building, whose arrangement is not much dissimilar from the

theaters of the present day. This is about all that the traveler sees of Herculaneum.

Ascending again to the light of day we made preparation for the ascent of Vesuvius. A majority of the gentlemen determined on walking from the village up to the summit of the mountain, a distance of several miles, and not to be outdone, we agreed to keep them company. On leaving Resini we were beset with a crowd of lazzaroni, who, with bundles of walking-canes in their hands, endeavored to torment us into a purchase. We had to beat one importunate scamp over the head with our overcoat, before we could get shed of him. But no sooner had we passed the outer limits of the village than a new persecution succeeded. This latter was a squad of lazzaroni, mounted on horses, who came capering and prancing about us, pronouncing all manner of encomiums on their steeds, and assuring us we would find the road very rough and fatiguing. This was of course done to induce us to hire a horse; but we had determined on walking, and so pressed on without heeding their solicitations. The entire troop now fell behind, and were soon lost to sight. We concluded they had given over their hopes of making any profit out of our party, and had returned to the village. But in this we were much mistaken. It was only a *ruse du guerre* on the part of the adversary; for suddenly we heard a great clattering of feet over the rocky road, and looking back we saw the same band of equestrians come racing on with whip and spur, whooping and

squalling like so many mad devils just broke loose from the caverns of Hades. On they dashed; but on reaching the rear-guard of our party they reined in their horses, and again renewed their invitations for a ride.

This sport was too much for our weakness to withstand, and so bidding our comrades adieu, we took the pick of the crowd, paid the rider the price of a day's hire, and springing to the back of our mountain pony, we mingled in the crowd of lazzaroni, and lent our voice to the general cry of our Neapolitan comrades. Our gallant little steed bore us bravely forward; was fleet of limb, and strikingly like "Bullit," whom we had so often backed in the camp-hunts of Arkansas. Sagacious, sure-footed, and spirited; spiteful too, he was, and would throw his heels with a perfect looseness on being provoked. A short ride now brought us to the Hermitage, where, in our anxiety to press on, we left the remainder of our party, and with Clay, of New York, dashed on for the foot of the Cone, passing, in our route, the Observatory—a very neat and handsome building, and so situated on the back-bone of a high ridge as to be out of the reach of the lava in times of eruption. We now entered on that bleak and dreary field, that sweeps down from the brow of Vesuvius to the plains below; a scene of utter desolation. On its dark and dismal surface blooms no flower, grows no blade of grass. All is one mass of curled and crisped lava, as it rolled its blood-red tide from the mouth of Nature's

great furnace, and cooling, clothed the mountain in a mantle of hideous gloom; bare and barren, and black as the hills of Tartarus. It is the violence of Nature in her most infernal form; whole miles of rough, up-turned lava, lying like huge masses of iron ore in wild disorder. Nothing could leave a more fearful memorial of the wrath of Vesuvius. War has its wreck, but also its returning bloom; decay its herbage; the desert waste its palm and shrub; but here all is one dark, lifeless, joyless, mis-shapen region. But despite the dreary aspect a buoyant feeling was dancing in our heart, the spirit of excitement ran high in our veins, and we challenged our comrade to a race. No sooner offered than accepted, and away we sprang, with a hoop and wild halloo, along the flinty pathway, making the cavernous mountain-side echo with our merriment. Beside, a couple of lazzaroni had accompanied us on foot, holding by the tails of our horses; and no sooner did they see the premonitions of the race than, griping with a vice-like grasp their several tails, they held on like grim death, though we spurred on at the top of our speed. It was forsooth an odd and laughable sight — two horsemen going with whip and spur at a furious rate, over a rough and broken pathway, with a lazzaroni clinging to the tail of each horse, his long red cap dancing gayly in the breeze. It was a scene for the Lady Gay Spanker to portray. On reaching the foot of the Cone, we dismounted and commenced climbing toward the top of the Crater, leaving our

horses in charge of a man below. Here again we were set upon by the lazzaroni, who would insist on helping us up. They kept close in our rear, and on the first indication of fatigue would renew the offer of their assistance. But no, we obstinately met obstinacy; and every now and then, as we paused for a breathing spell, we would lecture our persevering audience on their indelicate breach of good manners; all of which, as they understood not a word that was said, they received with stupid respect. But Clay, at last, became weary and impatient, and accepted the assistance so eagerly proffered. One pulled him up in front, another pushed him up from behind; and no sooner did they reach the top than they all made an enormous demand upon his purse. This was as we expected. With this hope they had perseveringly trotted the whole distance, and now, with some show of justice, they came down like locusts upon poor Clay. There was no refusing, and so he had to "shell out." Let but an Italian hold your coat for an instant, or touch your bridle-rein, and there is no getting rid of him without a heavy forfeit.

The ascent of the Cone is exceedingly steep, and very laborious, owing to the rough and uncertain footing. Every few moments we would pause to enjoy the view, which grew wilder and grander as we ascended. Naples and its famous bay—the islands of Capri and Ischia—the blue waves of the Mediterranean, and the wide-spreading plains, the hazy moun-

tains and yellow valleys, were all spread out in one glorious panorama; while just above our heads rolled the sulphurous smoke from the mouth of the volcano, curling lazily away like some torpid serpent. On reaching the summit we drew on our overcoat, for the wind was now blowing high and chill. Without venturing any further we here awaited our friends below with the guide. They all soon made their appearance, some borne on the shoulders of the lazzaroni in a *port-a-chaise*, some assisted up as Clay was, and some independently as we ascended. At last we all stood upon the summit, and now placing ourselves under the direction of the guide, we proceeded over what seemed the bed of an exhausted crater, and next, scrambling through a dense cloud of sulphurous smoke, we stood upon the lip of the principal crater. The steam and smoke came boiling up from the abyss at our feet, and utterly prevented our looking down. The sulphur was so strong as almost to suffocate us, and we would frequently have to retreat a few steps to recover breath. We were told though, that this smoke was not only innoxious, but in fact beneficial to the lungs, and so we stood it out like martyrs.

An old, gray-headed veteran, who had followed us from the foot of the Cone, now produced a basket of refreshments, which, though not suited to the most fastidious palate, yet to men in our condition presented a most inviting display. Among other

items were several bottles of wine, whose contents most magically disappeared.

But just here, as we stood on the very verge of the crater, the dense clouds of smoke spouting up from the great caldron below, and wreathing themselves in fantastic shapes about our head, a thought of home and its bright-eyed beauties flashed over our mind. The blue-eyes of Nashville were before us, and as in imagination we traced their fairy forms in the sportive eddies of the whirling smoke, we raised a brimming bumper of the Lacryma Christi to our lips, and pledged all health and happiness "to the girl we left behind us." Anon a puff of wind would clear away the clouds of vapor that issued from the slumbering fires below, and revealed to our sight the forms of our companions, dimly seen through the cloudy vail, and moving like the misty spirits of the unknown land about the yawning mouth of that fearful pit, where "the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched." It was a capital idea of the ancients to suppose the existence of some Titanic form under this superincumbent mass, struggling to release itself, and with each effort belching forth his thick, hot breath. It is a miniature representation of the infernal regions, and likely to awaken serious reflections upon the locality and character of that much-disputed place.

We remained on the top of the mountain about two hours, and then made our descent from the other side, through the deep cinders into which you sink ankle

deep at every step. It is very steep, and if the doctrine of specific gravity, as connected with equilibrium, be forgotten, one might lose his balance and shame the speed of steam ere he reached the bottom. But we all reached our hotel at Naples that evening, without a serious accident, well pleased with the day's adventures. For the novelty, the excitement and the dangers of this excursion, the ascent of Vesuvius far surpasses the generality of incidents in a European tour.

CHAPTER XLI.

At Naples we parted with our traveling companions, Ewing, Johnstone, McGavock, Price, and our knight of the razor, Frank Parrish; they to bend their pilgrim steps toward the Holy Land, and we to winter in the gay capital of France. Brevard was to sail in a few days for Greece, Col. Kimmel had resolved to look upon the dark-eyed senoritas of Spain, while Bogan wished to linger longer by the Bay of Naples. And thus was our pleasant party dispersed in devious routes.

At four o'clock, P. M., Fogg and ourself bade adieu to our friends, and taking a cab from the door of our hotel, we started for the steamer that was to bear us along the western shore of Italy to the city of Marseilles, on the coast of Southern France. On reaching the Molo we discharged our cabman, and were about having the baggage placed in the skiff, in waiting to receive it, when a fellow in uniform rushed up, and intimated that it was his peculiar province and privilege to inspect all baggage before its going aboard. We had been too much accustomed to such demands to demur, and so forthwith whipped out our keys, and were about to unlock, when a gentle, quiet nudge in the side from the elbow of the official caused

us to inquire, by our look of astonishment, "What the devil he meant." Not receiving any verbal reply, we *did not yet take*, and again proceeded to unlock, when a second gentle, quiet tap, and a significant twinkle in the eye of the *ossifer* at once revealed the mystery of his conduct. Without more ado we dropped some silver coin into his inviting palm, and followed our *unopened* baggage to the skiff. He waved us an affectionate adieu—a graceful *bon voyage*, and we thought on the farce of government, the vanity of trust, the power of gold. In a few moments we reached the vessel's side, and paying off our jolly watermen, we sprung up the water-ladders and stood upon the deck, "cribbed, cabined, and confined" aboard the steamer Capri, bound for the port of Civita Vecchia.

It was about the set of sun when our little vessel slipped her cables, and sped rapidly out into the bay, passing by an American man-of-war, that was rocking lazily to the swell, as she lay anchored out in the harbor, her black-mouthed guns gaping on the city-walls, and the stars and stripes dancing in the evening breeze. A sight of that flag in a foreign land brings a tear of pride and joy to the eye of the wandering American, and the heart, with full voice, shouts—God bless the banner of the free! We lingered on the deck to take our farewell view of Naples and her glorious bay; of old Vesuvius and the bold, bare island of Capri; of St. Elmo and Castel-a-e-mare; all bathed in a flood of golden sun-light—

blushing under the soft warm kiss of the setting sun. As night came on we rounded Cape Miseum, and stood out in open ocean. But now the dinner bell — "that tocsin of the soul" — sent its summons through the cabin. The ground-swell was heavy and few had the heart to look dinner in the face. But F—— and ourself had fasted since breakfast, and so repaired, with the courage of Cæsar, to the attack. We sat down with the air of one who had seen salt water before, and dashed right gallantly into the smoking viands. A few moments rolled silently by, when on looking up we thought a shade of deepest melancholy seemed to flit for an instant over the face of our friend. He laid *gently* down his knife and fork, and paused, as if the soft memory of some fond hour were brooding on his heart. The spell passes away. Again he resumes the weapons of destruction, and falls fearfully to work. But the phantom dream has come again. His soul seems to heave like the billows below. The shadow of some deep sorrow steals over the now anxious face. Pain and grief speak in his mournful eyes. A narrow twitching of the mouth tells of the struggle that is going on. But see! his emotions overcome him. He rises from his seat and rushes from the cabin— Neptune's spasmodic victim.

There is a romance about the ocean, but it shows better from the shore to many poetically disposed and— biliously inclined. It requires only one sea-emetic to dash the beauty and poetry of ocean into dream-land.

In the eyes of a ship-steward few men are heroes. The ocean, like death, is a great leveler. It takes the starch out of human dignity, and is an excellent moralist on the vanity of pride. Napoleon Bonaparte could not stand the sea, and the rebellious Roman had not yet embarked when he talked so proudly of "Cæsar and his fortunes." Byron was in the habit, it is said, of "playing familiar with ocean's hoary locks," while the old fellow, doubtless, reciprocated the compliment by playing familiar with the poet's stomach. Cæsar, we venture to say, has, like any other saltwater victim, felt an intense inclination to turn himself inside out like you would a turkey's gizzard; and Bonaparte gazed for hours at vacuity with that defiant air, something like the look a negro would throw out in giving Hamlet's soliloquy. But shades of the departed forgive us!

Would you see then the photographic picture of the modern victim? Mark that young man coiled up in the corner of yonder lounge, like a torpid constrictor basking in the sun. One would suppose from the desperate energy with which he has fastened on his hat that he never intended to take it off in this world. He is in the last stage of a temporary relaxation—in the negative enjoyment of bilious repose. He is at this moment comparatively happy, and fondly imagines the last link that bound him to his breakfast is broken. But were you barbarian enough to whisper "gravy!" in his ear, the evil spirits would gather, and you would see him looking steadfastly down into

the ocean like a searcher after truth. But alas! what to him is the "deeply, darkly, beautifully blue!" What the pale stars and the unwritten poetry of the Ideal!—The music of the mermaid or the love-inciting breath of the pure heaven! Nothing! The things of yesterday and to-day are before his eyes—*relics of joy*—fleeting and painful! It is the highest burlesque of pathos—indeed in the whole history of broken hearts there is nothing so touching as the languid "go away now" of a sea-sick damsel. It is most pathetic—most distressing—and perhaps the only time when one willingly obeys the "go away" of a pretty mouth.

On rising the morning after our departure from Naples we went out on deck and found the bright sun breaking beautifully over the blue waves of this classic ocean. The sea was calm and still, and on looking toward the land we discovered we were approaching the harbor of Civita Vecchia. Soon our little steamer lay snugly anchored; but as we did not have our passport *visaed* for this port we were not permitted to go ashore. By the help of "David Copperfield," letter-writing and day-dreaming, we managed to while away the long idle day. About five o'clock, P. M., we again slipped cables, and turning our prow northward, we passed, in the silent hours of midnight, by that famous isle, where France's exiled chieftain for a time was caged. On the morning following we rose just as our steamer was putting in at the port of Leghorn, and found it cold and

raining. But about eleven o'clock the shower was over, and in company with a goodly number of our fellow-passengers we left the steamer and were soon landed at the wharf. Jumped aboard the cars and paid a flying visit to Pisa. Crossed the Arno in a cab, and visited the Cathedral, the Baptistery, the Campo Santo and the famous Leaning Tower. From the top of the Campanile we had a fine view of the Apennines. Pisa is a small but handsome city, silent and noiseless as the desert, while Leghorn is a busy, populous, thriving sea-port. We returned in time to get aboard our boat, and at five o'clock we weighed anchor and again were on our way northward, still skirting along the western coast of Italy. About one o'clock that night we landed at "Genova la Superba." On rising the next morning we found ourself quietly lying in a most magnificent harbor, around which the city of Columbus stretched its promontories in a protecting embrace. A view of the city from the harbor is picturesque in the extreme. As we stepped ashore we could but think how much more readily had we crossed from the far-foreign shores of America—scoured over the continent of Europe—and landed at his native city, than had the discoverer of the New World reached his daring flight, in his frail bark, across the watery waste of the trackless deep. The day was cool, and bracing, and beautifully fair; the sea as calm as beauty's sleep, and the mountains that rise abruptly up from the water's edge seemed the guardians of its slumbers. We spent the greater part

of that day in scrambling over the lofty hills, in rear of the city, drinking in the health-giving air, and enjoying many glorious views, over the mountain and over the valley, over the city and over the sea. Still upward would we climb, and following round the long line of frowning forts and cannon-mounted walls, the silence broken only by the song of the peasant girl, as she hied from the city to her cottage-home in the opposite valley, or by the lonely tread of the solitary sentinel pacing his hourly round — we descended again into the walled town. On our way down we passed by what we thought the house of Columbus, from observing on its walls a fresco representing a mailed figure pointing down at a globe at his feet, whereon were traced the name and continent of America.

The streets of Genoa are very narrow, and abound in donkeys, fruit and women. The palaces in the Strada Nuova are superb. They seem formed to laugh at time. What a glorious place Genoa must have been in the days of its pride! when all this silent and decaying splendor had a soul—when the princely Dorias ruled over land and sea, and the light of incessant revelry flashed along these marble walls. But now the remnants of her proud nobility, the inmates of her lofty palaces, too poor to light their festive fires, are content to sport the relics of their splendor in the *foyer* of a theater, and like true philosophers, waltz and laugh as joyously as though their ancestral halls were still the scene of their gayety.

The women are not pretty, but their costume is captivating in the extreme. They wear a thin white vail, thrown loosely over the head, which falls gracefully back, saucily dancing as they walk. They look very picturesque, especially when kneeling in the dim light of the cathedral. The churches give evidence of the former wealth and superstition of Roman Catholicism. To the bare walls and Gothic chastity of the North succeed the rich ornament, the luxurious profusion of the South. Spiritual influence stands embodied in all its pomp. Shrines of untold cost— pillars of the rarest stone — walls encased in marble— gilt altars and frescoed ceilings — all attest the enthusiasm of devotion, the influence of priestly power, and Papal veneration. Step into the Cathedral at what hour you will, some penitent is kneeling — some mass is saying — some vesper pealing. Turn to the other chapels on your route, the same scene presents itself: one crowd of devotees follows another in successive prayer, and were it not for the wicked glance of some frail worshiper, as she tells her rosary, one would suppose the Italian world thought but of Heaven. Breathed but comprehended not is their fervent orison, and the moral light of the Godhead streams as dimly on their vision as the dying rays of the sun struggling through the stained glass, and falling faintly on the deep fret-work, the faded paintings and hidden sculpture of their solemn cathedral. Yet there is a winning beauty, a breathing poesy in the Roman religion that will enchant her votaries for

ages to come. Through the avenues of the senses she wins her way; while the Protestant mother leads her children along the rugged paths of reason. But in the realms of intellect, and not of outward sense, should the mind worship its Creator. The spirit of devotion should seek an humble, yet a lofty flight. The human mind must be disabused of the trammels of ignorance and superstition. The infallibility of God alone must be recognized, and that worship, to which presumptuous man has oft aspired, be rendered only to the High Jehovah. Yet it were hardly mortal for the heir to the Throne of St. Peter willingly to part with his patrimony. The ambition of the Pontiff would rather die, like a warrior, sword in hand, than surrender that tiara before which king and emperor have bowed and were subservient; to sink from his high pinnacle, and forego forever the dazzling hope of former power.

CHAPTER XLII.

We left Genoa on the evening of the 2d of December, and arrived at Marseilles early on the following morning. After getting clear of the clever little steamer "Capri," we went ashore and put up at the "Hotel des Empereurs." As we passed along the busy streets we observed that some intense excitement was manifest on the faces of the citizens, and on inquiring into the cause, we learned that news had just been received by telegraph, from Paris, announcing that Louis Napoleon, the Prince President, dissenting with the National Assembly, had suddenly turned that body politic neck and heels out of Council, and had appealed to the people to support him in the proceeding. This was of course productive of a most startling effect throughout the whole of France, and in Marseilles the authorities seemed apprehensive of a general riot. To suppress any such demonstration the entire garrison was called out, and a large detachment of soldiers, horse, foot and artillery, lined the broad and handsome street, on which our hotel was situated. The people seemed highly incensed, and though they dared not, under the frown of fifty cannon, openly rebuke this high-handed movement,

yet they marched about the streets waving their hats and shouting *Vive la Republique!* We thought, as we looked from our hotel window upon the frantic crowd, upon the days of the Jacobins and of the Marseilles Hymn.

But we were anxious to reach Paris, which we thought would soon prove the theater of a bloody revolution, and so at half-past three o'clock, P. M., took our seat in the Diligence, and started for the railway station. Here the body of the Diligence, passengers, baggage and all, was lifted, by means of machinery arranged for the purpose, from off the wheels and deposited on an empty wagon of the train. At four o'clock we were on the move, and about ten o'clock that night reached that old seat of revelry, Avignon, on the Rhone. Here, without a moment's pause, we were again lifted, in a similar manner as before, from off the train, and placed again on wheels, whose motive power was horse-flesh. Our tough coursers are immediately attached, and away we rattle, with a clatter, a jolt and a thump, following up the left bank of the "arrowy Rhone" toward the city of Lyons. And now our sufferings. All that long, weary night, we traveled on, driving too, like Jehu, the infernal old Diligence keeping up just such a din as would a wagon loaded with long iron bars over a rough road — rattle, rattle, rattle — until we thought our tympanum would give way. Only one incident served to break the wearisome monotony, and shed some amusement over

the tedious hours. At Valence we stopped for dinner, and on resuming our seats found that we democrats of the Rotonde had an additional companion—a fat, chuffy, bull-headed specimen of a frog-eater—who sat just opposite and facing Mrs. B——. During the night we were suddenly roused from our dozing by a terrific hubbub in our apartment of the Diligence. On rubbing our eyes and collecting our scattered senses, we saw by the light of the waning moon Mr. B—— cuffing the Frenchman over the head with might and main, while Mrs. B—— made night vocal with her screams. It seems the garlic-eating Gaul had, under the cover of darkness, been taking improper liberties with the American lady, and to which she had called the attention of her husband, who sat just by her side. Mr. B—— waited to see the movement of the fellow repeated, and thereby assuring himself he could not be mistaken, had, without one word of warning, fired away at the Frenchman's head with all the force of his arm. The blow, coming thus unexpectedly upon the licentious rascal, put a most abrupt termination to his soft dalliance, and so discomfited him that, without the least pretension to any hostile demonstration, he only sought to avoid the rapid blows of his assailant, which now came showering about his ears like a hailstorm. The harmony of the scene was beautifully diversified by the protestations of—"*Doucement*, *Doucement*, *Monsieur*," on the part of the Frenchman; "You d—n villain, d—n villain," with each blow of the

rabid American; and the shrill screams of Mrs. B——. But not content with hammering away with his fist, the fiery little New Yorker had braced himself against the side of the Diligence, and calling his heels into service, was letting them fly into the Frenchman's belly with a perfect looseness of limb and desperation of purpose. At last, however, he became satisfied; while Monsieur, all the time, was protesting most lustily at being thus maltreated. It was, forsooth, a scene so confoundedly ridiculous that we laughed until the tears started to our eyes. The next morning the battered champion of gallantry pretended to be exceeding drowsy, kept his bruised face concealed under the folds of his cloak, and at the first village made his disappearance, having learned a most practical lesson as to the difference between an American wife and a French grisette.

But again to our route. With what rapidity French postillions change horses! A curse, a kick, a crack of the whip, and all is over. One has scarcely time to poise a flask of wine upon the lips before the huge machine is again in motion. It would be rather amusing to see a Diligence break into an American village! It would create a greater sensation than a menagerie. The postillion's boots would be the first point of attack for the young democracy; his short-tailed coat the next; and should he unfortunately be undersized, so as to make the mass of leather about his posterior show to advantage, there is no telling what might be the consequence. What a laugh the

boisterous stage-driver would raise, as he criticised the dimensions, the singular internal arrangement, and the terrible weight of the mammoth vehicle, prophesying death to any team that might be hitched to that car of Juggernaut! What a contemptuous sneer would our four-in-hand Jehues indulge in, as they looked upon the postillions mounted on the backs of the team! Some Brummel of a saddler might pronounce an emphatic "d—n," as he looked upon the gear, and ironically inquire—"Say, Johnson, where did you get your harness?"

At any rate we found our lumbering old machine a perfect purgatory. Fatigue gives way to impatience, impatience to desperation, and desperation to illness. Between the cold air and the infernal racket we were now chilled into teeth-chattering, and now burning with fever. Thursday, December 4th, 1851, "we mark with a *black* stone" on the calendar of our days. All that day we went jolting on. Not even the smile of a bright eye at the village inn, nor a tempting *dejeuner a la fourchette* could appease us. At last about ten o'clock on the succeeding night we reached the city of Lyons, and as we stepped out of the miserable old Diligence, which for some thirty-six consecutive hours had been a rack of torture to our feverish frame, we mentally vowed that not a forty horse-power could ever force us into another, if there was one earthly chance of traveling by any other conveyance. But getting into a cab we drove to "Hotel du Nord," and having ordered a fire in our

room went straightway to bed. The next morning we felt badly enough. Got up though, drank a cup of tea, and went immediately to bed again. Suffice it to say, that for three days we were confined in our room with a raging fever. Mr. and Mrs. Brady were to have gone immediately on to Paris. But on seeing our condition Mrs. Brady, with woman's true instinct, informed her husband that he must remain over a few days; to which he kindly consenting, she set diligently to work to break our fever. Without suffering us to send for a physician, she hovered like some ministering angel about our pillow, supplying our wants with the care and tenderness of a sister. Without one claim upon her consideration, saving the fact of our being sick and a stranger in the land, she was to us the good Samaritan. The reflection that a countryman of her own — between whom and his home lay many a weary mile, rolled many a restless billow — was ill, was of itself sufficient to enlist her warmest sympathies. But her heart was most gentle, most kindly in its nature. We have known her on ship-board, when some rebellious sailor had transgressed the commands of his officer, and, as a penalty for the offense, lay in his cold quarters in irons, and without food, to seek the rough officer, and implore for her sake his release. When the grateful memory of her kindness to us shall fade, may we have no gentle hand about our pillow to charm the weary hours of illness into halcyon moments. Enough to say, that under the care of an overruling Providence,

and with the kind and skillful nursing of our new made friend, we started again for Paris on the 7th, taking a steamboat up the Soane to Chalons. From that day we parted not company until together we landed at the of New York.

As we drove through the streets of Lyons in the early hours of morning, from the hotel to the steamer, we observed here a picket of dragoons, their horses equipped and standing in line, ready for service at a moment's warning; there a group of infantry, sitting round their camp-fires, their arms stacked hard-by, and the flickering light flashing in their rough, bearded faces, and dancing over their red uniforms. On reaching the boat, we *descended* into her cabin, where we were soon visited by a couple of officers, who requested the privilege of looking at our passports. In scanning over the group of passengers there assembled, we were agreeably surprised again to greet the bright eyes of the "Russian Bride." We subsequently met her on the "Champs Elysees" of Paris. Our little steamer was warm and comfortable, but most curiously constructed. Its length from stem to stern was immense, while the breadth of beam was only a few rods. It resembled in fact a long, keen arrow, and plowed the current of the stream most beautifully. The Soane has many cities, towns and villages along its banks, and is spanned by suspension bridges innumerable. It was at this time full in its banks, and perfectly alive with other steamers plying on its bosom, and all built after the singular

fashion of our own. We reached Chalons about noon, and immediately took the express train for Paris. About ten o'clock that night we were deposited at our destination, and though we had heard the city gates were closed against strangers, we found no difficulty in obtaining entrance. Taking a cab we proceeded to the "Hotel du Paris," along the lamplighted streets of the gay capital, which only a few days past witnessed the bloody and singularly successful *coup d'etat* of Louis Napoleon, then the Prince President, now the self-elected Emperor of France.

CHAPTER XLIII.

We left Paris on the 30th of August, and returned again December the 7th, having in the meanwhile traversed France, Switzerland, Germany, and Italy. We left the laughter-loving city, all quietude and peace, and found on our return a most rigid military *surveillance* prevailing, the mouths of the citizens locked from fear of arrest, and the doctrine that "might is right" most practically proclaimed. Louis Napoleon had, with an armed force, expelled the members of the National Assembly, suffering the more timid and inoffensive to go at large, but placing the bolder spirits of that body under arrest. A bloody *emeute* had succeeded this expulsion, provoked by the indignant members of the Senate. It was soon quelled, but with the loss of some five hundred *ouvriers*. They fought behind barricades, which were either blown down by the artillery, or stormed by the lancers. Many of the soldiers were killed by shots fired from the windows of the Boulevards, while their comrades in turn peppered the houses right and left with their bullets. The struggle was a brief one only; and Louis Napoleon soon had his heel upon the neck of the Empire. But at the time of our arrival the city

was still in a state of great excitement, and in momentary expectation of again seeing the streets run blood. The Prince President had shown an undisputed courage, an unflinching firmness, and a singular foresight in his every movement. He had made his great uncle the guiding-star of his action, and no sooner were his designs conceived than triumphantly carried out. He had successively issued appeals to the army and to the people, and appointed the 21st of December a day for the exercise of universal suffrage on his conduct, whether approved of or condemned by the French nation at large. With this seeming show of honesty of purpose—this apparent disposition to abide by the decision of the people—combined with his gallant daring and the *prestige* of a glorious name, he had won upon the admiration of the French, and so encircled himself with the dazzling *eclat* of his achievements, that the entire nation stood stupefied and bewildered, while he rode on in proud defiance to secure his now precarious footing. He had adopted the plan best calculated to exalt him in the estimation of the French. They have no mercy for awkwardness, either in manner or in murder. Do a thing gallantly, bravely, completely, and all the atrocity of the action will be lost and forgotten in the glory of successfully achieving your purpose. It seems to be one of their greatest characteristics to get up an idol for themselves in the person of some man whom they imagine vastly superior to anybody else. They have, too, an exceeding fondness for outward formula, a

reverence for a certain finish of procedure, and an intense passion for the *denouement*. Some spicy and observant writer has said that—"If a Frenchman should accidentally stab his father with a table-knife, his greatest regret would be, that it was not a poniard."

On reaching Paris we learned, with much regret, that an old traveling companion — Lieutenant Jones, of the United States' navy—had been shot down during the late bloody *emeute*, enacted on the Boulevards. He was our companion in a very amusing adventure on the Rialto at Venice, and little thought, while skipping so spryly over the Piazza San Marco, of the sad fate which awaited him. So soon as we could discover his address we called and found him in a very crippled condition. He informed us that he had gone out to witness the excitement, but never for an instant dreaming that there was danger in walking the streets. He was standing in a crowd of citizens—men, women and children—looking on at the evolutions of the military on the Boulevards; a shot was fired from a window among the soldiers, when they turned and deliberately poured a volley into the mass of people before them. Our friend was among the first that fell, his left leg badly shattered by a ball, and the fore-finger of his left hand-shot entirely away. The assembled multitude of course dispersed with headlong speed, while the killed and the wounded lay neglected in the street till the close of day. Our friend was then taken up, among the

rest, and carried to the military hospital, and thence removed, by his request, to his lodgings on Rue St. Honore. It was at first thought it would be necessary to amputate his leg; but he determined on saving it, at the risk of his life. When we left Paris, at the beginning of the following spring, he was still lying in a precarious situation. The poor fellow had never been enabled, for several months, even to change his position in bed.

Our first care on returning to Paris—after our long ramble through Switzerland, Germany, and Italy—was to secure a pleasant local habitation. This we managed to do at No. 5 Rue du Dauphin. Our apartments were situated in one of the most agreeable portions of the city, within a few steps of the Tuilleries Gardens and Palace, and convenient to the Louvre, the Champs Elysees, the Boulevards, the Theaters, the Opera Houses, and the Ball Rooms. On an afternoon we would generally sally forth, and turning in at the Tuilleries Gardens, stroll down their entire length; then, crossing the magnificent Place de la Concorde, loiter along up the Champs Elysees as far as the Triumphal Arch at the barriere de l'Etoile. Here one may see the *beau* and the *mauvais monde* of Paris turn out in all their glory for an afternoon promenade—some on foot, some on horseback, some driving tandems, and some lolling lazily in their luxurious coaches. There goes the coxcomb, twirling his delicate white cane with soft hand encased in Alexander gloves, his attenuated nether limbs impri-

soned in pants which fit as though he had been melted and poured in, his shining beaver sitting jauntily on one side of his head, and his glib tongue discoursing on the merits of the last opera. There move gracefully along a pair of beauteous ladies, lifting their white skirts over the *dry* pavement, and just high enough to show the prettiest ankle and neatest bootee in the world. The sweetest smile imaginable is playing over their cheeks, which blush under the tints of the magic rouge, yet blushing and bewitching nevertheless. Here sits some old beldam, grinding away on her hand-organ, while her little dog, dressed up in red jacket and pants, sits piteously upon his hind-legs, and with a small cup in his mouth invites you to deposit. A little higher up, where the crowd is not so dense, you may see some mendicant fellow, with a whole regiment of dogs that perform all manner of capers under his instruction. A crowd always gathers here, and the dog-trainer reaps a rich harvest of sous. Out there under the trees you find Punch and Judy ever engaged in their domestic tragedies. A few rods beyond is an auctioneer of cosmetics, warranted to render the worst complexion surpassing fair. The voluble vender of the "saponaceous compound" is an orator of the first stamp. Hear his invitation—"Venez! venez! Messieurs! Ici, ici! chose extraordinaire!" You approach his stand; when immediately you are honored with an especial notice. "Pardon, Messieurs. Place pour Monsieur; par ici—pardon—non—par la! bien! voila, Monsieur."

And he offers a small box for your inspection, at the same time descanting most eloquently on its virtues, and concluding with—"Pour deux francs; deux francs seulement!" Of course this gentleman is extensively patronized by the beauty-cultivating Parisians; and many a credulous victim hands up his two francs, and pockets the object of his purchase with such a smile of intense satisfaction that you might imagine he had in his fancy already become a Hyperion. Farther out among the trees you may see whole troops of tidily dressed children, attended by their nurses, who indulge them in a ride upon the flying-horses, or a sail in one of the many boats suspended in the air, and made to imitate the rocking of a vessel.

Such are some of the "tableaux vivants" that attract the stranger's eye, as he takes his afternoon stroll up the Champs Elysees. Everybody seems amused—seems contented and happy—though at the same time the professed President of the so-called Republic is exercising, unopposed, the power of an absolute monarch; trampling the Constitution of a nation under foot; violating, with perfect impunity, his solemn oath; subverting the liberties of the people and the press; imprisoning and liberating citizens at his pleasure; and in fine riding rough-shod right onward for the crown that now glitters before his eyes. Enough, indeed, to make the blood of a free-born American boil with indignation, though only a stranger in the land. As you move along—

musing, perhaps, on the vast difference in the government of nations, contrasting the state of your own with that of the purple land — a small carriage dashes rapidly down the broad avenue. It is flanked on either side, followed and preceded by a troop of dragoons, and in it sits the usurper, Louis Napoleon. His approach is heralded by no shout of "Vive Napoleon," "Vive l'Empereur;" but the idle crowd, ouvrier, and prince, suffer him to pass on in silence. In a few days the *free vote* of the people is taken on the conduct of the President. Everything is conducted under the eye of the modern Cromwell, and of course the majority approving his course is overwhelming. They have no confidence in, no love for, the man; yet they support him, simply in fact, because they can do no better. Step by step he marches onward, and finally mounts the throne of France. And still he is unopposed; because, weary of fruitless revolutions, the people crave peace — no matter whether it be monarchical or republican — that their private interests may go on and prosper.

CHAPTER XLIV.

DECEMBER the 19th we paid a visit to "Pere La Chaise"—the famous burying-ground of Paris. We caught an omnibus just at the church of St. Roch, and by means of the corresponding lines were conveyed to the very gate of the cemetery. We there employed a guide, who piloted us through this beautiful resting-place of the dead, and pointed out the graves of the most distinguished characters. Many of the Marshals of France have found a resting-place here—among them may be seen the grave of the gallant Ney; but it has no monumental marble about it—not a slab nor a stone to mark the spot where the "bravest of the brave" reposes. The space is simply inclosed by an iron railing, while above his head droops the evergreen but mournful cypress. Conspicuous among the countless tombs is the monument erected over the remains of Abelard, the martyr of love, and Heloise, the pale-faced nun. What schoolboy hath not mused over the melancholy story of their mutual love, until he hath almost worshiped at the shrine of so beautiful an attachment; and what maturer manhood, in all the strong conviction, perhaps the bitterness of his skepticism, might not drop

a tear above their heads. As the sun was about sinking in the west we took our departure, and returned homeward by way of the Boulevards — that gay thoroughfare so prolific in objects of interest to the seekers of pleasure or the students of history. Beginning at the Place Bastille you proceed from the Boulevard du Temple, where blouses and enormous beards abound, down to the Boulevard des Capucines, where yellow kids and patent leather predominate. The Boulevards are in fact a regular graduation from the hard-working, revolutionary classes, to the pomatumed, perfumed and brocaded froth of society. Next to the Boulevard du Temple, or the Boulevard de Crime, as it has been historically called, succeed the Boulevards, St. Martin, St. Denis and Poissonnier, with their coquettish grisettes and dandy dry-goods shopmen. Then come the Boulevards des Italiens and des Capucines — the microcosm of brilliant, gilded Paris, exhibiting all the fashion of coat and pantaloons, of bonnets, bootees and braces that the city contains. The motion of these pretty bootees might be called a sort of a prose polka, so graceful and easy, so elastic and magnetic is the musical tapping of the high-heeled gaiters. But if in a historical mood the omnibus driver may point you out the street where Mirabeau died, the house where Richelieu made love, and the building in which Lafitte hatched the revolution of 1830; the hell of Frascati; the garden of Beaumarchais, and the triumphal arches of the Portes St. Denis and St. Martin. By the time you

have reached the Church of the Madeleine, with its lofty fluted columns, commenced by Napoleon, and by him called the Temple of Fame, the gas is lighted, and the entire length of the Boulevards is one brilliant illumination, as busy with its thousands of pedestrians as in the broad blaze of day. You may now turn in at the restaurant of the "Trois Freres," and dine in just whatever manner you may see fit. This much accomplished you leave the mirror-cased walls of this fashionable resort, and repair to the Theatre Francaise, on Rue Richelieu, not far from the Palais Royal, and listen to some of the deep tragedies of Rachel. Perhaps you may see her in Adrienne, and if so we will defy you to keep back the tear, when she receives again the bouquet of roses from the Count de Saxe, and in such sad, touching and heart-broken tones murmurs "Ma pauvre bouquet! demandee par lui! donnee par moi!" Her accent is the very echo of bleeding confidence, and the fondling of the dear flowers in her hands a mournful elegy to expiring love. Though she spoke not in our native tongue, yet never before nor since hath woman, on the stage, so stirred the latent emotions of our heart.

On the first of January, 1852, Louis Napoleon gave a grand *fete*, which he celebrated in person at the time-honored cathedral of Notre Dame. The church was most royally fitted up for the occasion. The soldiery and citizens of Paris turned out *en masse*, though a close observer might have detected the deep under-current of hatred that was running riot in the

hearts of many against the usurper, yet the outward show was all in his favor. One murmur of discontent was the sure precursor to imprisonment, and so whatever opposition he may have had, it was left to rankle in the heart of the possessor. We could but conclude, as Louis Napoleon rode at the head of his thousands of troops, cheered by citizen and soldier, that though he might reach the throne of France in safety, he could never maintain his seat. Change, political change, seems the necessary aliment — the national nourishment of the French people. They bore then the nephew of their great chief in triumph to the consummation of his heart's desire: it may be in a few years more the masses, beginning to crave some new excitement, will rise up and depose the present incumbent of the throne for some new idol. So wags the world, and who shall say nay!

But in the meanwhile Louis Napoleon rode triumphantly on. The French Republic was rapidly merging into the French Empire. By order of the dictator the trees of liberty were all laid low in the dust; the motto of the Republic — "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite" — erased from the public buildings; the goddess of Freedom on the French coin supplanted by the head of Napoleon; and soon the daring President had exchanged his democratic residence for the Palace of the Tuilleries. Balls and fetes were his policy. High living to the army insured their devotion to his cause, and magnificent celebrations so tickled the eye of the capital, that in their pomp and parade the

object for which they were gotten up was all forgotten. From some, who had lost relatives and friends in the fight on the Boulevards, went up curses "not loud but deep." Yet the tyrant was a determined fatalist — he believed in his star, and heard no foreboding omen in the deep muttering of the discontented. He thought it probable he might be assassinated, and with reference to that event calmly made his will, ordaining that France, at his death, should be governed by four of his favorite generals, whom he named. Whether his last will and testament, instituting this military oligarchy, would have been as much respected, in the event of his decease, as his commands when living, and with a hundred thousand armed men to enforce them, might be a matter of some doubt.

But from the hour on which he struck the first bloody blow he had everything his own way. Under his bold dominion all things moved smoothly on. It seemed that the very wheels of faith were oiled for his purposes, so easily did he accomplish his every design. The most powerful men in the empire, whom he had the least reason to deem hostile to his administration, were banished the state. He had trampled one constitution under foot, and now promulgated another. Its provisions were short and concise, positive and pertinent, giving almost absolute power into the hands of the President. It was prefaced by a long appeal to the people, whose tenor was to inculcate implicit faith in his integrity and unhesitating obedience to his mandates. He boldly grasped the reins

of government, but to give some show of authority to his daring assumption, he himself gets up a constitution, which gave the President the power of the Emperor. Despite the bold and uncompromising manner in which he wielded the power he had usurped, matters soon began to assume a settled complexion. Decree after decree went forth, and whatever its purport, its mandates were unhesitatingly executed. The estates of the Orleans Family were declared confiscated, and when remonstrated with, he simply adduced the example set him by the successors of Napoleon Bonaparte. But he might have been told that his uncle, like himself, was an interloper, and not the lineal and legitimate heir to the throne!

The foreigners at that time in Paris were almost unanimously of the opinion, that the fires of a fearful revolution were slumbering under the pacific exterior of affairs, and that any one, who should quiet himself with the thought that all danger had passed, was only sleeping, in fancied security, on the crater of the troubled Volcano. But the eruption is yet delayed, and the calm seems likely to continue some time longer, unless the Turko-Russian war give occasion to the disaffected to vent their smothered wrath.

On reviewing the course of Louis Napoleon, subsequent to his expulsion of the members of the National Assembly, we were more and more inclined to indulge a lenient opinion on his late conduct. From our observation of the French people we had become convinced that the time had not yet arrived

when a permanent Republican form of government could be instituted in France. When ruled with a strong arm and an iron rod she seemed as prosperous and more contented than during the brief life of the Republic. Moreover, by the bold stroke of 2d of December Louis Napoleon had at least maintained order, and thereby preserved France, and possibly Europe, from a bloody revolution. Yet as an American, we could but regret the extinction of the French Republic. The failure of that experiment tended much to weaken the faith of the world in the efficacy of popular institutions, and greatly retarded the advance of freedom, of humanity and of general intelligence. Again America stood alone, the only Republic among the nations of rank that could command the respect of the world. May she still live on the same glorious fabric — the great exemplar of truth in the midst of error — the fair daughter of Freedom vailed in the pure light of Republican principles — immutable as the adamant — unsullied as the snow upon her mountain tops!

CHAPTER XLV.

Every American who spends a winter in Paris will, of course, attend one of the grand Masked Balls, which begin about the first of January. They are rich, rare and racy, quaint, queer and quizzical, enchanting, wicked and brilliant. Just imagine several thousand people let loose at midnight in the Grand Opera House, determined to dance, flirt, shout, and gallop until morning, with Musard for the presiding genius! Our first view of the floor, as we stepped inside the building, was enough to induce the thought of one general rush to insanity. The dance was in full blast, and from the very foot of the orchestra to the balustrade of the boxes was one grand "cancanic" movement. The soul of every man and woman seemed absorbed in the rioting vortex, while the fiddle-bow of Musard described the most fantastic, maniac diagrams upon the frighted air. The upper tiers were crowded with dominoes of every description, and it was almost impossible to thrust yourself through the dense mass of intriguants assembled in the foyer. Disguised voices and unknown pressures of the hand greeted you from every side. You step down into the parterre to get a better look at the

dancers. You have scarcely touched the floor before you are whizzed off in the embrace of some big warrior, and away goes the gallopade, neck or nothing—hundreds before, hundreds behind you—they come like the Assyrian. You are in the very midst of the melee. Your warrior urges you on, shouting, pushing, helter-skelter, until all tumble headlong together. Then comes a burst like a war-whoop, and you find yourself about three feet deep among the petticoats. Your hat is irretrievably ruined. But in another moment all are upon their legs, and again dash off into the maddening excitement.

"'T is the carnival's madness,
When riot runs free,
And revel wins sadness
To share in its glee."

Amiability reigns supreme. Give and take is the motto. A hasty *pardon* is sufficient atonement for a flesh-wound from the spur of a cavalier, or having your eye damaged by the pointed chapeau of some military hero. The personation of the devil is a favorite character, and you see his red legs and chicken-cock feather on every occasion. The women delight in playing the "gamin"—a vagabond sort of a boy—or the Spanish cavalier, with his slashed sleeves and velvet sombrero. It is no easy matter to detect your most intimate acquaintance in domino and mask. The figure is so completely concealed, and the eyes have such a singular appearance, peeping from behind

the pasteboard bulwarks, that they can defy the closest scrutiny. It is a point of honor not to attempt to raise the small piece of silk falling from the bottom of the mask over the mouth; so you have but few points left to identify your tormentor. The hand and foot may sometimes betray, but your cunning companion takes good care never to draw her glove or allow you to tie her shoe. After much legerdemain you may succeed in stealing her handkerchief. You now feel like Bonaparte at Marengo. You run your eye over every inch of the cambric; but it is as blank as a virgin page or a dandy's face, not even a hieroglyphic. Your invention is exhausted. You are without helm or compass, and must cry quarter. You may never discover the incognito, though she speaks English fluently, and is well acquainted with the history of your life.

But you return to the parterre, from the foyer, and find the dance still going on. An innumerable bevy of damsels, with short velvet jackets and Turkish pants of white, striped at each side with blue satin, are whirling like so many tops before your eyes. Every design and caricature of fantastic dress, a most dazzling and brilliantly-illuminated room, and one of the finest orchestras in the known world are a few of the attractions of the magnificent display. The measure of the music is so bewitchingly inviting that, though you went not for the purpose of mingling with the dancers, your restive feet finally bear you away, *nolente volente*. Every one vies with the other in

cutting the most amazing and extravagant capers. Everything is one ceaseless whirl, until you think that all the wild gayety and maddening dissipation of Paris had concentrated in one focus. We had visited the Mabille, the Chateau des Fleurs, the Valentino, the balls at the Opera Comique, and the Jardin d'Hiver, but never had we witnessed so varied and so droll, so animated and so dazzling a scene of dissipation, as the parterre of that Opera House that night presented. Every one had free license to act just as they pleased, provided only there was no fighting. This is seldom the case; though we *have seen* a struggling grisette borne out of the house on the shoulder of some stoic gend'arme, who had found her about to plunder some successful rival of a pair of eyes. But these scenes are very unusual, and the greatest good-will generally prevails. The dance is carried on until the gas-lights begin to pale before the morning sun. The ball is over, and the thousands of the gay votaries of pleasure depart — who knows where?

We heard of an amusing adventure of an American youth, which occurred on his starting homeward from one of these balls. He and his friend made a slight error in coming out in the dark, and took possession of a private carriage, standing in front of the Opera, mistaking it for a cab; indeed the rain was falling in torrents, and in the darkness and hurry they took no trouble to distinguish the difference. The coachman grew furious at the astonishing coolness with which

the gay Lothario ordered him to drive to his lodgings. The little man threatened to hand them over to the police, if they did not descend instanter. The intruder insisted upon explaining the matter before alighting; but the incensed Jehu would not listen to him, fully persuaded he had entered the coach designedly. Finding the gentleman unreasonable, he became indignant, and knocked the unhappy man's hat over his eyes, and made his escape into another vehicle, while he was filling the depths of his chapeau with his execrations, and dancing about in the rain like a decapitated chicken.

During the winter that we were in Paris it was the custom of the American Consul, Mr. Goodrich, to hold a reception at his rooms on Rue de la Paix every Friday evening. Here you might meet with most of the Americans in Paris, with a charming diversity in the way of the gay French. These social gatherings were very agreeable, and served to render our Consul very popular with his countrymen in Europe. His wife and two daughters were very pleasant ladies, especially the daughters, who danced superbly. Mr. Goodrich, who, be it remembered, is the veritable Peter Parley—that old gentleman so popular with every child in the Union—we found a courteous and accomplished gentleman. Among the agreeable acquaintances we formed at his receptions, we may not forget a sweet young girl from the city of New York—a fair maiden with pensive, lustrous hazel eyes that seemed the very windows of

a feeling, full and truthful soul. She was one of those magnetic fairies to whom you felt involuntarily attracted—in whose presence you loved to linger, and whose absence you immediately felt and regretted. Her beaming smile went directly to the heart, awoke its chords to a responsive sympathy, and filling up its recesses with the breathing music of a congenial spirit. As regularly as the appointed hour rolled round we would find ourself wending our way to bask again in the sunshine of that smile.

On the evening of the 7th of February we went, in company with Brady, Bent and Walker, to a very fashionable ball, celebrated by the dramatic artists of Paris, at the Opera Comique. Our companion Bent, Lieutenant in the United States' navy, is the same gentleman of whom Bayard Taylor speaks so highly in his letters descriptive of the Japan Expedition. He was at that time on furlough, and traveling through Europe. He had for companions, during a portion of his tour, Messrs. Walker, Boudinot, Jones, and Gwathmey—all lieutenants in the United States' navy. On reaching the ballroom we found most of the stage celebrities of Paris in attendance. The handsome room presented a very brilliant appearance, resplendent with a dashing display of dress among the ladies. Many of them were quite pretty. The balls at the Opera Comique are something *sui generis*. They are more dressy, more *distingue* than those of the Jardin d'Hiver; they are not characterized by the untrammeled revelry of the *Bal Masque*

at the Grand Opera; they have not the poetry of the Chateau des Fleurs, the Mabille, or the Chateau Rouge; nor yet have they the plebeian cast of the Valentino or the Paganini. They are more patronized by the *haut ton* of the capital, and boast a greater degree of reserve than any other public affair.

The stranger, as he glances over the city of Paris, sees its worst features at a blush. There is an atmosphere of frivolity and looseness about the place that convinces him immediately must, in a greater or less degree, contaminate the entire population. Yet the aggregate of wickedness may not rise much higher here than in many other European capitals. It is indeed more openly patronized, and therefore appears the more enormous. Vice stands unvailed, and the social system, like an ostrich, hides but a small portion of its carcass in the decencies of life, and leaves the rest uncovered. Suicide, Foundling Hospitals, the Morgue, the Theaters, the Masked Balls, etc., form strong features in the first view of Paris. But, alas for the nature of man, how soon one gets used to them! how soon indifferent to their horrors or their follies.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Among our many pleasant resorts at Paris we may not forget the social balls given by our dancing-master at No. 320 Rue St. Honore. They were not very numerously attended, but all the more pleasant for that. The leader of our festivities was a very clever young Frenchman, whose rare entertaining qualities and inexhaustible fund of new and amusing dances made him at once the "damoiseau du bal." But the "*belle* of the ball" was a pretty little French woman, married to a dark-browed and somber-looking individual, who seemed not much to relish the merry-making. His gay and fascinating little wife, however, danced away, and was as light-hearted and joyous as the merriest at the jubilee. B. was there, and having aboard several glasses, was one of the politest and happiest fellows in the world. He would insist on helping and re-helping the ladies to punch, and when the dance was concluded would go round fanning each and every lady in the room. V. was also there. His natural disposition was gay and animated, but on these occasions he was a perfect wild-cat. Poor fellow! he was then under the advice and treatment of the celebrated physician Baron Louis

for consumption. And then there was the fat German, weighing not an ounce less than two hundred avoirdupois, and yet one of the best waltzers we ever saw.

Among the many curious dances we must not omit mention of one, wherein the company all join hands and dance around a lady posted in the center. After the lapse of a few moments the lady in the circle chooses from among the sterner sex a partner, who leaves the ring and joins hands with his fair companion. The dance is then continued again, and accompanied with a song; at a certain part thereof the center couple bow; at another they kneel facing each other; and at another the lady gracefully and coquettishly presents each cheek for the gentlemen to salute. They then rise, the lady joins the circle of dancers, and the gentleman chooses him a partner from among the gentler sex; and so on alternately. This dance was quite the favorite, only it was painful to see how assiduously the prettiest ladies were sought, and alas! to see how studiously certain others were avoided.

With many such dances were the festivities prolonged, until frequently the gray eye of morning looked in, and found the revelers there.

On the evening of the 14th of February we attended the grand ball given for the benefit of the poor, at the Jardin d'Hiver, and under the especial auspices of the Prince President. Turning down Rue Rivoli, from Rue du Dauphin, we proceeded under

the cover of its handsome arcades, until we reached the Place de la Concorde. Crossing over this magnificent Square, we passed under the shadow of the obelisk of Luxor, and proceeded onward up the Champs Elysees. The stranger who has once seen this portion of Paris by gas-light, may never forget its magic beauty. A long line of brilliant lights reach far away in the distance, up to the Triumphal Arch, sparkling like thick-set gems in the deep mantle of night. On each and every side of the Place de la Concorde flicker the burnished lamps, shedding a flood of light to guide the nocturnal rambler on his way. On every hand dark-browed buildings lift up their giant forms, and cast their far-reaching shadows out upon the Square. In its center stands the famous obelisk of Luxor, with its queer hieroglyphics, and looking down upon the spot where, in the dark and bloody days of France, the insatiate Guillotine called, with clamorous voice, for food.

But we have crossed the square, and about halfway up the Champs Elysees we reach the Jardin d'Hiver. Depositing our hat and palteau at the door, and paying our admission fee, we pass in, and a scene of perfect enchantment is spread before our eyes. We stand under the roof of a beautiful crystal palace, brilliantly illuminated with countless chandeliers, and redolent with the perfume of flowers. A magnificent band of music is playing one of its most spirited airs, and thousands of the gay dancers, with flying feet, sweep before us, as we stand for a moment in

silent admiration of the magic scene. Between the pauses of the music, you hear the busy hum of voices, and in the distance the sound of falling water, as it joyously mounts upon the perfumed air, from the depths of the sculpture-decked fountains, and falls again, like a shower of diamonds, into the marble-rimmed basin. You stroll leisurely along through the mazy labyrinths of this fairy building, now mingling with the dancers under the full glare of the chandelier, and now straying under the shade of the orange-grove. The senses are lulled into a dreamy repose, as the soft swell of the music and the lute-like murmuring of the falling water steal, with delicious footsteps, along the avenues of the soul. There is a dream of happy lands upon the spirit—lands beneath the tropics, where all is beauty, and the heart doth waste itself in mere pursuit of joy. There are fountains and flowers, music and mirth, crimson and blue, the draped glory of oriental luxury. Along through the Paphian bowers we stray, and turning into a shaded pathway, a being of youth and beauty breaks upon our sight like a startled fawn. Not one only, but a host of Cyprians lovelier than the Lamias of old — crushed rose-leaves scattered from the vases of luxury to feed the passions and lure the judgment of man. Look at the eyes of that child of sin — see the dove-like expression of her glance — the pure white of her lily fingers as she parts the long hair from her brow where purity itself seems throned— then mark that seductive little foot nestled on its blue

cushion like a Halcyon on the water, and that young breast, whose gentle movement swells to rapture at your dreamy gaze, and those light lips so ripe, so warm, so full of bliss yet unrevealed; and tell us where mischief stops when such an agent holds the torch! Look on a picture such as this, and see one phase in Paris life—see the current of that flowery stream along which glide the chain bound captives of the Syren, heedless of that deep, dark gulf toward which their oarless boats are swiftly tending. But when once the murky goal is reached, at memory's call shall start—

Such hideous phantoms from the pall,
That shuts the present from the past,
As turn life's sweetest cup to gall
And wormwood—the sirocco blast,
That withers with its dragon breath.
Perchance the return hope hath fed
A faint and sickly flame, ere yet
Its every feeble ray had fled,
And, struggling on its course, had set
In the still chaos of despair.
Grim specters, like to murder'd ghosts,
Then lift their grizzly forms, and stare
And scowl upon the soul; but lost
To joy or fear, it voiceless sits,
As the mute statue vacant looks
Upon the fiery waste, nor recks
Where roll the red and lambent floods.

But we are getting metaphysically moral, and so will return to the ball. Not until about two o'clock in the

morning did the crowd begin to disperse, and give the gay dancers the open field. This desideratum being accomplished, innumerable couples went whirling away to the measure of most exquisite music. Now and then two of them would come in contact, and send each other spinning and laughing away in opposite directions. But nothing broke the enjoyment of the night—"all went merry as a marriage bell." The close of the ball was its most pleasant part. The spectators had departed, leaving the room cool and pleasant, and the dancers to conclude the festive scene. Then came that reckless, frenzied dance, denominated the "Cancan." It is said that it originated with the Duc d'Orleans. To describe it were impossible, but when once seen it is never forgotten.

> "On with the dance—let joy be unconfined!
> No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
> To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

And on went the dance until the early morn, when the curtain dropped upon the scene of mirth, and the gay revelers dispersed to rouse the drowsy "concierge," and sleep the next day out. We slumbered unconscious of the busy world about us, until about two o'clock, P. M., on the succeeding day. We then got up, and, after rather a late breakfast, we betook ourself to the Tuilleries Gardens to look on at the gay gambols of the children that gather here to enjoy the many amusements incident to childhood. Some we found jumping the rope; others were chasing the

variegated foot-ball over the smooth, hard ground; some were feeding the swans, as they glided so proudly over the water-ponds; some sailing their boats, and some playing hide-and-seek with their favorite poodles—presenting a scene of perfect happiness. He who would have his heart refreshed, after the dissipation of a night, let him go, on a bright Sunday afternoon, to the Tuilleries Gardens, where, in strong contrast to the reckless revelry of maturer age, he will see the bright faces and hear the sweet voices of happy, innocent childhood. Let him not, however, speculate upon the future lot of those guileless ones—for heavy shadows may loom before the sight, and chase the smile of sweet innocence from off those sunny brows. The hour of study, the world, the lover, the neglect, the Seine, the Morgue, the dissecting-room.

A visit to St. Cloud may be made both profitable and pleasant. You may see the manœuvers of the military, and explore the Chateau and its adjacent grounds. The list runs—bedroom of the Emperor, furniture of Josephine, the scene of the announcement, Billiard-room, Library, and Orangery. The Seine winds gently along by the Palace, lending the charm of water scenery to his favorite resort of Napoleon. The situation of the Chateau is very fine, and commands an excellent view of Paris.

Then one should see too the Pantheon, the Palace of the Luxembourg, the Jardin des Plants, the Gobelins, the Hotel Cluney, the Quatier Latin, the

Jews' Quarter, the Champs de Mars, the Morgue, the Artesian Well, the Bois du Boulogne, the Chateau Mendon, the Sevres Porcelain Manufactory the Place de la Carrousel, the Louvre and its galleries of sculpture and paintings, the Madeleine, the Observatoire, the Palais Royal, St. Roch, the Oratoire, the Institut de France, Neuilly, the City Granary, the Salle Victoire, the Valentino, the Paganini, the Prado, the Academie, the Sorbonne, etc., to the end of the chapter. They will all repay the trouble of a visit, but are too well known to require a description.

CHAPTER XLVII.

On the 23d of February, 1852, the three days of the Carnival began, and, as customary, with the celebration of the "Bœuf Gras." At 10 o'clock, A. M., the procession set out from the Hippodrome, and moved down the Faubourg St. Honore, stopping for a short time before the "Elysee National," then the residence of the Prince President.

But this time-honored and national custom has sadly degenerated from its former magnificence, and the affair we witnessed was by no means a creditable one to the city of Paris. The procession was headed by about twenty drummers—they never use the fife in France—after whom followed a company of fancifully-dressed horsemen. Then came "the fatted ox," with his horns gilded, and his body wreathed with flowers. Next succeeded a chariot, drawn by four horses abreast, in which stood a woman with a helmet on her head, representing, we presume, the Goddess of Liberty. Then came two handsome cars, very large, and crowded with men and women in fancy dress, all bedecked with banners and flowers. The procession was accompanied by a body of mounted men to preserve order and prevent any riotous disposition. The cavalcade, with its

pageantry, proceeded throughout the length of the city, winding up about the close of the day.

The Monday following was celebrated in pretty much the same way, and Tuesday concluded the festival. In the early part of the day the "Bœuf Gras" was again led around the city, and toward evening a long line of carriages began to form along the Boulevards, down Rue Royal and across the Place de la Concorde. The line extended up the Boulevards as far as the Porte St. Denis, where it turned down again on the opposite side, and retraced its course back to the Place de la Concorde, thus forming a circle. It was composed of every class of vehicle, and must have been miles in length. Here was the gilded coach of the Nabob, there the light chariot of the Prince, here the democratic cab, there the coarse cart of the peasant overflowing with his buxum wife and many chubby offspring. As we stood looking on there passed by a handsome carriage, with liveried driver and footman, and in it sat the very embodiment of loveliness—a beautiful French girl, with hazel eyes and flowing curls. Just as the coach came opposite where we stood, the fair inmate threw open the window and called to the footman, who sat perched up behind. But the lackey in livery was so busily occupied in noting the accouterments of the cavalcade, that he did not hear the repeated calls of his fair lady. Observing this, we stepped up, and, tapping the absent-minded servant with our cane, directed his attention to the fair maiden. How little

incidents sometimes linger on the mind! For our courtesy we were rewarded with one of the sweetest of smiles. That fair face came and passed; but the heart-cheering light of that smile took up its abode in our memory, and even now, in our lonelier moments, will come gleaming, like a ray of sunshine, from out the twilight of the past, to illumine the pathway of life.

From the top of the Pantheon, the Triumphal Arch, and the column in the Place Vendome, may be had excellent views of the great city Paris. Frequently we would climb to their summits to look over the vast metropolis, and study the map of its geography. Then coming down we would visit the Morgue, a small, dingy building, sitting just on the bank of the Seine. This house of the dead was seldom without some occupant. The features of some were distorted as though they had died in violent agonies, while those of others wore as calm and placid a smile as though the insensate clay were only sleeping. Outside the gloomy building you might ever find a crowd, gathered to laugh and amuse itself at the comic actions of some poor devil, who, by his mimicry of monkey capers, was wont to gather a few sous that might keep body and soul together. There was but one step from noisy life to pulseless death.

On the Champs Elysees you might, every afternoon, meet the carriage of the embryo Emperor. As you pass along you observe a policeman suddenly appear on the crowded carriage-way, arresting the progress of some, and hurrying that of others. By

this you may know the President is about to appear. Soon a modest little *coupee* dashes out, *now* accompanied by no body-guard. The stranger steps to the side-walk to have a fair view of him as he passes. He is greeted with a few feeble cheers, and you have a fine view of his face as he goes by, for he is bending forward, looking out of the window, and gracefully touching his hat to those who cheer him. Occasionally some poor woman rushes out from the sidewalk, and throws a petition in at the carriage window. She was made a widow, perhaps, during the fight on the Boulevards.

After visiting the Hotel Cluney, built on the site of the old Palace of Thermes, and filled with all manner of antiquities, you may stroll over the "Quatier Latin," look in at the Sorbonne, and note the medical students, the Bedouins of Paris. On your return call in at the time-honored Cathedral of Notre Dame, and stroll among its solemn arches. Here you may see the magnificent robes of state worn by Napoleon at his coronation; many rich and costly jewels; and the gorgeous apparel of the priests, who, with the Pope, officiated at the ceremony. Here you may also see a beautiful painting, of modern execution, representing the death of the Archbishop of Paris, during the revolution of 1848. You will also be shown a piece of the spine of the revered man, pierced by a golden arrow, to show the course of the ball which occasioned his death. On its point is stuck the identical piece of lead, which is preserved as a

precious memento of the holy martyr. You may see, too, a very expressive marble group, representing the prophetic dream of a wife. She is portrayed as gazing on the emaciated body of her husband, as he raises himself from out his coffin, the lid of which is held up by a sorrowing angel. At its head stands the gaunt figure of Death, wrapped partially in a gloomy mantle, above which peers his hideous head.

In this cathedral we stood upon the very stone where Napoleon stood to receive the crown from the Pope, while Mrs. B. occupied the position of the Empress Josephine. The guide will tell you that Napoleon approached the steps of the altar to receive the crown, and, inasmuch as his Holiness was too long in pronouncing the coronation ceremony, the impatient warrior took the crown himself from the hands of the Pope, and placed it on his brow, and then turning deposited the diadem on the head of Josephine. Ill-fated omen to the Napoleon dynasty.

On the 28th of February we paid a visit to Lafayette's grave. Accompanied by Brady and Brevard we took an omnibus at Palais Royal, and passing up the left bank of the Seine we reached, by Rue St. Antoine, the Place Bastille. Here we changed our omnibus, and, by means of our through tickets, called by the Parisiens *correspondence*, we left the Bastille with its beautiful bronze column, capped by a winged statue, richly gilded, and erected to the memory of those who fell in the revolution of the 27th, 28th, and 29th of July, 1830, and pursued our

way toward the Barriere du Trone. On each side of this gateway rises a beautiful and lofty fluted column, its base handsomely ornamented with bas-reliefs, and presenting a fine appearance, as seen from a distance. Soon after passing the Barriere we reached the fine old fortress of Vincennes, situated about a mile and a half out from the city. By means of Brady's passport, which he fortunately had in his pocket, we were admitted within the walls by the sentinel on guard. Applying next to the pretty concierge we were by her placed in charge of one of the numerous soldiers, who marched us off to the commanding general, who furnished us with written permission to explore the garrison. First we climbed to the top of the lofty watch-tower, and looked down upon the spot where the gallant Duc D'Enghien was shot by order of Napoleon. We then proceeded to the Armory, which we found well stocked with all manner of warlike instruments, and so arranged as to be ready at a moment's warning for service. In the courtyard are immense numbers of cannon-balls, bomb-shells, etc., all neatly piled in pyramids, and ready for transportation. Next we visited the new and elegantly-arranged stables for the cavalry, containing at the time four thousand steeds of war. These stables were put up by Louis Philippe, just previous to his expulsion from the throne of France.

We now proceeded to the Cemetere du Piepus, and stood by the grave of the noble-hearted Lafayette, the loved and gallant champion of American independ-

ence. He lies in the far corner of this solitary little cemetery, and the plain slab of black marble, that rests above the breast of the hero, bears upon it no vaunting inscription. Who *could* write the epitaph of Lafayette? By his side reposes the body of his wife, and close by that of his son, George Washington Lafayette. We plucked a green leaf from a vine that clambered over the wall, to remind us in after days of our visit to the grave of this matchless man. In the same burial-ground are the family vaults of Montmorency, Montague, Morillon, Lorambo, etc.

A few days after, we visited the magnificent Mausoleum, then in process of erection for the reception of the body of Napoleon. It is built under the dome of the Hotel des Invalides. The sarcophagus will be placed in the center of "the wreath of victory," represented in beautiful mosaic on the floor, and, ranging round, stand mournful statues of the purest marble. The descent to the tomb is most imposing in its gloomy, solemn grandeur. When completed, this Mausoleum will surpass, in cost and magnificence, anything of the kind in Europe. Above the doorway are to be inscribed the words of the great chieftain — "When I die, let me sleep upon the banks of the Seine, among the people whom I have so much loved." At the time of our visit the body of Napoleon was reposing in a side-chapel of the Hotel des Invalides. There were at that time 3,300 of the old soldiers of the Napoleonic wars in the hospital, hobbling about the resting-place of their dead chieftain.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

On the 4th of March we took the omnibus at the Place du Palais Royal, and paid a visit to the Cathedral of St. Denis, situated about five miles from Paris. Here repose the bodies of the former kings of France—Gallia's great—her undying ones. But we did not feel so enthusiastic as when, in the dim light of Westminster, we stood above the ashes of England's worthies. And yet the solitary grave of a Smollet or a Keats is more apt to impress you with the vanity of earthly fame, and to awaken those solemn reflections which lead to a lofty and nobler view of man's destiny than the somber Cathedral, with its cold, damp vaults, its marble monuments, and stained glass. Westminster Abbey is more fitted to give the poet food for his dreams than the statesman remorse for his ambition, or the historian an antidote for his prejudice. The epitaph of royalty is but a poor record of truth; the churchman's adulation not unfrequently a poorer proof of goodness; and the poet's monument a miserable consolation for a lifetime of neglect. Still, it is something in praise of mankind that Genius should be able to secure a grave by the side of Royalty; it goes too, to prove the equality of death. Beside, it is pleasant to see old

rivals sleep so quietly side by side—to read over the names of Elizabeth and Mary, Pitt and Fox, as though they were twin cherries—to wonder how the children of song manage matters over in their department; whether Johnson finds a folio to hurl at his argumentative neighbor, or Goldsmith turns his unspeculative eye upon spiritualized Garrick. The tombs of Westminster are the poetry of death. The ruling stars of faction have sunk into the same embrace. The hostile orbs of beauty, poesy and sovereignty have closed their fiery orbits in one common center. Would the ashes of Byron, every stranger will inquire, disturb this heavenly repose? Would it startle the Regent from his coffined propriety, or taint the orthodox atmosphere of Southey? Yet here sleeps Warren Hastings, near the scene of his political apotheosis; and there lie Burke and Sheridan, the consumers of his glory. The sensual and the immoral, the vicious and the vain, the tyrant, the usurper, and the murderer—all find place; but there is no room for Byron!

In the gloom of the Cathedral's heavy arches there is something exceedingly solemn and beautiful. There is a mystic power, a voiceless religion in its vacant stalls and knightly banners, filled with the dust of centuries, and untouched by the breezes of Heaven. Time stands like a stoled priest at its altar, and the beings of the mind move noiselessly over the marble floor. Around you lie the marble effigies of buried majesty; with here and there some kneeling form, with stony hands stretched in eternal

supplication. Rude figures, with trailing garments, bend life-like, in the dim, discolored light, over the stiff and outstretched body of some armed warrior; and pale statues look coldly from their pedestals upon your reverential homage. You stalk like an earthly intruder amid the devotion of unimpassioned penitents, whose vow is silence, and whose occupation prayer.

On the 6th of March we went out to look upon some of the shadows of life in Paris. We crossed over the Seine, and proceeded up the river as far as the Institut de France. Here we turned up Rue du Seine, and went on as far as Rue de Bussi. First we stopped in at Ecole du Medecin, and went over the fine anatomical museum. Then, a few paces farther, we came to Ecole Pratique, and went over its museum, which served as an excellent preparative for the scenes that were to follow. Passing into the courtyard, the first object that greeted our sight was the dead body of a man lying perfectly nude, and exposed on the cold stones, neglected and unnoticed until some one should come and take him up for the dissecting knife. The body lay close to the door; and one of the students, finding it in his way as he came out, gave the senseless corpse a kick, which sent it rolling over the courtyard. This was more than the humanity of our companion, old man McCullough, could bear. He said that he was sick at heart to witness such barbarity, and immediately retraced his steps homeward. But Brady and ourself, owing, perhaps, to our less sensitive nature, passed

on, to look in at the dissecting rooms. On each side of the courtyard were ranged small, dingy buildings, much resembling the Morgue, only with many windows at their sides, that the light of Heaven might peer through upon their nauseating scenes. In one corner sat the somber, coffin-shaped litter, in which the bodies were brought for dissection. Proceeding to the larger building at the farther end of the courtyard, and mounting a narrow flight of dirty stairs, we opened the first door on our left, and entered one of the largest of the dissecting rooms. Here, on the many tables arranged for the purpose, lay about forty bodies, around which gathered the students and professors of the healing art. There stood a knot of young men, attentively listening to their instructor, as, with knife in hand, he was blending theory with practice in demonstrating the proper method of amputating an arm. At an adjoining table sat a second professor, earnestly discussing some point in anatomy, over the dead body of a subject, to a handsome and fashionably-dressed student, who nonchalantly sat on the other side. We thought, as we looked on the butchers of that charnel-house, with their blouses smeared with the gore of the dead, and their hands all red in the blood of the same, that not for the wealth of Crœsus, nor the wisdom of Baron Louis, would we so dabble in the corruption of humanity. Let others devote themselves to the noble calling, which, they say, is followed for the prolonging of life and the preservation of health; if it be necessary to

undergo such scenes daily as we there witnessed, our ambition is not equal to reach the goal. And yet how merrily did these fellows chat over the sickening corruption before them! How careless did they seem, and how unfeelingly did they cut away with the cold steel on the bodies, all livid with the hue of death. Here lay the muscular limbs of a once powerful man, all mangled and bloody; there the figure of a youthful woman, formed in beauty's mold; and here, on this gory board, the tiny body of an infant, undergoing mutilation at the hands of a student. But, hurrying out from this horrible place, we sought the galleries of the Louvre, to lose, amid its creations of beauty, the grizzly shapes that were floating through our brain, and blot out, if possible, the memory of our visit.

On the evening of the 8th of March the opera of William Tell was performed at the grand French Opera House. The scenic arrangement was perfect, and the effect of the bold mountain scenery very beautiful. The music of this opera is considered very fine, and on this occasion it was well received by the audience. The ballet was charming, exhibiting some of the best dancing we ever saw. The house was well filled, and presented a very dressy appearance. In addition to all this, the Prince President made his appearance in the royal box, above which were to be seen the significant initials L. N. We fortunately sat just opposite the daring arbitrator, and having a good glass, we enjoyed an excellent view of his face and person. He wore a blue dress coat, with plain

gilt buttons, and with nothing to distinguish him as the Dictator of France, save a broad, red sash, that passed across his white vest, and disappeared under the lappel of his coat. His face wore its usual abstracted expression. At times he would lean his head upon the balustrade, and seem lost in revery for the space of some 10 or 15 minutes. Then rousing himself at some of the finest passages of the opera, he would rise to his feet, and applaud by clapping his hands. His late career had been one so full of singular interest—of even dramatic romance—that we occupied ourself most of the time in studying his striking physiognomy. He could not be called a handsome man, and yet he has by no means an ordinary countenance. Its expression is considerably concealed by the enormous moustache and imperial that he wears. The audience took but little notice of his presence; and not one voice cried—"Vive Napoleon." We subsequently saw Madame Tedesco and Roger in the much admired opera Le Prophete—the latter playing the part of the Prophet, and the former the part of his mother. The scenery was gorgeous and imposing beyond description; and the famous skating scene, by the ballet troupe, called forth continued applause. Madame Taglioni danced, and, though then well advanced in years, her performance was rapturously received.

On the 21st of March we attended a review of the military, by Louis Napoleon, in the Place de la Carrousel. The President was dressed in a military suit, and appeared well, mounted on his fine Arabian.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A visit to Versailles is an era in the traveler's memory. A short ride on the railway will bring you to the village, whence you proceed to the Palace. We had, ere we saw Versailles, looked on many glorious Palaces, proud triumphs of the genius of architecture: but never a one had we seen, which could rival in stately magnificence that majestic pile—the Palace of Versailles. Much we might write of this gorgeous edifice, but we know not where to begin, and much less would know where to end.

But first we visited the Grande Trianon, and then the gardens of the Petite Trianon. This accomplished we went over the Palace proper, in which, by its miles of marble and of canvass, one may read the history of France, ay, we might say, of the world; so extensive and so varied is the field, wherein the sculptor and the painter have exercised their genius. In our early boyhood, in the rude simplicity of our Republican birth-land, we had often dreamed of some gorgeous palace, on whose walls hung paintings that poesy had breathed upon, and on whose stately stair ways stood the immortal creations of the sculptor: in whose Elysian fields were grottoes and bowers,

with the music of many waters murmuring from out their mossy beds; while on the enchanted view refreshing fountains played and fragrant flowers fed, with redolent perfume, the balmy air. And all this did we look upon, as we stood amid the wealth of wonders of the Versailles Palace.

But the presiding genius of this gorgeous temple is, as might be expected, the Emperor Napoleon. On every side you will find that marked, that bold and determined face, now in the cold, white marble, and now on the glowing canvass. You may pass in review, step by step, the drama of his brilliant career, and see him, as he looked, on each of his many battle-fields, in councils of war and in treaties of peace, in his bridal robes and assuming the imperial crown, in his hours of triumph and on the day of his great defeat, in "the pomp and circumstance" of his high station and in the solitude of his exile.

We explored the Palace, from cellar to attic, and, among the almost interminable series of rooms, passing through the private apartments of the luxurious Louis, the Hall of the Crusades and the Salle des Empires. Among the myriad portraits of illustrious men we may mention that we saw those of Washington, Jefferson, Adams, Jackson, Polk, Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Jay, Jones, Hancock, and other American celebrities. We may not forget either the exquisitely beautiful statue of Joan of Arc, executed by the daughter of Louis Philippe.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the doors of the

Palace are closed upon visitors. So leaving the lavish profusion of gorgeous wealth and glittering magnificence, we strolled forth, hand in hand with one of Albion's fairest daughters, into the warm sunshine of a cloudless heaven, wandering listlessly amid the bowers and the grottoes of those fairy grounds. Our gentle companion was one around whom dwelt a spell of sunlight and loveliness, in which we did love to linger, but which alas! was so soon to be broken. Years may roll onward, blotting out with their oblivious tide many of the star-gleams of the Past, yet as oft as memory shall revert to our travels, in early youth, over the olden world, so oft shall the recollection of her of the warm heart and the bright eyes come with a rush of feeling over the spirit, and—

> Softly, softly, softly it falls,
> The music in those fairy halls.

A visit to the old Palace of Fontainbleau will repay the traveler well. It is situated about forty miles from Paris, on the Lyons' Railway. A ride of about two hours, over one of the best roads in the world, brings you to your destination. The palace consists, as usual, of a numberless suite of splendid apartments, ornamented with frescoed walls and ceilings, with paintings, sculpture and tapestry, with tesselated floors, Sevres porcelain, and glittering chandeliers, with curtains of the richest silk and embroidered drapery for the couch of royalty. The small plain

table was shown us on which Napoleon signed his abdication, the chair in which he sat and the bed in which he slept. Having finished up the usual routine of doing up a palace, we next strolled out into the Jardin Anglaise, along by the margin of a fine sheet of water, over whose surface royalty was wont to boat it. Next we visited the Long Vineyard, and then procuring carriages we set out for a ride through the famous forest. Saw the Bouquet du Roi, the Two Twins, and other celebrated trees, and among them one said to be nine hundred years old. These specimens are regarded as mighty giants by the French, but to one who has roamed the forests of the far-west they appear as pigmies. Next we went to the "Rock of the two Sisters," thence to Mont Ussy, thence to the village hotel where we dined, and thence back to Paris that night.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Winter had come and gone, as we loitered in the gay capital of France, and now as the young flowers of Spring began to put forth their timid faces, a thought of our distant home came with such appealing force upon our heart, that we made instant preparation to leave the follies and fascinations of the great emporium of fashion, and seek again the quiet happiness of our native shores, where we might devote ourself to some useful pursuit and woo to our embrace the gentle goddess of content. The following extracts from our landsman's log-book will show

how we reached once more the shores of the Western World.

Ship Gallia, Lat. 49°, 400 miles out from Havre. Dead calm, Wednesday, March 31st.

Left Paris on Thursday morning last about eight o'clock. Passed by Rouen and reached Havre three o'clock, P. M. Had baggage put aboard the Gallia, and slept that night at Wheeler's Hotel. At 11 o'clock next morning went aboard, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon got the vessel out of her berth, unfurled sails, and glided out into the ocean. A few miles from shore dropped anchor, counted over steerage passengers (about 750), discharged pilot, and again sped on our course. All souls counted aboard the ship we number 808. Have now been out five days. Fair weather and no wind. Captain Richardson is a pleasant, talkative fellow, but too much of the Yankee to be the model of a sailor.—Our fare is most excellent, the ship clean and comfortable. Company in the first cabin, Mrs. Eve, an elderly French lady, and her pretty grand-daughter, Miss Amelina Poret, a resident of New York on her return home from a visit to her relatives in Normandy; Brady, his wife, the German Doctor and ourself making up the complement. Day before yesterday spoke the Witch of the Wave, 83 days out from China. Her captain an old schoolmate of our captain.

Ship Gallia, Lat. 47°, Lon. 25°, Tuesday, April 6th, '52.

Again another week has gone by, and still we speed o'er the blue waves, the bright heaven above us, the dancing billows around. Time hangs not heavily on our hands, for all vestige of that malady, to which the salt-water novitiate is inevitably heir, having disappeared, we begin our ocean domestication, and enjoy the novelties of our water-bound confinement. We love to mount the tapering mast, and thence look down on the broad plains of ocean, while our gallant vessel rears and plunges onward through the bounding billows. More frequently however we climb the rigging as a refuge from the attacks of Madam B. and the bewitching Amelina. The latter is an arch little mischief-maker of some seventeen summers. Her *naivete* is really charming. The emigrant passengers, down on the second deck, kept up a constant series of amusements, with their songs and their merry antics. They are not suffered to walk our deck or enter our cabin. Who says that money does not establish rank!

Night before last an infant of one of the emigrants died, and last night at 8 o'clock the body of the little innocent was committed to the deep, while the ship was careering before a strong wind, and the rolling waves dashed high above her decks. The ocean spray was its winding-sheet and the surging winds a requiem song. Young pilgrim, thou hast reached a better asylum than earth can give thee, though long shall the lone mother sorrow for her precious treasure in the ocean buried.

So far nor iceberg, nor dolphin, nor porpoise, nor aught else of ocean's monsters has crossed our pathway through the deep, save only one small whale, that came almost within arm's reach of the ship. For the last few days we have had favorable winds, and hence have made considerable progress westward. We have had too some stormy weather, giving us a sight of Ocean in its wrath. We love, while the waves roll high, and the strong wind bellows through the cordage, to take our stand on deck, and clinging to a rope, watch the triumphant vessel rear and plunge, as if wrestling with a foe, her prow now rising upright over the mad billows, and now dipping deep down into the trough of the sea.

At night, as we lay us down to be "rocked to sleep on the rolling deep," the thought of home and friends calls up the angel of many a holy purpose, ay, and the ghost of many a murdered hour. We long to spring once more upon our native land, never again to leave it—to lead a better and a purer life. And then there will visit us too, in our waking dreams, the sweet face of Albion's daughter, who perhaps at that moment was breathing a holy prayer to Heaven for our own safety, for so she said she would, as oft as night should gather earth beneath her wings, and as oft as the morning sun should fright the sable queen away again. Heaven guard and bless thee, gentle one!

Ship Gallia, Lat. 41 deg. 30 m., Lon. 61 deg. 30 m. April 18, 1852.

Hours, days and weeks wear on. We like the

ocean life. The sea-breeze is a perfect renovator. We feel as though we were made of india rubber. We prefer the sailing vessel to the steam-ship. There is poetry in being wafted by the wind over the moonlit waves. This afternoon a jolly old gentleman from the steerage cabin, his fair round belly with "fat capon lined," dressed himself out as a coquettish old dame, and making his appearance on the main deck commenced a spirited waltz to the music of the violin. Seizing on a stalwart bystander he would lift him up and spin him round as lightly as puss would toy with the captive mouse. Finally, grabbing the "beau of the steerage," the promising couple went whirling round cutting all manner of light-heeled gyrations, until suddenly the ship either lurching, or else the ponderous petticoats interfering with the free play of the fair lady's abdominal supporters, the merry couple were simultaneously capsized, and the corpulent old dame rolled over on her beam-ends, drawing the steerage beau headlong in her wake.

CHAPTER L.

CONCLUSION.

On ship-board one may find ample excuse for a tumble. While our vessel was wallowing heavily on the banks of Newfoundland, and tables, chairs, and books were playing leap-frog in the cabin, we were one day clinging desperately to one end of a sofa, while the pretty Miss P. was holding as for dear life to the other. Suddenly our vessel gave a heavy lurch to the larboard, and thump! came our fair acquaintance against our side. Letting go our hold on the sofa, we were endeavoring to sustain the merry maiden, when lurch went the ship again over to the starboard, and away shot Miss P. and ourself, all locked up in a bundle, over and over on the floor. No lover ever strained his heart-treasure closer than did we each other, as we rolled like one solid ball from side to side of the cabin, she unable and we unwilling to regain a footing. True to the instinct of our nature we held on, and our frightened and discomfited fair friend found herself an object of uproarious laughter from passengers, captain, and steward. In the hurry of the moment we could not

get a fair view of our relative positions; but our photograph at that moment would doubtless exhibit an amusing scene.

On the succeeding evening we had escaped the heavy swell, and were moving along through comparatively calm water. Brady was out on the quarter-deck, dancing with the fair heroine of the yesterday, while we were figuring out the Schottish with his wife. A rivalry sprung up between the two couples, as to which could bump the hardest the one against the other. Several collisions had taken place, but neither was recognized the conqueror. But finally, having more tonnage and equally as much speed to make up our momentum, we struck our larboard-side square against the aft-quarters of our adversary, and away tumbled the enemy over the deck — the fair one falling keel bottom-most, and Brady performing a complete somerset over her rigging in most gallant style.

During our homeward trip several corrections were administered to a refractory crew for drunkenness and insubordination. One of the sailors, during a tight blow, when hurried by the mate, drew a knife on his officer. For this offense Jack was marched aft, and a pair of iron bracelets soon graced his hands. For the next twenty-four hours he was placed in a cold room to himself, and there suffered to lie without food or water. On being released he was as tractable as a lamb.

On the morning of the 20th of April, while dressing

in our stateroom, Brady came dashing down into the cabin shouting—"Land, ho!" Let those who have been, for many weary weeks, out upon the watery waste, imagine the excitement this announcement created. Hastily accomplishing our toilet, we ascended to the quarter-deck, and there, in truth, out upon our starboard, lay the dim shores of Long Island. It was with mingled feelings of gratitude and exulting joy that our eye ran caressingly along the hills of our native coast. A fair breeze filled our sails, and we were dashing right gallantly over the crested waves, each moment drawing the shore nearer to our eager embrace. Soon a pilot-boat was observed, with her signal up, and making for our vessel. But the wind was all in our favor, and so, without shortening sail, we bore right onward, as though the pilot had not been seen from our deck. Anon the weather grew misty, and then we held up for the boat. In a short time the trim little vessel came dancing around our ship, and her row-boat put out with her pilot aboard. In a few moments the ocean veteran, who looked as though he had stared many a nor'wester out of countenance, mounted to our deck. Again we were on our way, and erelong our anchor plunged with joyful sound into the Empire Harbor. Here we lay until the following morning, when a small steamer came alongside, and attaching itself to our bow, puffed and paddled away, seeming, in its fussy way, to rejoice at the good turn it was doing us. Passing scotfree through the Quarantine

and Custom-House investigation, we moved on to the shore, and were met by a whole fleet of skiffs, full of hotel runners, etc.—those land-sharks whose occupation is to inveigle and plunder the unposted emigrant. In a few moments after, we stood once more upon our native soil, whose happy shores were even then smiling under the first kiss of the Virgin Spring. With a song on her lips and a wreath on her brow, she came sporting along the ocean coast from her home in the South, and under her light footsteps nature smiled, and young flowers awoke to life. Not less joyously did our foot greet again the soil of our birthland. Our wanderings were now fast drawing to a close. So far we had been going with the stream; now we were to turn the prow of our little bark about, and lay hold on the oars. We had been only a looker-on at the battle of life; now we must put on our armor and mingle in the fray.

We spent several days in New York, and there met many friends of old acquaintance—among them Nannie A———, of the good city Nashville, whose familiar face awoke many a cheery memory of the past.

On the morning of the 28th of April we were aboard the cars, booked for the city of Washington. Soon reached the Delaware river, a few miles above Philadelphia, and there took steamer to the Quaker city. Thence proceeded down the fair waters of the Delaware, whose placid tide was thickly studded with

the white sails of every class of vessels, and instinct with the rushing steamers. At New Castle we again took the train, and crossed, in an hour and a half, the little State of Delaware. Reaching the waters of the Chesapeake we went aboard the steamer, and arrived at Baltimore at ten o'clock that night. At eleven o'clock on the following morning we were in Washington City. Here we passed several days, and most pleasantly, under the auspices of the fair daughters of Major D.

On the morning of the 2d of May we took the steamer down the broad-flowing Potomac, passing in fair view of Mount Vernon, and even catching a glimpse of the Tomb of Washington, peering through the green foliage about it. At noon we landed from the steamer, and took the cars. Passed through Richmond and Petersburg, Va., and reached Weldon, N. C., that night.

Here we got out, and in the old village of Murfreesboro', and on the banks of the Meherrin and the Chowan, we learned the hospitality of the old North State. Many were our evening rides on horseback, and many a cozy hour, with our lady friends and favorite poets, went magically by. But among those bright-eyed ones there was a being of youth and beauty, from out whose large blue orbs broke a wild and spiritual light. Into the fair paradise of that young heart no thought of evil passed—over the glad canopy of her life no storm-cloud sent its frown.

From out the sweet, unbroken dream of youth she had ne'er awakened. She

> Dream'd that earth was bright with beauty,
> Dream'd that hearts grew never cold,
> Dream'd that all were true and worthy,
> And dreaming sought the spirit-fold.

Upon her pure and gentle dreaming, and all unknown to the loved and loving ones about her, the shadow of death was stealing. We have stood by her side, at evening's blushing sunset, and by the grave of those who had gone before her to the spirit-land; and we heard, as though it were the voice of an angel, her thoughts of the life that was, and of the life that is. At that lone spot, where weeps the willow, she slumbers now. She bloomed awhile, like some fairy lily by the shore of death's dark stream. The envious current saw and bore away the flower. But the Kind Mariner looked upon the lily, tossed upon the turbid tide, and taking it up transplanted it to smile for ever in his garden home.

How like the dew of Heaven on drooping flowers—how like the sunlight on the pathway of the night-traveler—is the smile of the innocent on the heart of the strong. It, for a time, dispels the sad contemplation of the selfishness of earth, and lends a brighter hue to life. The tear that swims in the eye of the loved when the farewell is spoken—the voice that trembles in the fond adieu—the light that breaks out from the heart at the return—are all heart treasures

that memory stores away. They are like sweet stars that shine through the mist of the past—like bright angels that stand upon the shores of the future, and beckon us on to the heavenly hills.

But our farewell is said, and our flag is up for Tennessee. Jumping into the baggage-wagon with our friend Tom W———, we rattled away to Boykin's Depot, there to await the express train. The waving of the red flag, as it comes thundering on, causes the breakers to be put hard down. Bidding friend Tom adieu, we jumped aboard, and soon after were on the Southern road down to Wilmington. There got aboard an ocean steamer and ran down to Charleston. Immediately after took the cars for Chattanooga, and reached the borders of our native State about five o'clock in the afternoon. Got into the stage-coach and crossed the Cumberland Mountains by night, and in the midst of a heavy thunder-storm. Arrived at the Winchester Depot at ten o'clock on Friday. At three o'clock, P. M., took the train, and at nightfall we were in Nashville.

And here the curtain falls upon our travels. The ruling desire of our heart had been, from earliest youth, to cross the big waters and look on foreign lands. That desire had been gratified, and we returned to our home, having learned to love and appreciate the more our native land. We had lingered in the capitals of England and of France—in the homes of the Saxon and the Gaul. We had mingled with the German of the North and the Hungarian of

the East. We had floated on the waters of the Rhine, and looked, with almost holy reverence, on its ivy-mantled ruins. We had stood upon the woody brows of Jura, and crossed the villa-studded Apennines. We had climbed the snowy mantles of the Alps, and boated o'er the deep-embowered lakes that lay smiling at their feet. We had stood within the shadows of the Coliseum, and looked down into the crater of Vesuvius. We had mingled with those who had their homes by the Danube and the Po, the Moldau and the Iser, the Arno and the Tiber. Then westward turned our face again, with the prayer that we might once more look upon the fresh, fair hills of our distant birth-land, where our dust might mingle with the soil of the free; and where, above our simple grave in the Far-Western Land, the wild flowers might bloom and the summer winds blow.

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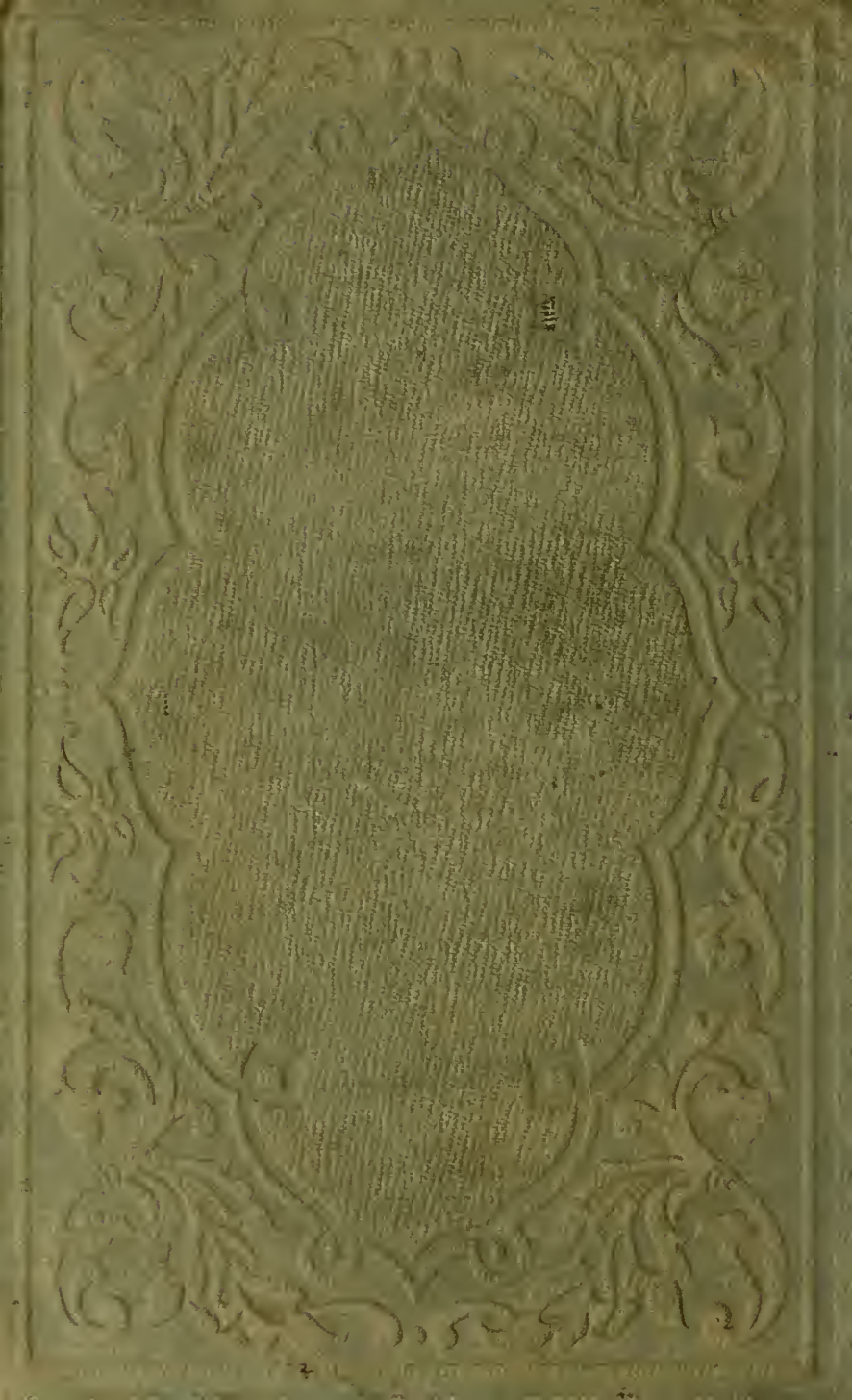
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